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ABSTRACT

This text presents lessons in urban culture. Lesson materials deal with urban areas in various parts of the world and present concepts in various formats including readings, exercises, photo and graphic displays, and tables. Although not specifically limited to health topics, the lessons contribute to the context of the biomedical interdisciplinary curriculum. (RE)

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# BIOMEDICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE

## UNIT II

## HEALTH, CULTURE AND ENVIRONMENT

## Part Two: Urbanization

STUDENT TEXT

2

SE 027 994

# BIOMEDICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE

## UNIT II

## HEALTH, CULTURE AND ENVIRONMENT

STUDENT TEXT, PART TWO: URBANIZATION
REVISED VERSION, 1975

THE BIOMEDICAL INTERDISCIPLINARY CURRICULUM PROJECT
SUPPORTED BY THE NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION

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The materials in this portion of the Student Text for Unit II were originally developed by the American Universities Field Staff in Hanover, New Hampshire. From the many materials the AUFS developed, the Biomedical Interdisciplinary Curriculum Project staff has selected some readings, illustrations and activities which will help you learn more about the topic of urban culture. Those selections were compiled and edited by the BICP staff to form this Student Text. The readings may not always appear to belong together even though they deal with the same culture area. By using the questions included in this unit, you should be able to gain from the materials the answers you are seeking. Remember that five of the question sets deal specifically with health matters. Few if any of the readings in this text are specifically about health, but most of them include health-related information. You and others in your group who are analyzing urban culture should view this text as a resource. Because you are not able to visit the culture and do field research, you must rely on the impressions and reports of others. Your analysis is in the form of book research. There are exceptions to this. In some cases you will see illustrations, or participate in activities, that should help you get a "feel" for the culture. This is another way to investigate when you cannot be "in the field". Bear in mind that this text--this resource--is only one resource. You can and should use other resources as you conduct your analysis of culture in urban areas. Good luck.

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Additional Materials from Unit II Student Text, Part One:

    Faces of Singapore
    Passing the Word in Rabat

## HANDOUTS FOR THE STUDY OF URBANIZATION

You will need certain materials in addition to those which have been included in this Student Text and in Unit II Student Text, Part One. Your instructor will supply these materials. Note that the simulation, "Nabru," cannot be conducted without the materials listed under that title below.

Nabru: A World City Simulation (materials for simulation):

| | |
|---|---|
| Modernization Suggestions: | People (four) |
| Modernization Suggestions: | Structures (four) |
| Modernization Suggestions: | Programs (four) |

Four Color Photographs:

- Lesson 1, Photo 5
- Lesson 15, Photo 5
- Lessons 18-37, Photo 4
- Lessons 18-37, Photo 5

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## WHERE TO SETTLE?

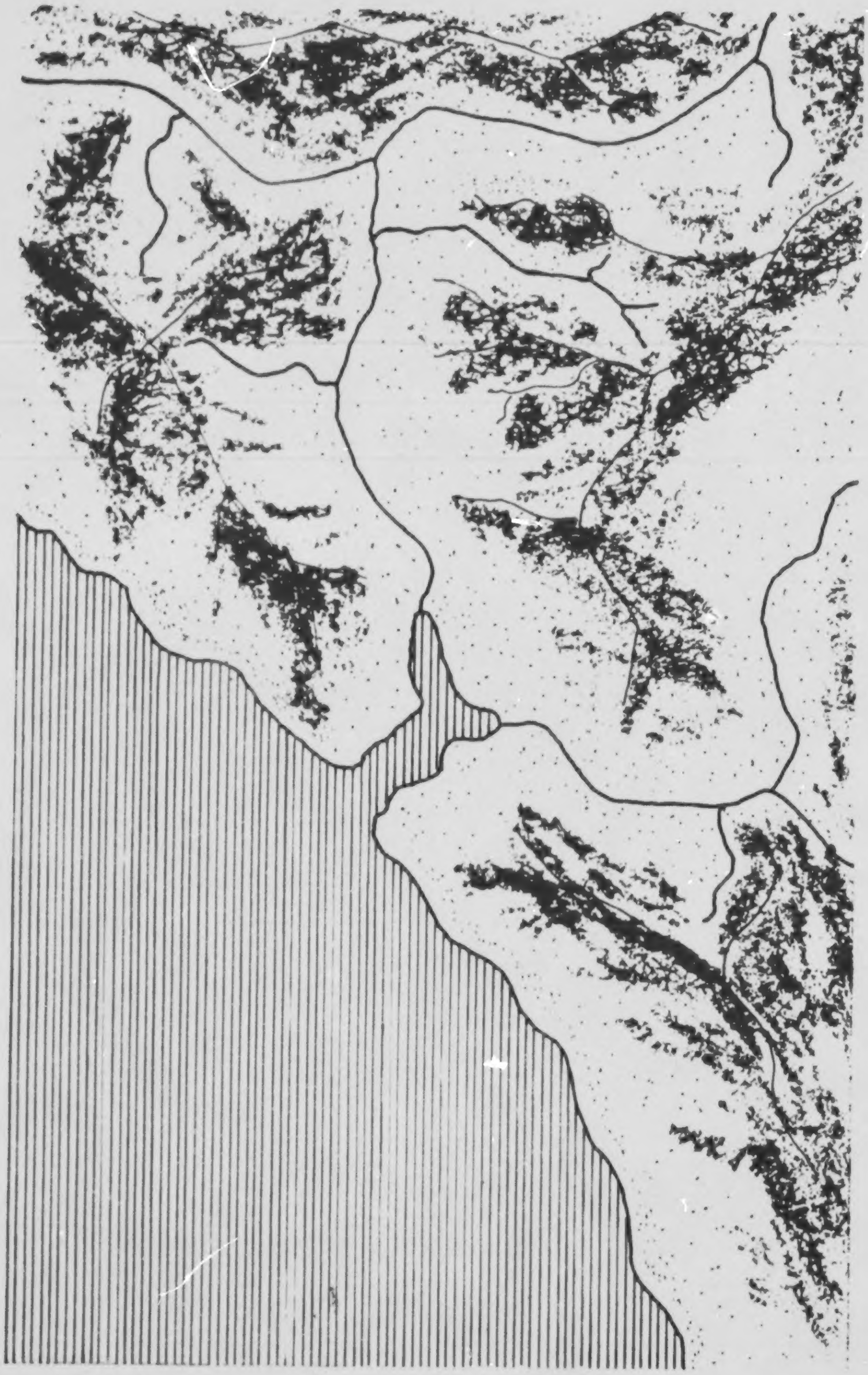
Cities begin with the decision of people to settle in a particular place. Others join them. As the population grows it also becomes more dense. People and their shelters occupy space on the ground and in the air. As populations grow in size the space they occupy expands horizontally at first. Depending on the physical barriers to expansion and the values of the community, they begin to expand vertically into the air space. If the settlement prospers, it will probably become a village, then a town. Eventually one or several towns may become cities.

Why?

Why do cities develop? Is it because of certain necessities of human life? Is it the nature of certain geographical conditions that cities are more likely to develop? How do economic factors influence the location of a city?

Using the map on the following page, consider:

1. Where is the best place to locate a city?
2. Why?
3. What would make the city grow?
4. What would be its relationship to the surrounding area?
5. What differences would you expect in a city oriented toward a body of water or toward a land mass?
6. What sequence of decisions and events must take place before that place could earn recognition as one of the world's cities?
7. Turn the map 90°. Does your perspective change? Given this new perspective, would you want to relocate your city? How? Why?
8. Turn the map another 90°. Does your perspective change? Would you relocate your city? How? Why?



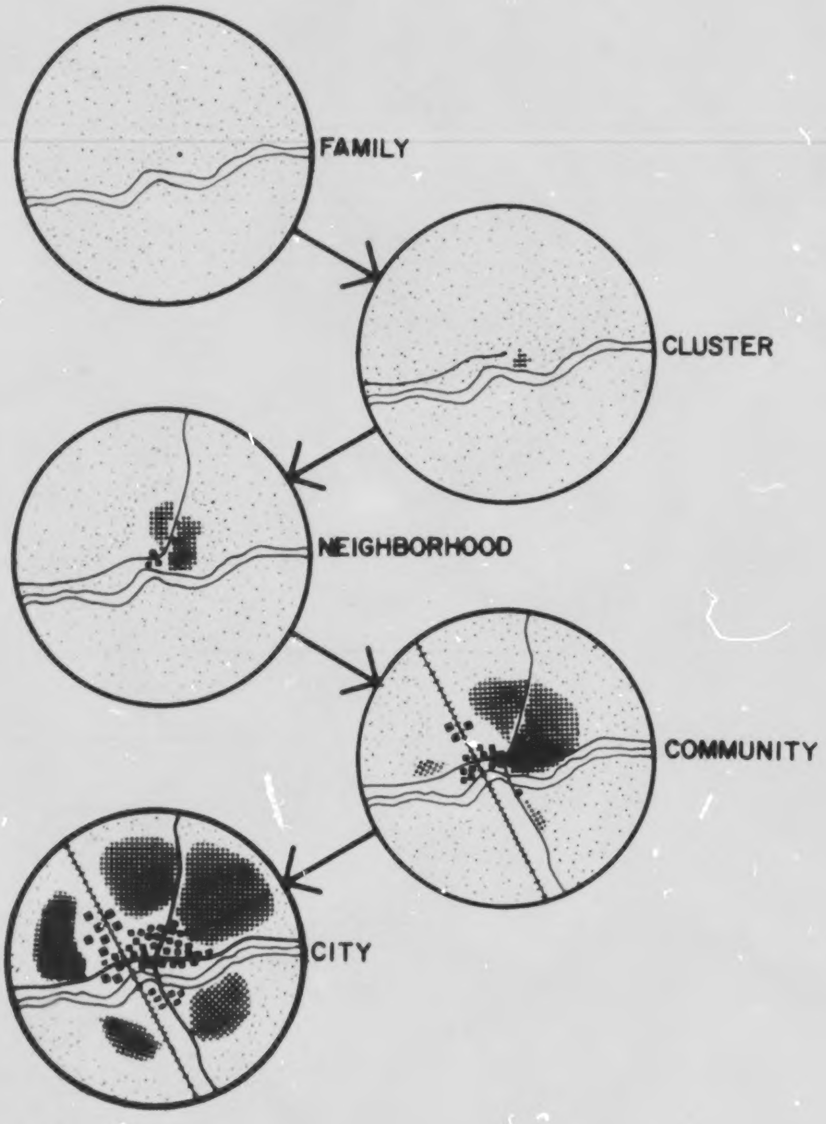
## HOW DID YOUR CITY DEVELOP?

You either live in a city or know about one nearby.

How long has it taken to develop?

Through what stages has it developed?

How has its development paralleled the sequence shown below?



Drawing by
Lloyd Hickman

This can be a written or oral exercise. And in addition to dealing with the nearest city, any of the other levels of urban development can also be considered. Write a description of your community, neighborhood, cluster, or family settlement. What forces promote urbanization? What will happen to your family, cluster, neighborhood or community in the future?

Following any class discussion on the subject of urban development, you may wish to discuss its reversal. What happens when *de-urbanization* takes place? Further, what conditions would promote *de-urbanization*?

## WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

In terms of horizontal space, where do you live? At the city center, around its edges, or perhaps far outside the nearest urban area?

And do you live near, below, or above the ground? In terms of vertical space, urban dwellers sometimes live three and four hundred feet above the ground level. How about you?

What about your neighborhood? Where do you live within it? What do you consider to be its boundaries if there are any? What defines them? And if it is in an urban area, where is your neighborhood located in terms of nearness to the city center, to the industrial sections, to the highest and lowest status areas, and to the countryside?

Is your living location convenient? How does your family get about? Walking? Subways? Elevated trains? Ground level trains? Buses? Bicycles? Taxis? Private automobiles? Boats? Helicopters? In terms of time, how far are you from the city center? Shopping areas? Places of worship? Entertainment? Parks? Countryside?

Is your family centered around the place where you live? Are your family members—grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins nearby? How do you visit them? How often? How long does it take? How much does it cost?

In terms of "majorities" and "minorities" where do you live?Are you a member of a minority or a majority in your neighborhood? Does this make any difference? What words best explain the various relationships between larger and smaller groups of people within an urban area? How do you describe your own situation?

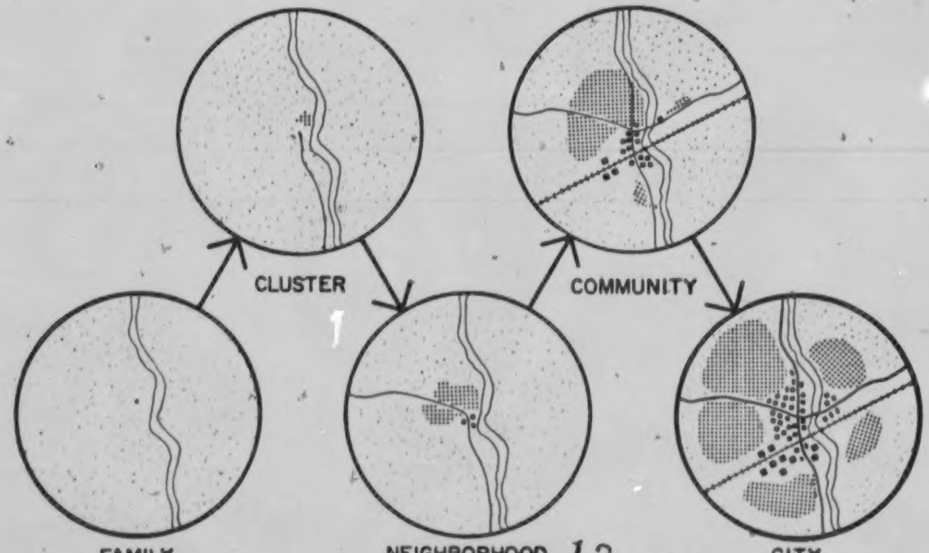
What about power? Is your urban area a powerful one? Within it, do you live close to the power center? How is power distributed around you?

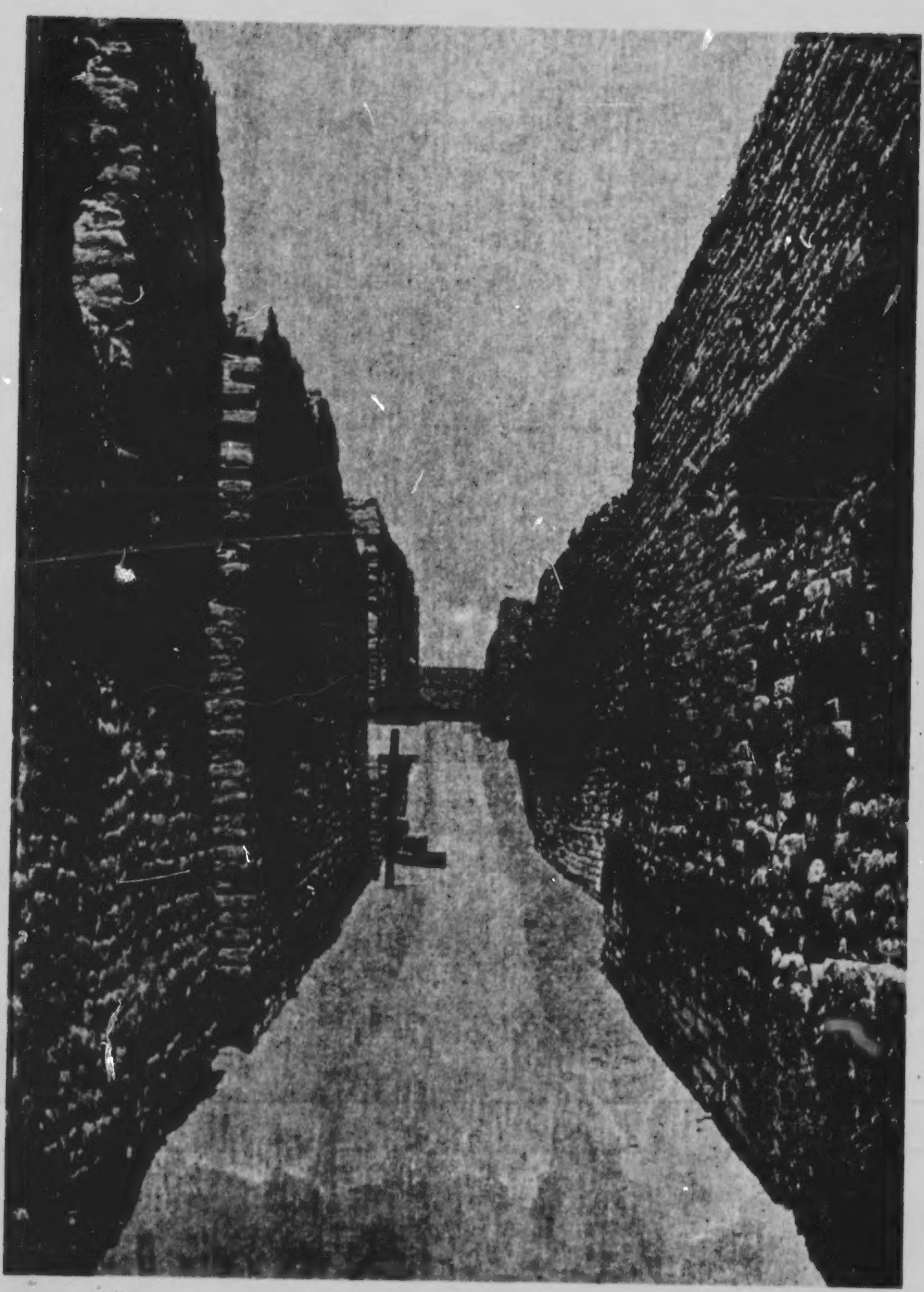
Is your living area considered "stable?" Or is it "mobile?" Do people stay or move frequently in and out? Or is it a "transitional" area, one shifting from stability to mobility? Or the reverse?

In terms of length of residence do you live in an "old" or "young" area? What is the average resident age? Are there more young—or old? Are the structures new—or old? Or would your area be considered "mixed"—a little of this and a little of that with no predominant age?

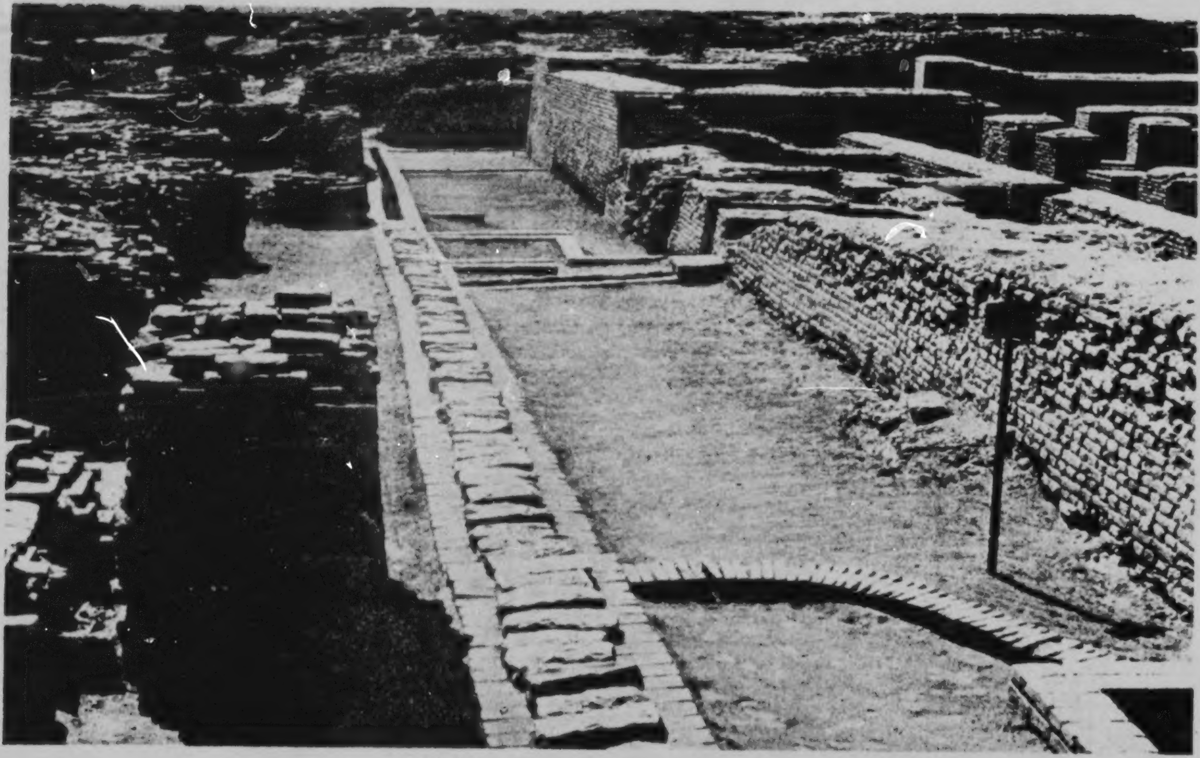
If you are an urban resident, do you consider your urban area to be your "home?" Or is your identity with some other place—another urban center, or a rural area?

When asked, "where do you live?" what do you say?

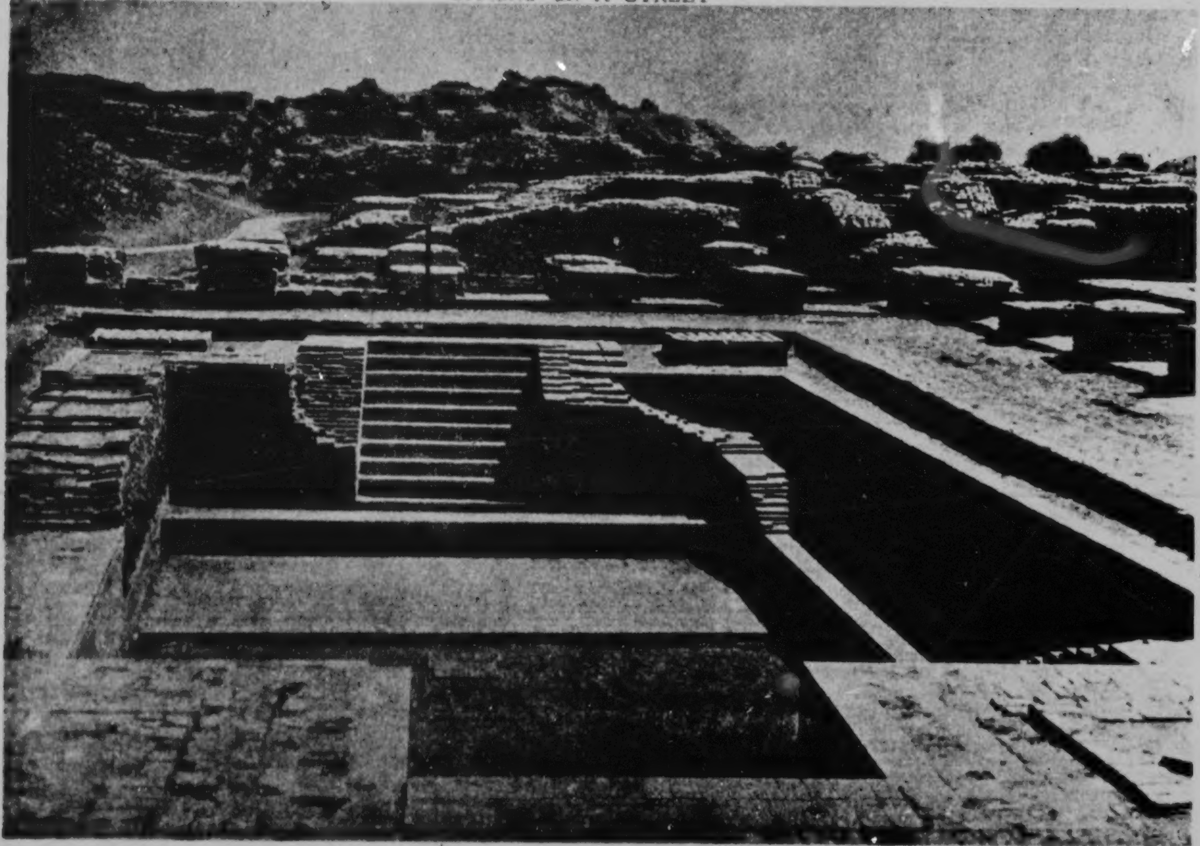




THE LOW LANE

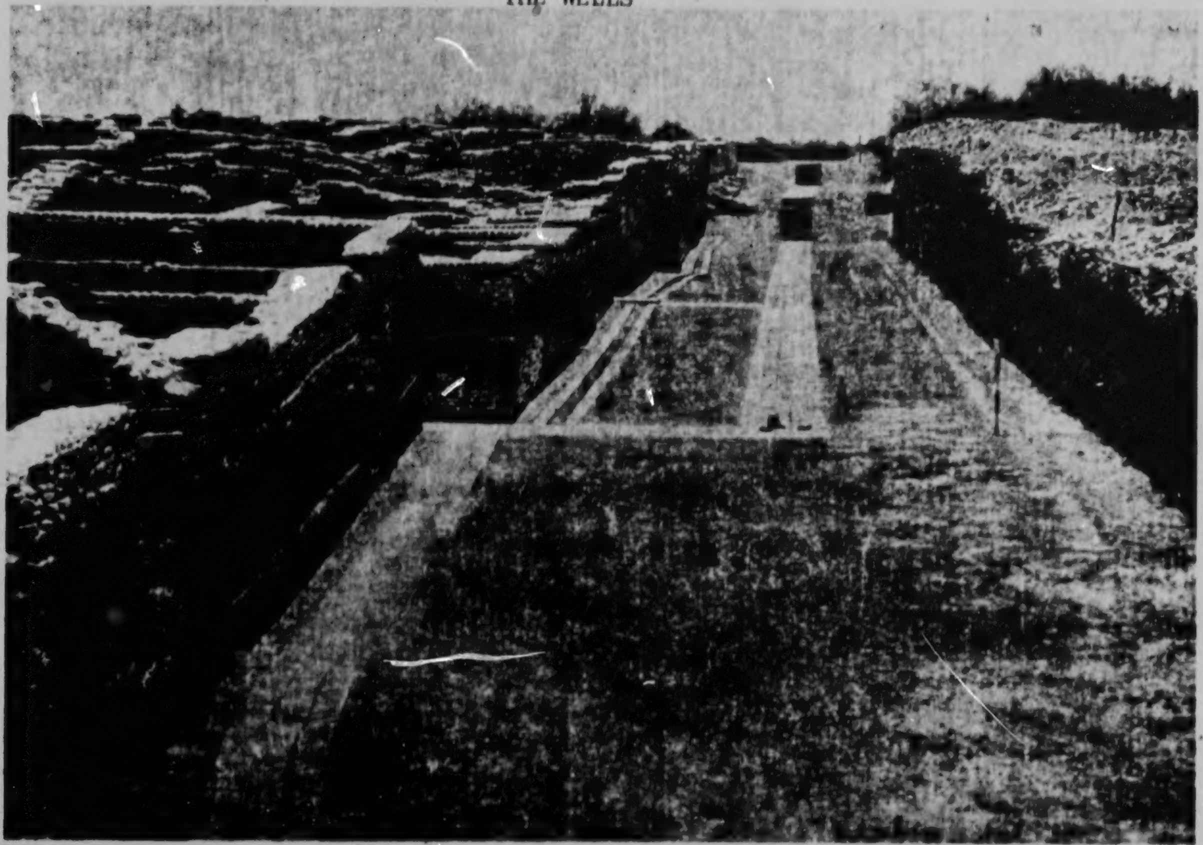


DRAINS IN A STREET

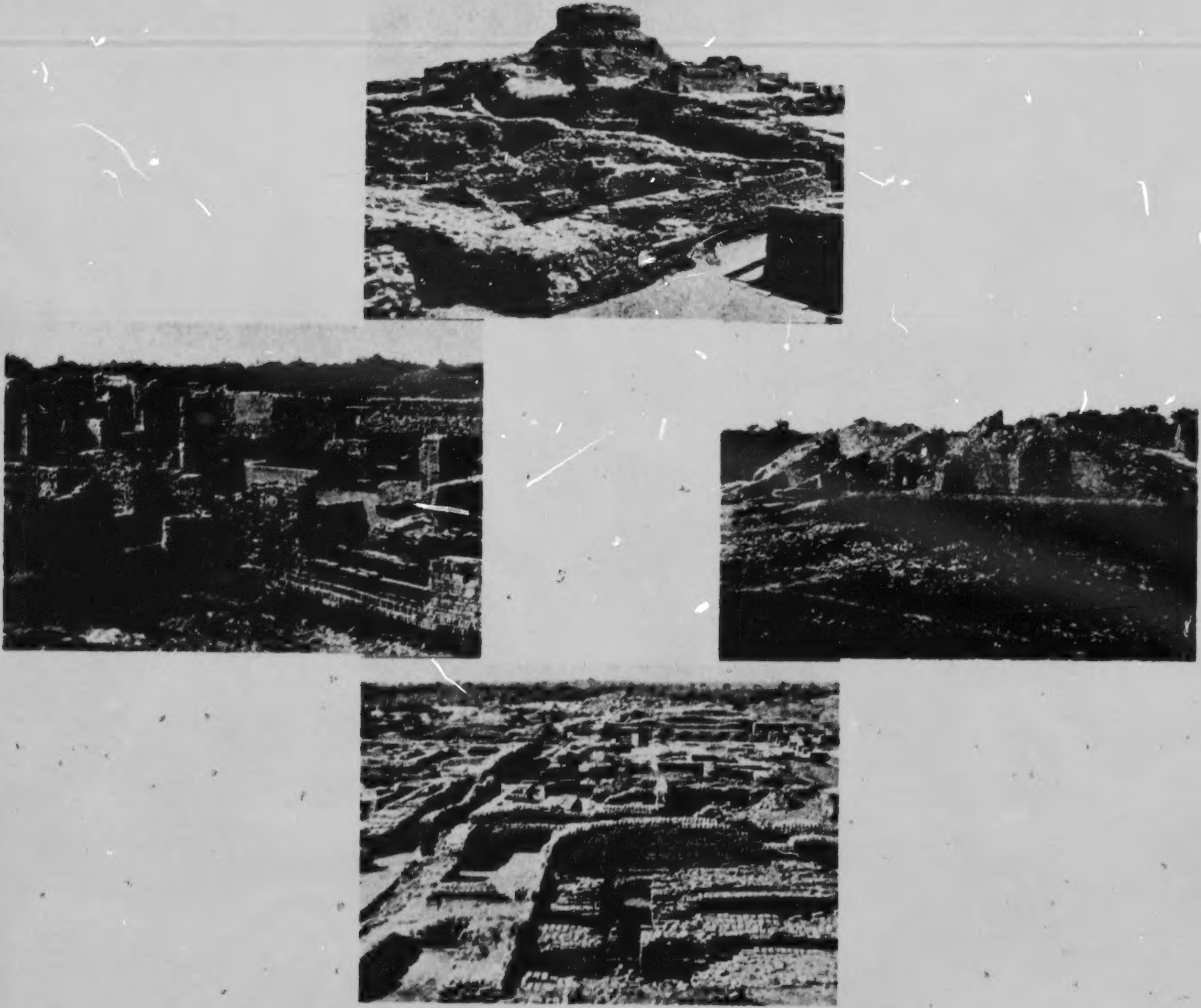


THE GREAT BATHS

THE WELLS



THE MAIN STREET



(clockwise from top)  Buddhist Stupa.  The Watch Towers.  The Citadel.  Building Remains

**- PHOTOGRAPHS -**

Mohenjo Daro on the Indus River North of Karachi, Pakistan

Old Cairo of a thousand minarets.

## CAIRO
### Third World Metropolis

Cairo was founded some one thousand years ago. It soon became one of the world's major cities. At times Cairo may have been the largest city in the world. After the birth of Islam in neighboring southern Arabia, Cairo also became a center of Muslim culture. The city grew enormously. It had reached one million inhabitants under the Muslim Fatamid rulers in the eleventh century. Three centuries later the population had dropped to half that number. Cairo continued its decline relative to the new urban centers of industrialized Europe and North America. When Napoleon invaded Egypt in 1800, Cairo had only one-quarter million people. That number was reduced even further in the nineteenth century. The bubonic plague of 1835 which ravaged the Middle East killed perhaps one-third of the city's residents.

Cairo began reclaiming a doubtful privilege this century. It is again one of the world's biggest cities. In 1970 the city had a population of nearly six million people. Therein lies Cairo's great drama. Its rate of growth strains every metropolitan resource. The city will probably have twelve million inhabitants by the year 2000. This depends on birth and death rates as well as migration. Cairenes expect many more people to come to the city from rural areas than will leave the city. No one expects Cairo to get smaller. Some demographers even think its population could be sixteen million in 1999.

## The Village of Cairo?

Educated, urban Egyptians are acutely aware of crowding in their city. The "flood" of migrants from the countryside to the city is their chief concern. They say that Cairo was designed for a million and a half residents. They also charge that these migrants are "ruralizing" the city. Only when migration is gradual can the city have an "urbanizing" effect on the migrants. These critics say that Cairo is becoming a giant village. But it is a village with none of the virtues of village life—solidarity, self-help, and mutual respect. Instead, Cairo offers all the city vices of impersonality, disregard for others, and lack of civic spirit. This is, of course, the opinion and value-judgment of a small Egyptian minority—the educated, urban elite.

Whatever Cairo's shortcomings, the city is probably a more attractive residence than Egypt's villages. First of all, urban wages are higher than in the country. And there are more physical comforts available for people to buy with the money they earn. Housing, even in slums, is superior. Schools and health facilities are more available and better in the cities. Amenities and amusements are more abundant than in the rural areas. For most Cairenes life is monotonous, even grim. Still it provides infinitely more variety and diversion than do the villages. Urbanites prefer, without actually liking, living where they do. The city may not really abound in employment opportunities. In contrast to the village, however, it appears to be a more attractive place to eke out one's existence.

High level commissions are appointed periodically to consider how to stop or control migration to the city. But practical measures are difficult to find. Some people have suggested making Greater Cairo off limits to any further industrial development. Some would decentralize the government bureaucracy. Others want to oblige all migrants to show proof of employment in the city. Some would limit residential areas to those who can demonstrate they have jobs. There has been little effect resulting from any of these recommendations. Landlords rent to whomever has the cash. Besides, to apply such laws, as one official put it, "would require a force greater than the Egyptian army."

It is impossible to state the actual number of people entering the city every year. A guess of one hundred thousand per year seems reasonable. For that matter, no one knows precisely how many Cairenes there are, but most people agree that the city passed six million about 1972. Since 1947 the city has grown by roughly 4 per cent each year. Natural reproduction probably accounts for one-half that growth, migration the other.

### What do Cairenes do for Their Living?

**Working Population of Cairo According to Type of Activity (1970) Aged 12-65**

**Ages 12 - 65**

| Branch | Men | Women | Total |
|---|---|---|---|
| Agriculture and Fishing | 49,700 | 3,800 | 53,500 |
| Mining and Quarrying | 4,700 | 600 | 5,300 |
| Transformation Industries | 442,900 | 29,800 | 472,700 |
| Building and Construction | 84,400 | 700 | 85,100 |
| Electricity, Gas, and Water | 24,100 | 600 | 24,700 |
| Commerce, Trade | 229,300 | 19,400 | 248,700 |
| Transport, Communication, Storage | 126,300 | 6,100 | 132,400 |
| Services | 397,700 | 115,800 | 513,500 |
| **Total** | 1,359,100 | 176,800 | 1,535,900 |

Some of the migrants from the country to the city are single males. That is, they are either unmarried or have left their wife and family back in the village. Most, however, bring both their wife and rural attitudes concerning ideal family size—large. This suggests that migration rates and urban birthrates are closely linked. Thus policies to manage one aspect must necessarily take the other into account. In the absence of policies for either, will Cairo become a gigantic linear village filling the Nile Valley?

### Cairo in Egypt

Cairo is the largest city in Egypt. In 1972, it contained about 15 per cent of the country's population. Cairo, moreover, is two and one-half times larger than the next biggest city, Alexandria. There are no other cities in Egypt that one can compare to the great metropolis. Thus Cairo is known as a "primate" city. This term is used to refer to cities which are at least twice the size of the nation's second leading city.

Cairo shows its "primacy" in ways other than population concentration. Consider some common indicators. Cairo has 66% of all television sets and 52% of all telephones in Egypt. It has 33% of all medical doctors, 27% of the hospital beds, and 62% of all university graduates. The city consumes 27% of the country's entire electrical output, 40% of its vegetables, fruits, and meat. Over half of Egypt's skilled tradesmen reside in Cairo and more than one-third of the country's industrial workers. One could go on but the point is clear. Cairo is privileged relative to most of the nation. But its problems are so immense the fact can be easily overlooked by those who govern it, live in it, and plan for its future.

### Cairo in the Future

Cairo is governed by a Popular Assembly, al-Maglis as-Sha'abi. It has fifty-eight members appointed from among the elected officials of twenty-seven districts plus the Cairo Committee. The Governor and Executive Committee attend their monthly meetings. All are members of Egypt's single political party, the Arab Socialist Union. It is their task to identify problems, assign them to committees, and formulate policies to manage them. Two of the assembly's most recent investigations were directed at housing and transportation.

Cairo also has representatives in the national government. Forty deputies are elected by direct universal adult suffrage to Egypt's 360-member parliament, the People's Assembly. At the parliamentary level, they are active in committees affecting the city's future: housing, communications, industry, and finance. Despite its importance, however, and the magnitude of its problems, Cairo is inevitably allotted a grossly inadequate budget.

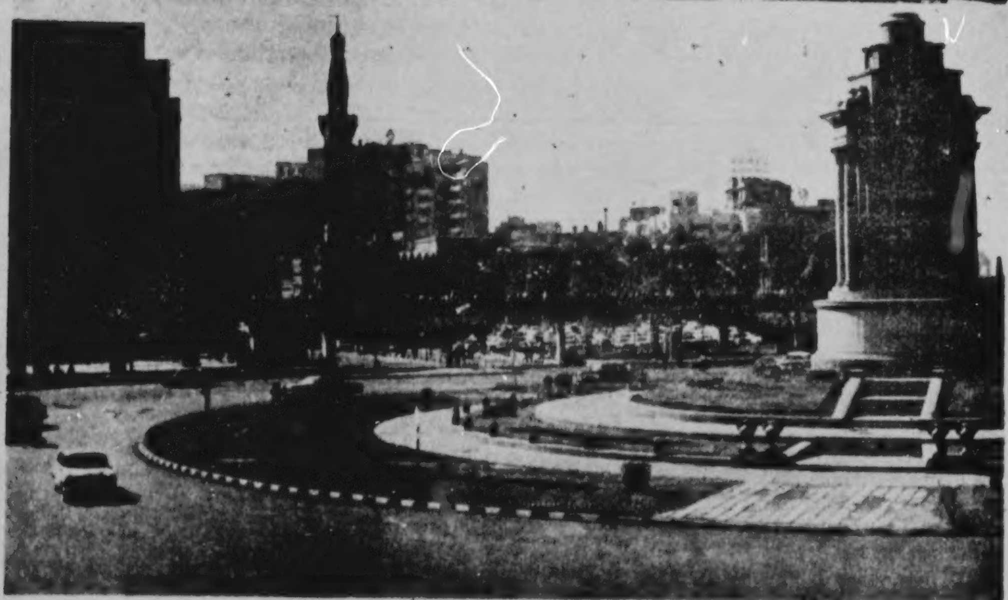
There are those who still see room for optimism. One is Hassan Fathy, an architect and city planner. He notes that two factors have complicated Cairo's growth in the past. First, the original center of the city has moved continuously westward. Thus Cairo's former center has been left behind in the Azhar, old Cairo area. Second, the north-south development of the city channels an unusually heavy traffic flow through its new, narrow throat. The city center, Fathy believes, could be moved eastward again by developing the Muqattem Hills and the tomb areas between them and the built-up area of Cairo. The hills had always blocked Cairo's eastward expansion. Now the availability of modern water pumping stations reduces the obstacles. These installations would bring water to hill residents and allow the area to be terraced and landscaped. Fathy becomes enthusiastic about the possibilities:

> Some of the hills are rather precipitous. Others are just mounds of debris. But terracing and landscaping could provide a very fine site for building. In fact they offer a wonderful opportunity to the architect for sculpturing huge masses of rock (by controlled quarrying) and integrating natural rocky forms with the main buildings of the city in a really dramatic and beautiful composition. . . .
>
> Indeed, one would hesitate to suggest so daring an operation if the case were not so desperate. No one goes lightly to a plastic surgeon to have his face remolded, and those who do, like to be assured of the doctor's taste as well as of his skill. . . . Since it is the only solution, it must be entrusted to artists of surpassing genius. Only a person of the widest and most delicate visual sensibility can ensure that the new skyline will be as beautiful as the old.

Cairo can become a triumph of man's artistry, a work of cooperative art worthy to rank with the world's finest examples of town-scape, with Verona, in fact with old Cairo itself, which before 1890 or so was the lovely and dignified City of 1,000 minarets. But such a work as this is not to be undertaken lightly. Building a city for 5,000,000 new inhabitants on a 40-year plan, establishing the character of Egypt's capital for hundreds of years, recreating one of the greatest cities in the world, calls for the most responsible and humble approach.

Fathy, and a few others, have both sounded the warning and offered solutions for many years. No action has been taken on their ideas. The short-term crises of the city have occupied most people's attention. Yet Cairo could possibly serve as a model for other cities in the Third World with similar problems associated with rapid growth. Will Cairenes respond to the challenge?

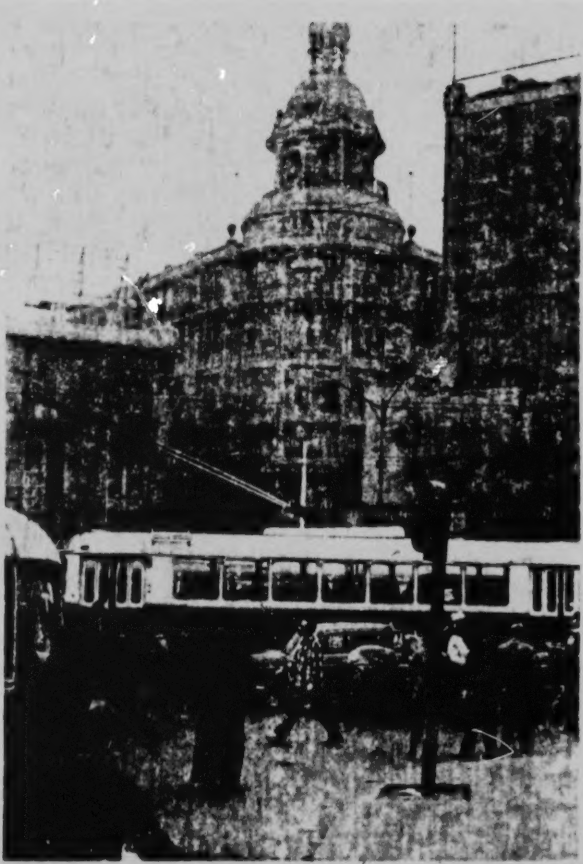
A quasi-medieval traffic jam; motorized vehicles are overwhelmed by pedestrian and animal traffic.



Midan al-Tahrir with its elevated footbridge.

# GETTING FROM HERE TO THERE
## The Cairo Conundrum

Street use: cars, etc., on the sidewalk, people in the street.



The typical clutter of Cairo street traffic—Ataba Square.

Transportation is one of Egypt's three major crises. Housing and hostilities with Israel are the other two. All three are regularly reported in newspapers and on radio and television. They seem insoluble.

Rapid urbanization and population growth in a condition of poverty are directly related to the housing and transportation problems. Moving people and things in Cairo is a series of crises—and a drama.

Cairo's streets are the stage for a daily tragicomedy. All Cairenes are both actors and spectators. The drama may be intended. Perhaps not consciously, but it does disrupt and at times alleviate the "grinding monotony." Getting from here to there is the bane of the Cairenes' existence and the spice of their lives.

There is ample opportunity, for example, for displays of physical prowess. Propelling oneself through a crowd and into the street may be an extraordinary adventure. The taxi driver can appear agile and skilled, no matter how decrepit his vehicle: His careening missile can be dodged by street athletes hastening to get out of the auto's path—just in time. One can appear indignant or nonchalant. No observer knows the amount of your income nor the housing conditions to which you return at day's end. You can negotiate with policemen. "Why impose such an unfair rule on this poor man, officer? What will be gained?" Such bargaining is done with the skill that comes of long and frequent practice.

Street actors, indeed all Cairenes, can display pathos and desperation and grace. Take the bus for instance. Not really, of course. Lucky readers can just imagine it. The rumor in Cairo is that buses receive special treatment before being put into service. The new ones are taken at night into a huge empty lot, so the story goes. There they are smashed into each other until the windows are popped out, the lights broken, and the chassis have taken on a proper shape. When "conditioned" a bus resembles a red sack of melons on wheels. They need, of course, a horn with a husky, slightly prehistoric wheeze. Wrench away the front and rear doors, tilt the whole structure about 45 degrees and the fleet is ready to take to the road and face the Cairene hordes.

The rumor is not quite true. In fact it recently took several months to fully "condition" some new blue and white commuter service buses. Eventually, however, they were reduced to the same level as the rest of the fleet.

No one should be surprised. It is a simple question of supply and demand. There are some 1,300 buses, 140 trolley buses, and 230 commuter-type trains. When they are all available these 1,600 vehicles serve 3.5 million passengers daily. Per year it amounts to 1.2 billion passengers and it is a rare day when more than 1,200 of the vehicles are in operation.

There are six rush hours during which two million passengers crowd the buses. Over 45,000 passengers per hour travel from Shubra south to the heart of Cairo and north to the residential area. Admittedly, this is the most heavily traveled route.

Half the bus fleet is over seven years old. Age, brutal handling and driving, overloading, inadequate maintenance, and a chronic lack of spare parts account for frequent breakdowns. The wonder is that the rate of mechanical failure is not higher.

While population grows at a 4 per cent rate, the number of bus passengers increases at 15 per cent per annum. New vehicles are added but not at a much faster rate than the old are collapsing.

Fares cost 3-5 cents depending on the route and level of service. Cairo buses offer first and second class rides. The Transport Authority has about a $75 million annual budget and runs a growing deficit.

The mobility provided by buses enables as many as 37 per cent of Cairenes who work to travel outside their district of residence. For Cairo is divided into police districts or *qism*. As one would expect, the rural migrants who settle in the northern districts are not likely to own automobiles or be able to afford taxis. Buses are essential to the daily transport of more than 40 per cent of these workers.

Hundreds of thousands of Cairenes commute to work each day. Cairo is a workers' city. Factory workers, mechanics, sales clerks, bureaucrats, school teachers, servants, and others fight it out. Most of them move from home to work and back again in buses.

Students also use buses. They too number hundreds of thousands. The primary, secondary, and university students ride to school and back. They and the workers are joined by military personnel stationed in and around Cairo. Add the shoppers and kids who ride for kicks and you have assembled the full cast of the Cairo daily transport theatrical.

"It's the first free mass transit system I've ever seen," said a recent visitor from abroad. He was wrong of course. But he accurately described what he saw. Imagine the 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. rush. Most buses are full beyond capacity. Some are filled beyond belief. Not only is the interior filled, but the outer surface is sprinkled if not covered with people. If the doors haven't been removed, they are likely to be jammed. Into the mass of bodies disappear baskets and babies. Space is found where there seemed to be none. At stops, if there are any, people and parcels emerge.

Fully loaded a bus may not stop until the end of its route. It may only slow when passing bus stops along the way. It is on these occasions the athletic prowess of the Cairene is fully demonstrated. Examine a typical, slightly plump government clerk. His day at the office was devoted to maintaining an unruffled appearance. He now becomes a daring acrobat. The bus cannot be expected to come near the curb. One must run and jump. With luck and skill there will be something to hang on to or a safe place to land.

The "flying dismount" is a must for passengers leaving nonstop buses. Our rounded civil servant wriggles through the dense mass of fellow passengers. Any opening will do. When the outside is sighted he launches himself clear of the vehicle. Spread-eagle with briefcase firmly clutched in hand, sooner or later his feet hit the ground. He then runs furiously to compensate for his forward momentum. Those are the major feats. But having become airborne in the middle of the road he must also cope with other vehicular traffic. He goes spinning, faking, zigging in and out, darting between cars, carts, bicycles, and oncoming passengers, their arms outstretched in hope that they may board the belabored behemoth.

It is truthfully said that many Cairenes never touch the bus itself but only other passengers. With determination men and women charge after buses, leaping with faith and clutching whatever can be reached. In other cities the already crushed and precariously hanging passengers might not help. But in Cairo, the already-on can be expected to extend a hand and help the aspirant passenger on board. Fare collections are another matter. As the visitor noted, it can seem like a "free" bus system.

All these goings on leave buses with a pronounced tilt. The going and coming mostly affects the right-hand side of each vehicle. In that direction they lean as if to welcome the oncoming passenger—or overturn. Double-decker buses, so popular in England, have not been introduced in Cairo. They might be too dangerous.

Landing in a mud puddle and pretending not to have requires theatrical talent of the highest order. One strides with style, however sloshily, on to work. Even the one-legged in Cairo have been seen performing a peg and leg ballet from bus to curb through tangled traffic.

Nor is the going much easier inside the bus. Fare collectors are also acrobats. These *kumsary* swim like sharks among schools of fish. Pay up or bail out is the choice he offers. But the passenger so evicted may proceed so slowly toward an exit that he actually arrives at his destination. The same tactic is useful if the collector refuses to make change. An adept Cairene can first prolong the bargaining, then slowly find the exit as the bus approaches his stop.

Pickpockets are happily at home in this jam. And Cairo police refuse responsibility for thefts which occur on buses. The transportation system has its own police—theoretically. In this world between conflicting jurisdictions the pickpocket thrives.

But enough of the perceptions of Americans observing in Cairo. Here are views from an Egyptian newspaper.

> *We cannot tell if this is a transportation crisis or a morals crisis. When the passenger is able to find a place for his feet or for his finger or toenails, he finds a strange world.*
>
> *A passenger in first class insists on paying only for a second class ticket. He argues with the* kumsary *and the bus stops. The* kumsary *collars the offender and expels him. Another passenger shows a pass valid for a different line. The bus stops; the* kumsary *collars him and off he goes. A woman complains of the bad manners of a man next to her; the bus stops and another is expelled. Another passenger demands his change, and the* kumsary *claims he has none. A new argument and the bus stops once again....*
>
> *The passengers are surprised by an unannounced stop of the bus and while pondering its cause they hear the driver call out the door to a cafe waiter, "Two teas, easy on the sugar, and two glasses of water." This is duly delivered and the driver and* kumsary *calmly take tea for five minutes. To the relief of the passengers the needs of the crew are satiated and the bus proceeds on...only to stop in front of a grocery store. The* kumsary *gets out, having been instructed by the driver, "Listen, a couple of fat sandwiches...and don't forget the pickle."* - *al-Ahram*, Cairo, January 8, 1972.

Cairo bus fares have not been raised since 1953. Students and military personnel receive discounts. Low-cost bus transport and walking are the major alternatives for Cairo commuters. Surprisingly few resort to bicycles and motorbikes. Delivery boys use most of these. They transport goods rather than people. Taxis, however, are expanding in number. And private automobiles, for those who can afford them, are highly preferred.

## TAXIS

The 16,000 taxis daily carry half a million people, mostly in German-made Mercedes diesels and Egyptian-made Fiat vehicles. About 18,000 drivers take turns guiding the taxis through traffic

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in Greater Cairo. Some critics say the taxis contribute more than their share to traffic congestion and even more to confusion. Many drive cabs as a second job to help family income keep pace with inflation.

Taxi transport is too expensive for the average Cairene. But Arab tourists are a choice target for taxi drivers. Large numbers come from Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Libya. They tend to bring the whole family and stay quite awhile. In Cairo they have no automobile and often hire cabs.

## PRIVATELY OWNED AUTOMOBILES

Whatever the problems with buses and taxis, or perhaps because of them, Cairenes are buying more and more automobiles for their personal use. Probably 200,000 private autos are in use in the urban area. In 1962 there were 32,891 in Cairo. By 1973 there were 104,000. Autos are also registered in nearby Giza and Qalub to round out the total. And many are brought in under "shady circumstances."

There are jokes about the Egyptian pound being the world's strongest money. Since Egyptians may legally take only ₤E5 out of the country, it is a matter of amazement how many are able to buy and bring back Mercedes autos and pay for their trip besides.

Auto fees provide the Cairo government with its largest source of local revenue. Still there are few cars compared to other cities of similar size. Rome, for comparison, has over 1.5 million registered private automobiles. Cairo is second to none, however, in traffic jams.

The Nasser Motor Company makes a Fiat. It sells for as littleas ₤E700 or US$1800. The average per capita income in Egypt is about ₤E76. However desirable it is to own an auto, few can afford it. Fortunately for them, taxis and buses are regularly available and at relatively low cost.

## FEET, ANIMALS, AND TRUCKS

Walking is a major activity among Cairenes. Where there are wide sidewalks it is a relatively safe activity. Elsewhere athletic skills are a necessity. Horses, mules, and donkeys pull 60-80,000 vehicles on which Cairenes haul goods. They come in all sizes and shapes to compete with the 8-9,000 trucks which also transport goods. But the animal- and human-drawn vehicles are important economically. Recent migrants from rural areas are frequently employed at this level of transportation activity. Even the city government finds these vehicles indispensable. A fleet of 1,500 donkey carts, for example, haul household garbage. The city provides an additional 300 trucks to haul refuse. All the essential elements—drivers, animals, and carts—can be easily maintained, repaired, or replaced. This is in sharp contrast to any motorized vehicle.

* * *

Given the relatively low Cairene incomes and the economics of Egypt in the world, continued emphasis upon mass transport seems advisable. In addition to buses, more electric trolleys and a subway could be built. Elevated highways and a metropolitan railroad service are being discussed.

Least costly is the improvement of Cairo's existing road system. Sidewalks could be cleared of merchants and their wares. "No parking" zones could be enforced in the crowded downtown area. Parking buildings could be erected. Streets could be zoned to eliminate the present mixing of animal-drawn and motorized vehicles. Street surfaces could be upgraded and maintained. The bus fleet could be expanded and made more efficient.

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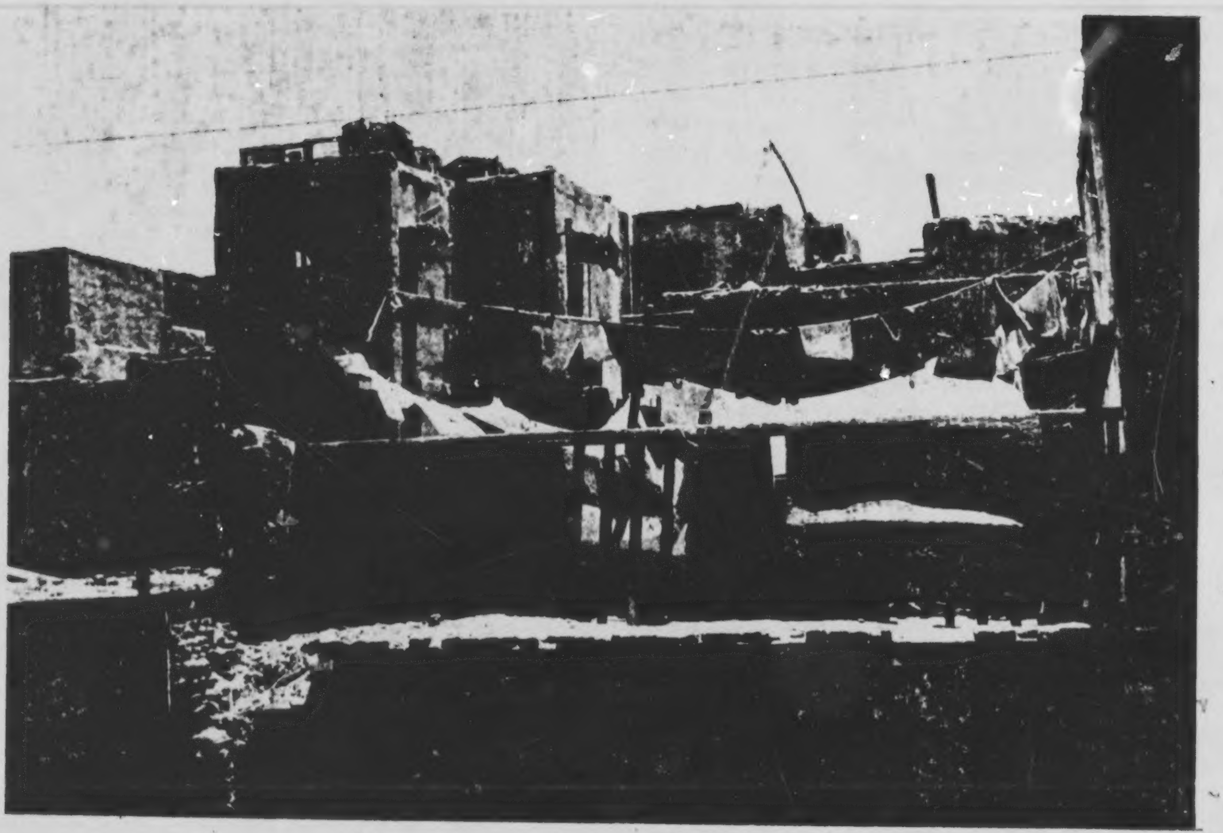
Cairo's transportation problems are not insoluble. People's habits, lack of planning, and confused jurisdictions are the major problems. These affect not only transportation. They influence the lifestyle as well. For the foreseeable future, the daily crises, the comedies and the tragedies will continue. Cairo's millions—human, animal, and vehicular, are on stage. The show will go on.



Roofscape

## HELTER-SKELTER HOUSING IN CAIRO

What do you do with 5.5-6.0 million people when a city is bursting at the seams? Cairo's housing problem has already reached crisis proportions. Yet it must also plan ways to provide shelter for an even larger population in the near future. Demographers expect the city to contain 12-16 million people by the year 2000.

Cairo is like many other Third World cities. Rapid urban growth has outpaced economic development. Hundreds of thousands of people have come to these cities in hope of a better life. Some individuals at least improve their living standards. But the general result for the cities is an inability to house the newcomers. So they build their own houses with whatever materials they can find or purchase cheaply. Thus slums are born.

Vast tracts of Cairo are slums and their area is expanding. Many people live in one or two rooms in substandard, structurally unsound buildings. Frequently the occupants have no access to water, electricity, garbage disposal, or sanitation facilities.

Slums exist, according to Charles Abrams, "because no nation is able to produce adequate housing at a cost workers can afford."[1] For the rank and file, slums are "the shelter that the industrial age provides...." Abrams feels that housing is the "Cinderella of the Industrial Revolution," and slums are the "humble cover to which she has been indefinitely assigned."

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[1] Charles Abrams, *Man's Struggle for Shelter in an Urbanizing World*, MIT Press, 1964, p. 3.

In Cairo and some other Third World cities, however, slums are not only for the laborers. Civil servants and those who work in the service industries are also unable to afford or obtain adequate housing. One at least partial solution is for both husband and wife to work. With two paychecks, "better shelter" can be bought. Yet "better" is a relative term. For many, the best they can afford with all family members working is not very good human habitation.

Even the educated middle class in Cairo are unable to obtain shelter in line with what they think they deserve. To achieve distinction and have to put up with low quality housing works against one's positive self-image.

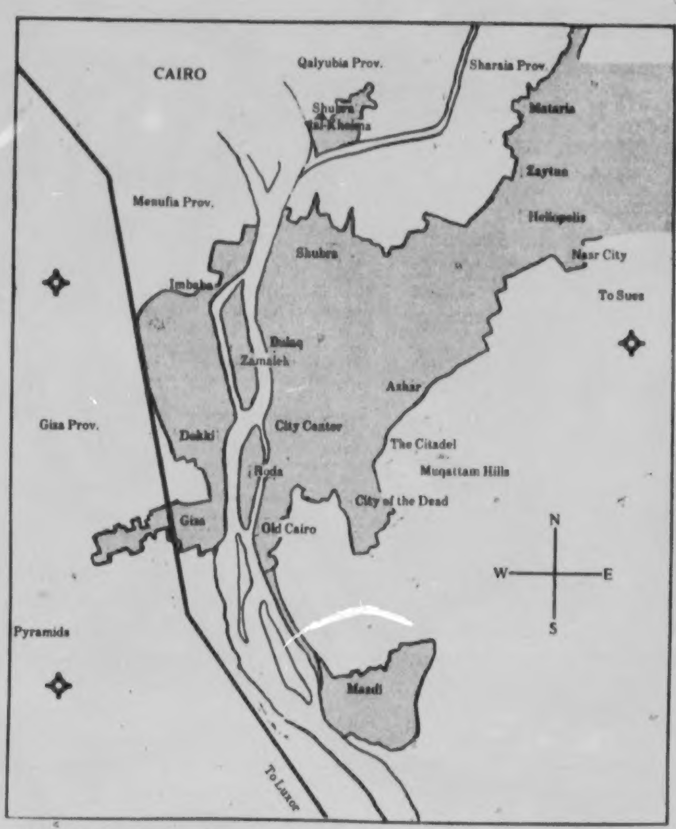
Among Cairenes, except for a few people at the top, no one can take for granted access to decent housing. The best housing, experts estimate, is available only to 200-300,000 Egyptians and foreigners. These are in professions such as law, medicine, and journalism, in companies, government ministries, embassies, and United Nations agencies. They monopolize the best housing in Cairo and Giza. This includes the islands of Zamalek and Roda, parts of Garden City and Qasr al-Nil in the city's center, Heliopolis in the north, the suburb of Ma'adi in the south, the corniche of Giza, the villa cities of Dokki and Agouza, and the Avenue of the Pyramids in the west.

Of Cairo's 5.5 million people, fewer than half a million live in the good housing areas. For the rest of Cairo, the remaining five million and more Cairenes, the term "slum" is not inappropriate.

The best and worst among Cairo's buildings fall victim to a democratic overlay of dust and overuse. The process of decay is evident from the moment a building is completed. Thus the newest sections of the city are soon like the oldest. For most, there appears to be no way to escape the pattern.

## SHANTYTOWNS

Cairo's expansion has engulfed some outlying rural villages. But the basic character of the city's development is urban and industrial. Some feel it is too bad that Cairo lacks the large shantytowns which surround Ankara in Turkey, Casablanca in Morocco, and Baghdad in Iraq. Where these exist, there is an opportunity for cities to give occupancy rights to the squatters and encourage do-it-yourself housing. Low cost materials and easy credit can be provided. The squatters usually respond over time by improving their dwellings. The city's overall investment is lower than what would have been required by massive low-cost housing projects.



All of Cairo proper lies on the east bank of the Nile except for the two islands of Zamalek and Roda which are part of the city. All the shaded area on the west bank of the Nile is part of Greater Cairo as is Shubra al-Kheima to the north. The crosses (⌖) represent tentative sites in desert areas for proposed satellite cities.

Few Cairenes live in shacks which could be upgraded by the approaches which work wonders elsewhere. For the most part, Cairenes have approached the problem by simply cramming more people into existing buildings. Thus more and more people are forced to live closer and closer together.

## POPULATION DENSITY

The population density in Cairo is dramatic. In 1966 the average density was 19,953 people per square kilometer (.62 square miles). The density rose to 23,000 by 1973 and continues to grow. By this measure, Cairo is more densely inhabited than New York City. And in Cairo, buildings are rarely more than five floors high.

People-per-room is another measure of population pattern. Between 1947 and 1972, the average room population has risen from 2.0 to 3.1 people. This figure includes data from the most affluent as well as the poor areas of the city. While human population doubled, the number of rooms in Cairo increased about one-third. Population continues to grow at about 4 per cent per year. To reverse the trend toward increasing density would require money, labor, materials, and planning of mammoth dimensions. Even these measures of density don't tell the whole tale.

## THE "SECOND CITY"

Cairo has what is called a "second city." It consists of those who dwell on rooftops. They build huts, shacks, cages for their poultry, and assorted other shelter units. These are not illegal—unless built of brick and mortar or other permanent material. So long as a structure is "temporary" no building permit is required. Well over half a million Cairenes may now be living under such conditions.

There are other kinds of "second city" living patterns. Building regular structures without permits, for instance, and converting substandard village housing into urban dwelling units. If a building can be completed or partitioned without a permit and before the housing inspectors arrive, what can be done? Should the city drive out the inhabitants? Denying water and electricity to buildings constructed illegally is about all Cairo can do. And what are the benefits of that?

The "second city" also grows as Cairo's villages are converted into dormitory cities. In Bulaq Dakrur near the railroad tracks, for example, there were 15,000 people in 1960. At last count, around 66,000 lived there. Migrants make up most of the population growth. Most come from rural areas. But some 3,000 come from other parts of Cairo itself. Bulaq Dakrur offers relatively low rents and convenience to downtown Cairo a little over two miles away. Among the residents of Bulaq Dakrur, an income of US$30 per family per month was about average in 1973.

There are other dormitory villages near downtown Cairo. Shirkis, Hakr Abu Duma, Mataria. Here workers sleep and are then exported to the larger city. Mechanics, peddlers, pickpockets, clerks, maids, garbage men, and others return at night to their rooms in the "second city." To outsiders such villages may be considered "no-mans land." Petty thieves operate here. Dope is available and prostitutes make their rounds. Tourists are advised to avoid these areas. Cairenes from other neighborhoods and officials may find themselves unwelcome.

## "TOMB CITIES"

Cairo's unique contribution to urban housing is the creation of "tomb cities." They lie in a long belt

At home on the roof—Darb al-Ahmar

Northern sector, City of the Dead.

along Cairo's eastern edge. Here are the mosque-tombs of former royal and princely families. The three-room tomb-houses of wealthy families and the communal burial houses of craft and village migrant associations also dot the area.

Relatives of the deceased may visit. Two or three times a year they might come to live and eat in the company of their dead. But for most of the year the tombs and adjacent rooms are unused.

The cities of the dead had long had a resident population. But they lived in houses constructed among the tombs. As more migrants have come into the city, the tombs themselves have become dwelling places for squatters. Eighty thousand lived there in 1960. As many as a million live there now. Many came with the influx of people evacuated from the Suez Canal Zone as a result of the Six Day War between Egypt and Israel in 1967. Because of this fact, it is perhaps a more sensitive area politically than other slums. The government has acknowledged its importance by building schools to educate the young whose families live in the "tomb cities."

## HOUSING SHORTAGE

There is a housing shortage at all income levels in Cairo. Low-cost housing, however, is in shortest supply and greatest demand. Builders who would happily construct middle- and high-income housing, if they could obtain the materials, would not even consider building for Cairo's poor. Even if materials were available, they could never hope for sufficient return on their investment to cover costs.

Nor could the state expect financial benefits from low-cost housing. The economic system is malfunctioning to too great a degree. Publicly financed housing for the poor is a luxury Cairenes feel they cannot afford. Therefore they are faced with two alternatives: more people can be crowded into the existing housing units; or, individual families can beg, borrow, and steal their way into housing they really cannot afford. But even crowding has its limits. And laws which are meant to help are often evaded. Rent control laws are a good example. Tenants find no escape from the real estate sharks who are anxious to profit through their distress.

Where should the money come from to build adequate housing for Cairenes? How large and how expensive should a Cairene apartment be? Where should one get the building materials? They are rationed in Cairo. Government agencies and the armed forces have priority over public or private builders.

What should be done about the "black market" in building materials? At times one can get the steel one needs—by paying twice the official value.

No one is prepared at the present to offer more than partial answers to the crisis in housing. There has been talk of creating satellite cities. These would be located some distance from Cairo in what is now desert land. The costs of such a project would be staggering. Some Egyptians are experimenting with prefabricated housing projects. Little has yet been done, however, and there is no assurance that such methods will reduce costs. Further, there remains the problem of construction materials. Existing efforts at slum clearance do not keep pace with the emergence of new slums. Certainly, solutions to the problem will require radical measures.

Should migration be limited and Cairo put "off limits?" In Moscow, the Soviets have had apparent success controlling housing and migration into the city. Would the same system work with Cairenes?

Perhaps Egyptian village life could be made more attractive and fewer would want to leave the farms. How likely is that in Egypt or anywhere else? City life itself might become less attractive. If nothing were done to improve housing in Cairo, where the scale of problems is greater than in smaller provincial cities, might people be less inclined to migrate to the capital?

Cairo's population is expected to continue to grow. Most likely it will. What will happen to Cairo and Cairenes in the future? We know of the past. We think we can describe and understand the present. But how helpful is this knowledge and conventional wisdom in looking toward the future of Cairo and other cities of the world?

# UPWARD EXPANSION IN SINGAPORE HOUSING

On the successful and prosperous island of Singapore, 2,150,000 people crowd into 226 square miles. They put great pressure on the scanty natural resources. Only about one-third of the land area may be subject to new development or redevelopment. Time and space are running out for the people of this former British colony.

By great enterprise and ingenuity Singaporeans can provide adequate living, working, and playing space for their population. But will there be adequate space in the future? The greatly increased numbers of Singaporeans of the years 1980, 1990, and 2000 will expect even greater opportunity. They will want to work for greater profit, to relax in the sun, under the trees, and on the seashore. But work space, play space, and space for "gracious living" are shrinking. There is no space for expansion except by filling in swamps and tidal flats. The state has been busily doing this. Little remains to be reclaimed.

The task of bringing man and industry into balance with the forces and resources of nature is very complex. Building homes, schools, hospitals, factories, power plants, roads, and other modern facilities is less difficult. Singapore's achievement in building has been brilliant. The island's very compactness made it more possible to control the modernizing process. But compactness makes it more difficult and discouraging to restore the natural balances which have already been upset. In little Singapore there is no way of making more and more concrete and asphalt do the work of fewer and fewer trees.

Singaporeans may envision a new, ultramodern face for their city. But in fact the city's face is changing to a high-rise reality of steel and concrete. As a result of urban renewal, whole streets of historic buildings, including thousands of "shophouses," are vanishing. These buildings provided business premises on the ground floor and residential quarters on the two or three floors above. Many of them have become tenements where whole families share airless cubicles. There is space enough only for tiers of bunk beds and little more. In place of these tenements huge blocks of office buildings, hotels, and shopping centers are rising.

Singapore's layered living: needing room for expansion, new housing grows upward.

The government welcomes owners' decisions to redevelop their own property. But this requires much, much capital. The government itself condemns, purchases, demolishes, clears, and then puts the property up for auction. The proceeds—already hundreds of millions of dollars—go into other development projects.

An example of the modern trend for Singapore can be seen in Jurong, Singapore's most important new "satellite city." Here the government has leveled hills and filled swamps. This has provided valuable land for an industrial estate, a housing estate, and a deep water port. It is an urban center with all of the facilities of a new city, even a golf course.

Downtown Singapore once contained a noisome swamp with a few shacks and workshops scattered haphazardly about. There the government has filled over one square mile of new land for apartments and factories. It has filled in tidal flats to create a whole new shore front. The fill is being extended still further eastward for business, residential, and recreation purposes. And there are similar but smaller projects elsewhere. In the course of all this enterprise about one-half of the island's mangrove swamp has vanished. So have tidal flats and large tracts of Chinese clan, guild, temple, and cemetery land. Also disappearing are once unused hillsides and large tracts of state land where squatters have taken space for homes and farms. And as a result of private real estate developments, the former private estate land, including former British colonial estates, and agricultural land are vanishing.

Singapore's remaining agricultural land is important ecologically and economically. As the population and industries grow, it will shrink still further. Together with the water catchment area it constitutes Singapore's remaining reserve of vegetation. Singapore's only other significant land resources are the former British military bases and the offlying islets. And both of these are being included in redevelopment planning.

Singapore's developers are also turning their attention to the 50 offlying islands. Several of these islands have already been set aside for industry. The two largest of the offlying islands are Pulau Ubin (2,506 acres; 3,833 people), and Pulau Tekong (4,429 acres; 6,929 people). On these islands elevated tracts have been planted in rubber, coconuts, tobacco, fruit orchards, and vegetable gardens. On Pulau Tekong the government is at work clearing, leveling, filling, and otherwise making ready for military or industrial use or both.

Really desirable land has seemed a scarce commodity ever since the beginning of the present century. Concentration of population in the central urban area has long been regarded as serious. Because of urban renewal and development of other land, the population is being rapidly redistributed about the urban and rural landscape. But still it remains in dense pockets of concentration. Actual square feet and cubic feet of living space per person is being gained by pushing up higher and higher into the sky. Approximately 85 per cent of the population has been concentrated into a mere 28 square miles. The average density is almost 9,500 persons per square mile—far above that of crowded Hong Kong. The urban high was formerly about 200,000 per square mile. The new high in the resettlement areas may almost match the old. And as people gain in floor space they lose any toehold in the land.

The new residential Singapore is Queenstown, Alexandra, and Toa Payoh. These three new cities are built up with approximately 140,000 high-rise, low-cost flats covering a building area of 2.2 square miles. They provide modern housing for 750,000 persons. Another 750,000 are yet to be offered similar alternatives to the substandard housing in which they still live. Queenstown and its sister towns are the models for both the near and the distant future. Today 40 per cent of the population occupy such urban flats. Twice that number will be occupants by 1980.

The construction program for public housing now proceeds at the rate of one new flat every 30 minutes. It has been one of the most noteworthy achievements of Singapore's People's Action Party government. It has meant a breakthrough in resettlement from the slums and a source of jobs for thousands of persons.

The new blocks of flats stretch for many miles through the new Singapore. The units are built generally in long rows. Some of the newer ones are curved into a crescent with tier on tier up to 30 stories high. Each flat opens off a common gallery or corridor. It is provided normally with one, two, or three rooms plus kitchen, bath, and balcony.

The rent is S$20-60 per month for the one room "emergency" to the three room "improved" model. The sales price on these same units is S$3,330-7,500. The payment plan calls for 20 per cent down and the remainder in monthly installments of approximately the same amount as the monthly rent.

Save for one brief interval of recession, the government has never been able to keep up with housing demand. The current waiting list is about

An aerial view of the buildings under construction on the southern part of Toa Payoh New Town.
Source: Singapore Housing and Development Board Annual Report 1970

50,000. Most Singaporeans know a bargain when they see one. At least those of Chinese racial background do. Equivalent space in private real estate developments would cost at least five to ten times as much. The Malays, however, are not so sure they like what they see. They want ground space at lower cost. And they do not like to have to pay rent and utilities promptly the first of every month or to live so close to non-Muslim neighbors.

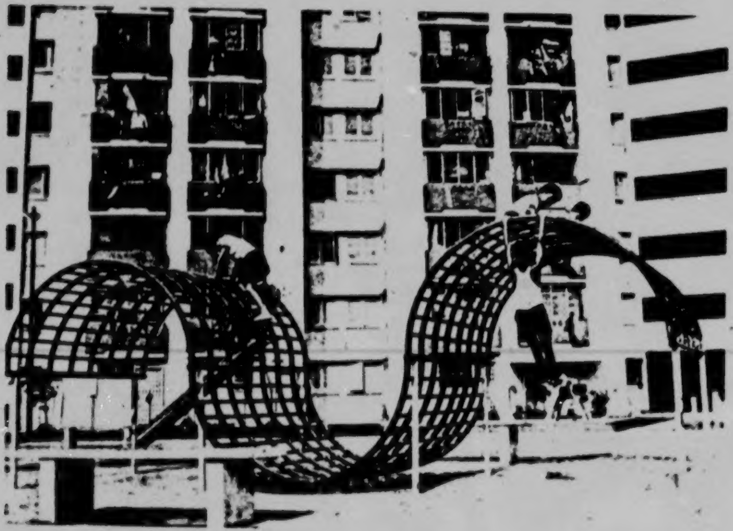
The length of the waiting list does not mean that everyone who moves in is altogether happy about doing so. Many have little if any choice. Because their former quarters have been condemned, there is nowhere else they can afford to go. The government does offer compensation. But individual families often think they deserve more for abandoning home, shop, farm, accustomed employment, and familiar neighborhood. Compensation usually amounts to S$7,800 in cash, or free title to a three-room flat. The government also pays S$2.50-5.00 per square foot of the tenant's original home, plus moving allowanee of S$500-600. At times there are other concessions such as assignment of new farmland or new shop space.

Most of the tenants of the new housing estates come from the slums of old Chinatown. There, sanitary conditions are often appalling. Secret societies, gangs, and vice rings flourish. Some tenants come from the sprawling *kampongs*, mainly squatter shantytowns scattered through both urban and rural areas. But everywhere in the old neighborhoods, family and community ties were strong. There was always a stall nearby for tea, noodles, and gossip. Somebody kept an eye or a hand upon the infantile or the senile. And while the street life outside might be rowdy it was also intimately dramatic. To uproot is extremely difficult; to reroot is even more so.

The officials are only just beginning systematically to survey the tenants and to compile and analyze their findings. Tenants complain of congestion, heat, glare, noise, delinquency, vandalism, and the dissolution of traditional family and community ties without others to take their place. Some also complain of unduly high rental and utility charges and faults in building design and construction.

Some politicians hoped they could turn these grievances into votes in the 1972 general elections. As the winning People's Action Party pointed out afterwards, they could not have been more wrong. The P.A.P. scored its most conclusive victories in Queenstown, Alexandra, and Toa Payoh. The Singapore grievance vote was largely that of persons who had been dispossessed from home and land. They had not yet been able to move into flats. Nor had they received other compensation which they deemed reasonably adequate. The social scientists are just beginning to study the impact of the estates upon family and community life. Meanwhile, the government is vigorously pushing forward with more estate development. They expect to gain more public contentment and retain P.A.P. power.

Those who move almost always admit that their physical circumstances are on the whole much improved. There are occasional complaints about shoddy construction. But on the whole the flats are remarkably well built and maintained. The exteriors are kept neatly repainted. The grounds are planted with trees and shrubs. The health authorities regulate the hawkers, whose stands proliferate as rapidly as do the tenants. Mobile squadrons are on call to repair elevators or deal with other emergencies.



Playground in a new Singaporean housing estate—clean, but not very green.

However, many people are now beginning to think that good living implies much more than an aseptic cell in the sky with electricity, water, gas, radio, TV, electric rice cooker, sewing machine, and refrigerator inside. Some question the importance of a motor scooter, motorcycle, or even a motorcar which must be stored inconveniently in badly crowded parking lots far below. Others question the pleasure of an intricate complex of markets and other civic facilities filled with strangers. As time goes on and prosperity increases, the housing estates are going to seem less rather than more satisfactory to residents.

The new housing estates are built upon extremely limited land. Tenants must go elsewhere if they wish to shake off the feeling of compression. There are playing fields and swimming pools and various recreational facilities nearby, although nothing very spacious. The Singapore government feels obliged to pack just about as many buildings as possible into limited space in the housing estates themselves. But it is also trying to maintain certain relatively large tracts of land for public purposes. And it is quite lavish in its outlay for public buildings, including a national theater, and a huge new stadium and sports complex.

In the midisland water catchment area, all forms of wild life, including the fish, are rigorously protected. On the edge of the catchment area rises Bukit Timah, Singapore's highest hill (581 feet). It is mostly covered by jungle but sections are being quarried at an alarming rate for gravel used in construction.

In the central district, in front of the main government buildings is the Esplanade. This includes the tree-bordered Padang (city green and cricket field) and the gardened Queen Elizabeth Walk. A two-mile stretch on the island's west coast at Pasir Panjang is reserved as public park and beach. There is also a five-mile stretch of east coast at Changi. And Mt. Faber is being opened up as a new public park. For a tropical colony, or for a newly independent state, all of this is most impressive.

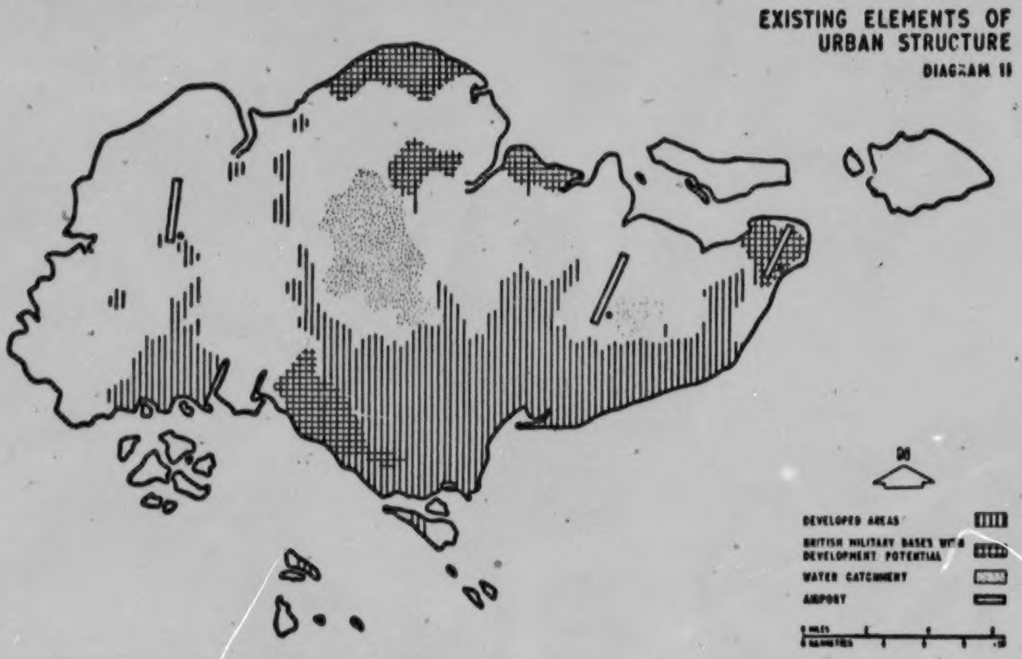
The Singaporean who wants a home more gracious than a government flat generally looks for a "terrace" (row) house, a "semi-detached" (duplex), a "luxury flat," or a "bungalow." Hundreds of these are being put up each year by private real estate developers. They sell from about S$75,000-250,000 each. The private housing industry thus provides new quarters each year for about 3,000 families, totaling about 15,000 persons. In new "parks" scores or hundreds of identical models are built, all modern if rarely inspired in design. The house itself provides normally three to four bedrooms, with two or more baths in addition to the other living space. It has a carport and a scrap of garden. Each house is exposed to the children, dogs, motorcycles, radios, TVs, hi-fis, electric organs, and private conversations of the neighbors. The building plots vary in size from about 1,200 to about 12,000 square feet.

In view of the shortage of land, the government now deems these much too large. In early 1972 the government announced that all such developments in the future will be condominiums. Garden space will be shared rather than private. Consequently, prices are rising at an even faster rate. In the recent past choice properties doubled and redoubled in value in the course of several years.

Despite crowded private "parks" and government "estates," Singapore still has certain low-density, high-prestige, top-price, genuine "garden city" enclaves. Of these, Tanglin area is in all respects the most favored. Its prestige residential district measures approximately ten square miles and has a population of 35,000 persons. Tanglin residents may be primary tenants or household servants. The majority occupy the spacious old colonial bungalows, now much modernized. Some live in comparably luxurious new bungalows and flats, although there still remain a few *kampongs*. Tanglin is the home of many of the Singaporeans with incomes over S$7,500 ( US$2,500).

A high percentage of the Western residents and a majority of the 8,000 Americans also live there. But in Tanglin and elsewhere, it is a small minority of the total population who enjoy the luxury of space and relative privacy and quiet. This privileged class constitutes something between 5 and 10 per cent of the total population, foreign residents included. The government's estates house 80 per cent of the population, and 10 per cent or more are scattered elsewhere. It seems improbable that very many Singaporeans of the future will enjoy spacious living.

SINGAPORE LAND USE IN 1970


EXISTING ELEMENTS OF URBAN STRUCTURE
DIAGRAM II
DEVELOPED AREAS
BRITISH MILITARY BASES WITH DEVELOPMENT POTENTIAL
WATER CATCHMENT
AIRPORT
0 MILES
0 KILOMETRES

Source: Singapore Planning Department Annual Report 1970

Only Pulau Tekong and Pulau Ubin are left to expand into. No one is very interested in moving there to live or to work, even to escape the crush and crunch of metropolitan Singapore. Singaporeans sometimes manifest symptoms of claustrophobia.

Can many more than two million people live happily on the island? If their happiness requires much in the way of clean air, pure water, green vistas, or occasional quiet and privacy, it does not seem possible.

Few are so fortunate as to live and work in one of the big, cool, shaded, well-gardened colonial style houses. A citizen may crave to avert his eyes from the spectacle of urban growth, to protect his ears, and to spare his nose. Increasingly, he must seal himself up in a curtained, soundproofed, and air-conditioned apartment. This is becoming a fad for the wealthy and a necessity for the sensitive. Singaporeans are unusual in the respect that they have almost no place else to go.

Historically, the Malay Peninsula and Borneo served as a hinterland for Singaporeans. They could easily migrate there and draw the raw materials needed for their trade and industry. In 1965 Singapore was "booted" out of the Federation of Malaysia. Singaporeans now fear for the future of their commercial and other relations with their neighbors. Some seek to cross the causeway to Malaysia. They find that the one-mile journey involves documentation, inspection, and frequent delay. On holidays, they may spend as much as a couple of hours in the sweltering sun. The feeling grows that a genuine welcome would not be so tedious.

Huge Indonesia across the equator alternately attracts and repels. In the future Singapore could well serve as a source of expertise and capital for development there. But in reality Indonesia is ambivalent toward subjecting itself to Singaporean "exploitation." There is a mutually profitable but ofttimes ill-willed partnership of necessity rather than one of choice. Indonesia offers no real prospect as an answer to Singapore's problem of little land for many people.

## SINGAPORE'S CLEAN-UP DRIVE

Despite a growing prosperity, Singapore is facing certain difficulties in some of its most important state programs. The birthrate has lately begun to climb again after a successful drop in the 1960s. Once Singapore had a 14 per cent unemployment rate. Now there is a 10 per cent labor shortage which is rapidly worsening. For its booming new factories Singapore must now import tens of thousands of Malaysian laborers.

Singapore's planners want to limit the amount of property to be set aside for new private housing. They are earnestly considering what types of new industries to admit. Everyone is baffled where next to look for new land. Only the offlying islets, 15 square miles in area, are still available for pioneering.

If Singapore's land resources are limited, its supplies of fresh water are even more meager. The whole center of Singapore island constitutes the main water catchment area. But these reservoirs now catch and store at most only about 25-30 per cent of the water needed. Singapore is constantly trying to enlarge its own collection and storage area. But for most of its water, Singapore depends upon nearby Johore, Malaysia.

In 1971 the government of Singapore had to warn the public voluntarily to decrease consumption. There was below-average rainfall over both Singapore and Johore. Singaporeans exercised great self-discipline and consumption dropped to as little as 90 million gallons per day. Self-discipline is a civic virtue which the state earnestly tries to inculcate. The decrease was mainly due to control over commercial, industrial, government, and military establishments. These account for 50 per cent of consumption.

Singapore authorities are prospecting the island to discover supply or storage capacity below the surface. They are carefully observing desalinization plants now being installed in Hong Kong. They are also considering converting a sea cove into a fresh water reservoir. And they are listening intently to rumblings from nearby Johore. Might water prices go up? Or worse, might the cross-causeway pipeline one day suddenly be corked up?

Singapore receives Johore water on the basis of 25-year agreements. Singapore has made massive new investments in Johore water development projects. The government pays water royalties to Johore. And it pays rent for some thousands of acres of water catchment area. It also gives employment to many Johore citizens in construction and maintenance jobs. In all, Singapore's contribution to the Johore economy by reason of water developments is about S$5 million per year.

Singapore buys Johore River water at S$0.03 per 1,000 gallons to resell to Johore city at S$0.50. They resell it in Singapore at S$0.80 for domestic and S$1.70 for industrial use. Thus, in recent years they have made a tidy profit. Questions about Singapore's profits are repeatedly raised in the Johore legislature. Might mutual misgivings one day close the causeway pipeline?

Singapore also faces difficulties in its rivers, drains, and sewers. It can divert monsoon flood water into the reservoirs and rechannel purified sewer water for industrial use. But to consider solutions to drainage and sewer problems means to raise problems of pollution. Singaporeans are aware that to be independent in water supply requires dealing very strictly with many of its households and industries. Too many of these dump refuse into the open drains and canals.

Singapore must clean up the drains and greatly extend and improve its sewer system. It must also give attention to its natural waterways. The Singapore, Kallang, and Geylang Rivers are all avenues of trade and have long since become polluted. The streams in the rural areas are better, but all are brackish. And in the country the pollution from pig farms is a serious problem.

Singapore River has already been subjected to a clean-up drive. It is becoming less of an offense to the eye and to the nose. But it is far from clear. A few years ago the government demolished and replaced the old Alexandra Sewage Disposal works. It used to pour pollutants into the Singapore River near its source. More recently the government has begun to remove the riverbank latrines. It has been warning householders, hawkers, and shopkeepers not to dump in trash and garbage. The city is optimistic about future improvements and it has just built its newest monument—at the river mouth. It spouts clear water into what hopefully will be a wholesome lagoon.

A few years ago the Kallang River basin was a foul swampland. Today the basin is a 400-mile stretch of newly filled land. It is being intensively developed for industrial, commercial, and residential purposes. Geylang River is undergoing somewhat similar treatment.

City dwellers are being taught to treat their rivers as civic assets. So too are the hundreds of Chinese pig farmers and the few score Indian cattle farmers. Industries are also on notice that they must find other ways of disposing of their wastes. They can no longer pour them into the rivers or sewers without first processing them to remove harmful materials.

Singapore's drainage canals are harder to clean up. Much of Singapore was built originally on low-lying land. The drainage works were made to create dry land for buildings. Later they were intended to combat mosquitoes. Some of the main drainage canals became even more foul than the rivers. To redesign the drainage system today is immensely difficult and expensive. Yet in order to control flooding, improve sanitation, and collect usable water, it must be done.

The Singapore sewer system, like the drainage system, is being carefully resurveyed. At present the system measures 447 miles and serves 65 per cent of the population. This includes the hundreds of thousands of persons in the new housing estates. Much of the rest of Singapore is served by septic tanks. A small part of the old urban area and virtually all of the *kampongs* are still dependent upon the "bucket system" and a small army of collectors. The government now requires all new permanent buildings to have modern sanitary facilities. It is spending about S$10 million per year to extend the system. It hopes to serve the whole population by the year 1980 or soon thereafter.

Singapore's concern with water resources includes the port and harbor area. Singapore is one of the world's largest and busiest ports. Its waters are polluted, but less so today than they were a year or two ago. The government imposes heavy fines upon ships' captains who are careless about oil, garbage, or sewage. It maintains a fleet of a dozen or so small boats to sweep, skim, and drag for refuse. Since Singapore is on a main world traffic route for oil tankers, there is daily danger of oil spills.

Recently there have been several serious spills, which the authorities dealt with swiftly and effectively. One spill resulted in oil deposits along much of the southeastern coast. Within a matter of days the sanitation workers and the military had cleaned it up.

For good swimming water, many Singaporeans no longer crowd the limited, commercialized beaches. There the water is murky at best. They make for the Southern Islands, only to discover of late, if they like skin diving, that the delicate coral is dying and the colorful fish are disappearing. And Singapore's 3,000 fishermen (who can provide only 25 per cent of the state's requirements) have discovered that Singapore's own waters no longer abound in marine life of any description. But if they venture further to sea—or indeed if they return home via the predictable channels—they are all too likely to encounter Indonesian pirates. This is just one more reminder that in certain respects, Singapore's horizons are narrowing, not expanding.

Singapore's rubbish collection and disposal system is one of the world's most efficient. The daily output of 1,450 tons of waste is collected and carted off in a fleet of 250 trucks. They deposit it in the coastal swamps where it serves to fill some 26 acres per year of new land. It not only increases the disposable land area, but also, unfortunately, the extent of water and air pollution. Trash-filled land is unsuitable for high buildings and other real estate development. The government is now investigating other possibilities, such as incineration or compaction. But these processes require investment and expertise.

Government sanitation officials regularly inspect all properties. They want to be sure that Singapore is spared the swarms of flies, mosquitoes, rats, and mice which are familiar in many other Asian and Western cities. Anyone found maintaining areas in which pests can breed is hauled into court and fined.

The newest of Singapore's environmental concerns is air pollution. The problem is not now acute, but there is reason for taking early precautions. Tropical breezes and monsoon winds keep the air over the island almost constantly in motion. Frequent thunderstorms and an average of 95 inches of annual rainfall keep things laundered. But Singapore is beginning to experience decreased visibility even on clear, sunny days. One has only to descend into the streets to feel and smell the blast of hot fumes from motor traffic. In Jurong, dust, soot, ash, and sulphur dioxide invade the once pure country air. Singapore does in fact have an air pollution problem. And it is doing something about it.

Recently the government began setting limits on the emission of dark smoke and other impurities into the air. Factory owners were informed that they had a six-month grace period. They had to clean up emissions or face stiff fines. However, the new standards are difficult to enforce. The government is relying more upon persuasion and warnings than upon prosecution. It is concentrating its attention upon the worst offenders.

Various government agencies are making air pollution studies. A total of 25 monitoring stations scattered about the island are feeding in data. According to recent calculations, 67 per cent of the air pollution in Singapore is attributable to motor vehicles. Power plants contribute 26 per cent, and industry 7 per cent.

The motor vehicles constitute the greatest immediate hazard. The annual 10 per cent rate of increase of motor vehicles requires constant construction of more roads. Wide throughways cut great gashes across the landscape. It results in serious traffic congestion.

Compared with most other cities in Asia, Singapore has a greater problem in density of motor vehicles. But it deals with it effectively. Now the police stop and book vehicles with smoky exhausts. Fines for offensive exhausts have risen. Old trucks and buses are being retired from the highway. Vehicles must be periodically inspected. Registration taxes are increasing, as are taxes on gasoline.

The effect of emissions from motor vehicles is not yet estimated. But the power plants emit 36,400 tons of sulphur dioxide per year and the industries 9,200 tons. Corrective measures for power plants are under consideration. They could shift to use of low-sulphur content fuel oil. They could construct higher chimneys or cap existing chimneys. Or they could install various devices for emission control. The government could select only low-pollution industries and relocate high-pollution industries on sites as remote as possible from residential communities.

A light industry which gives Singapore much trouble is the woodworking industry. It pollutes land, water, and air. Logs from Malaysia or Indonesia are floated for months in ponds and waterways. The bark rots and strips off to cause fouling and clogging. Sawdust, wood chips, and other waste are burned in the open air, producing smoke, ash, and offensive odors. The government is now seeking to concentrate the woodworking plants in the new Kranji Industrial Estate in the northern part of the island.

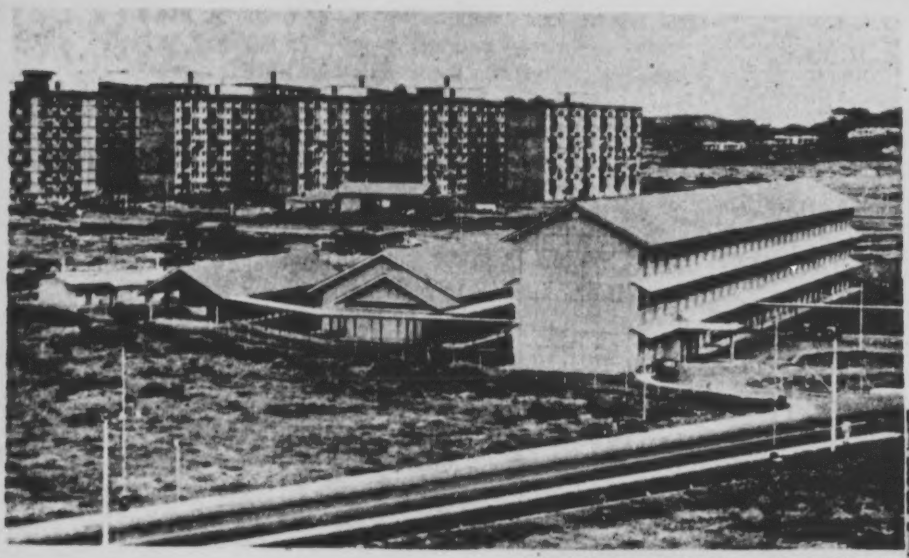
In some measure these clean-up efforts have been effective. Within the last year or so some of the most important industries have invested in antipollution equipment. The National Iron and Steel Mill has installed a S$750,000 system to control emission of gases from its electric arc furnace. A cement plant has installed two dust extractors at cost of S$500,000. A veneer factory has put in new boilers and burners at cost of S$1,000,000. Any new industry must clear its plans in advance with the Antipollution Unit and other government agencies.

Along with awareness of increased air pollution has come a new awareness of noise. Motor vehicles, jet planes and the construction industry produce such noise as might be subject to control. Public-spirited groups are pushing for abandonment of the expensive new Singapore Airport. But in view of increasing air traffic, limited land space, and the popularity and profits of tourism, Singapore will probably soon have two if not three civil airports. Most of metropolitan Singapore is spared as yet any serious problem from planes. The standard flight pattern calls for approach and takeoff mainly over water. But Singapore is due soon to play regular host to the reverberating Concorde jet.

Since about the year 1970, the construction industry has made the city reverberate. The noise of pile driving has been ubiquitous and persistent. Public outcry has at last resulted in certain limitations upon night operations. The government recently decreed that industries with noise levels above 90 decibels must provide their employees with earmuffs. In the government's housing estates, children, motor vehicles, conversations, TVs, and radios add up to at least 90 decibels. Singaporeans are beginning to show external and internal ticks and twitches. This may promise a more gracious living for the physicians, the psychoanalysts, and the morticians.

The Singapore government is now realistically confronting its environmental problem. But it is not a separate problem to be dealt with in isolation. There are clear linkages between the environmental situation in little Singapore and those of its big neighbors. Sophisticated Singaporeans indeed are well aware of the worldwide dilemma of an environment.

* * *



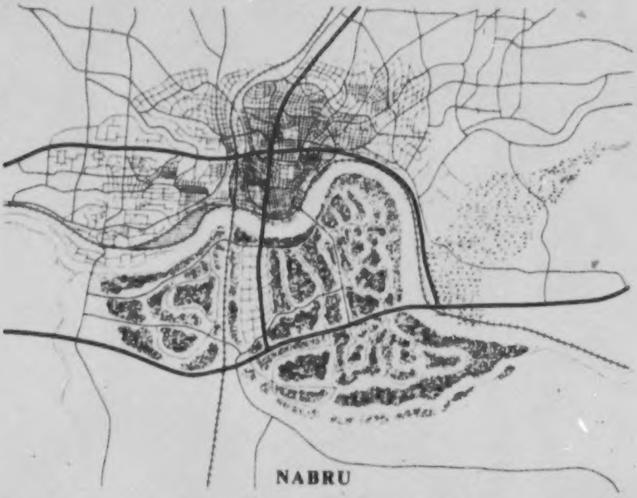
Standard type government primary school near blocks of two- and three-room flats.

Children's play area before a four-story block of three-room flats.

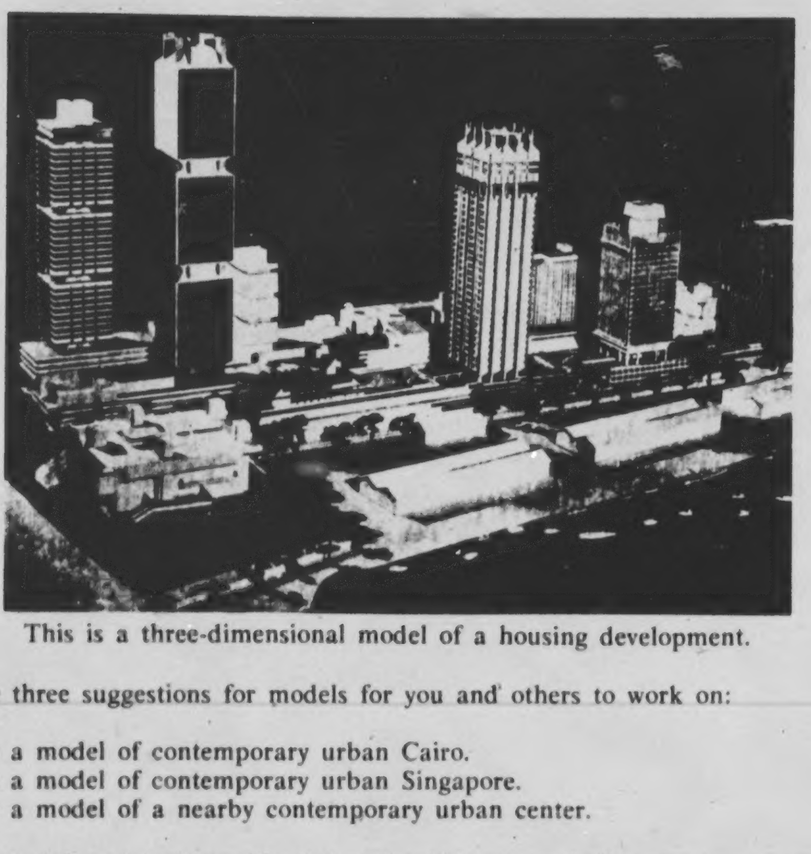
The public market in a new development area.

## MAKE A CITY MODEL

Have you ever made models of cars or boats or houses? Why not try a city model? It can be two-dimensional or three-dimensional.



This is a two-dimensional model of urban relationships.



This is a three-dimensional model of a housing development.

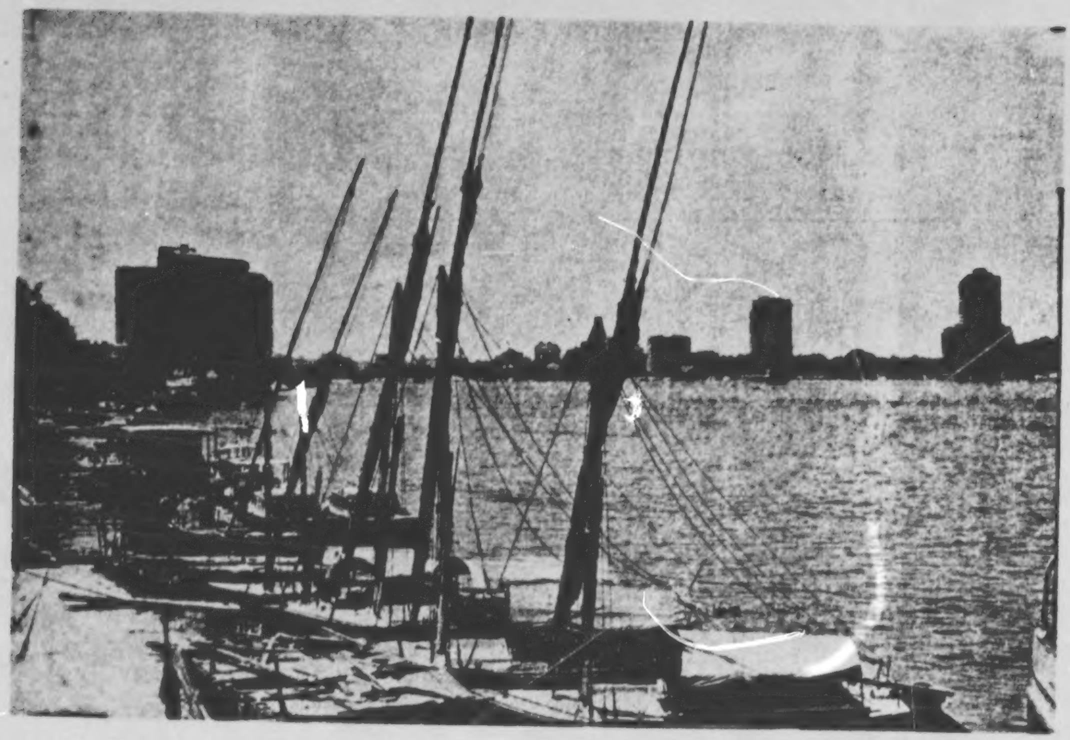
Here are three suggestions for models for you and others to work on:

1. Make a model of contemporary urban Cairo.
2. Make a model of contemporary urban Singapore.
3. Make a model of a nearby contemporary urban center.

As for materials and decisions like "what should be the scale," you're on your own. For clues about what Cairo and Singapore are like, these readings can be helpful. How many details of a Cairene's or a Singaporean's lifestyle can you include in your model?

* * * * *

# HOW MANY PEOPLE?
# CAIRO PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ANALYSIS

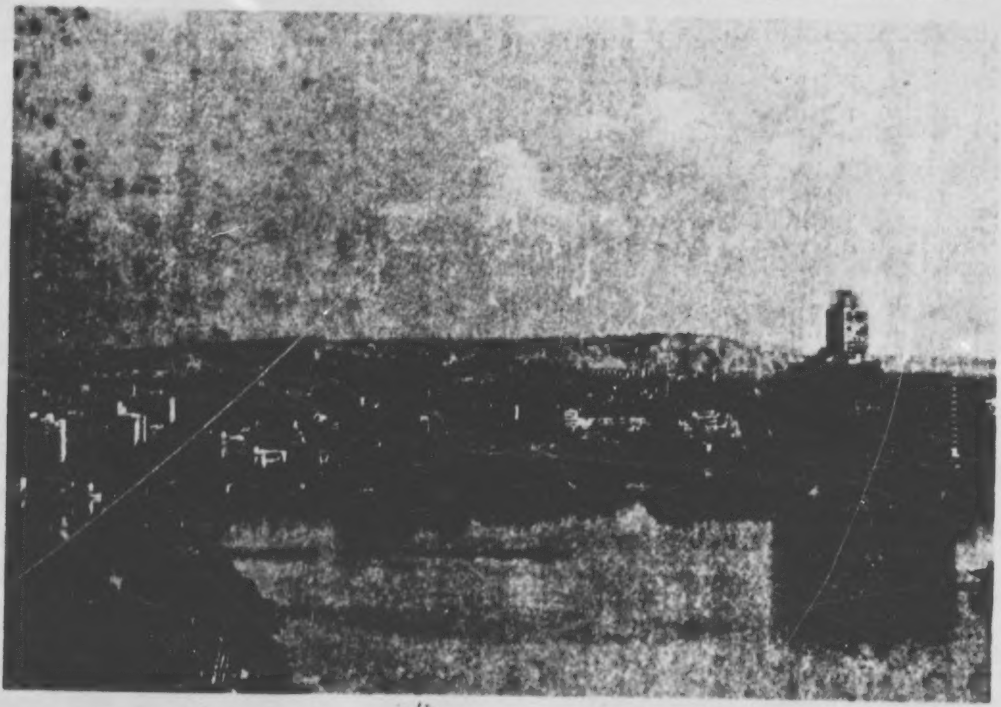


Here are two photographs of Cairo on the Nile. In the picture above, the view is toward the southwest and the Giza Gold Coast. Below, the photographer faced east from Giza toward the Muquattem Hills.

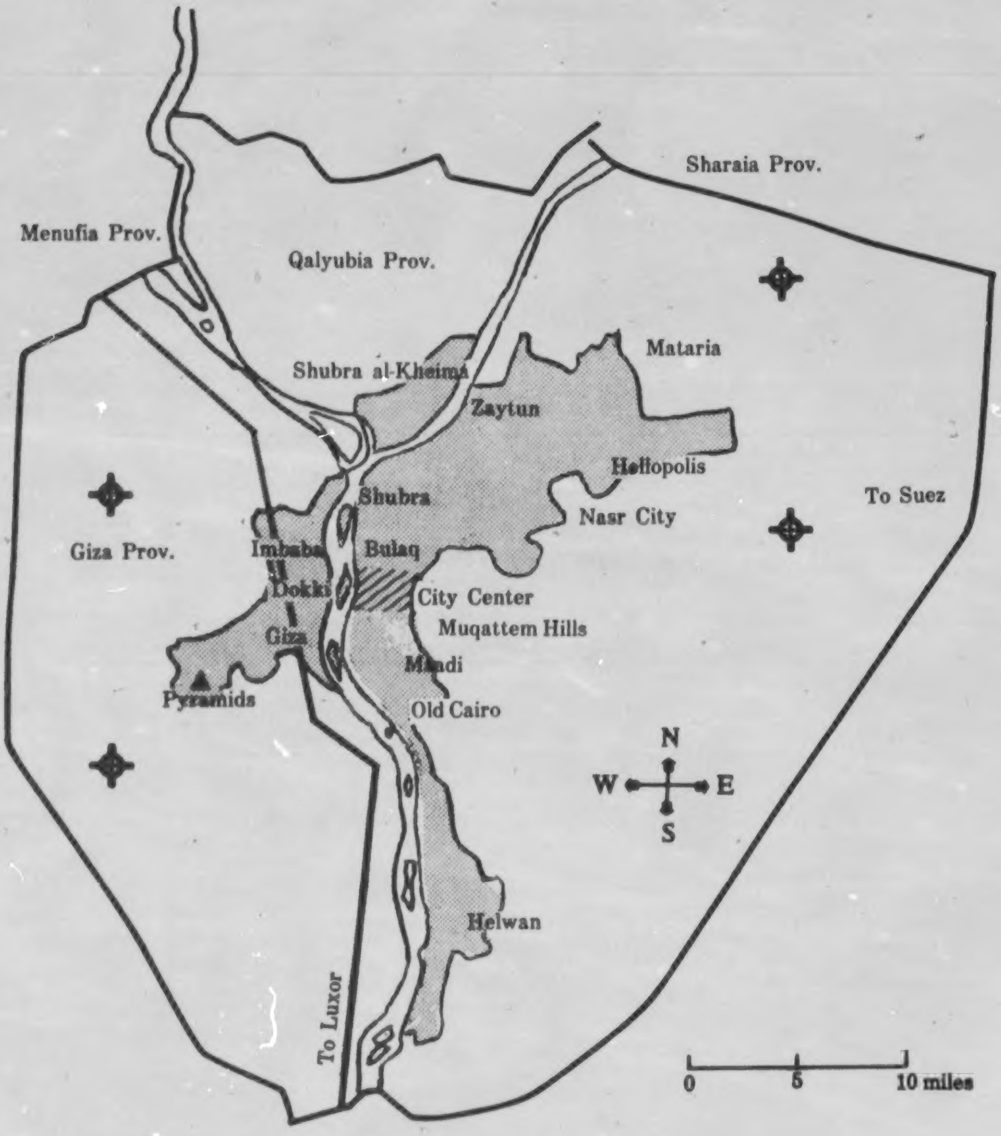
What lifestyles are suggested by the photographic images?

What patterns of transportation and communication are indicated by the photographic evidence?

How many people do you estimate live in the areas shown? How many could live there?



# GREATER CAIRO

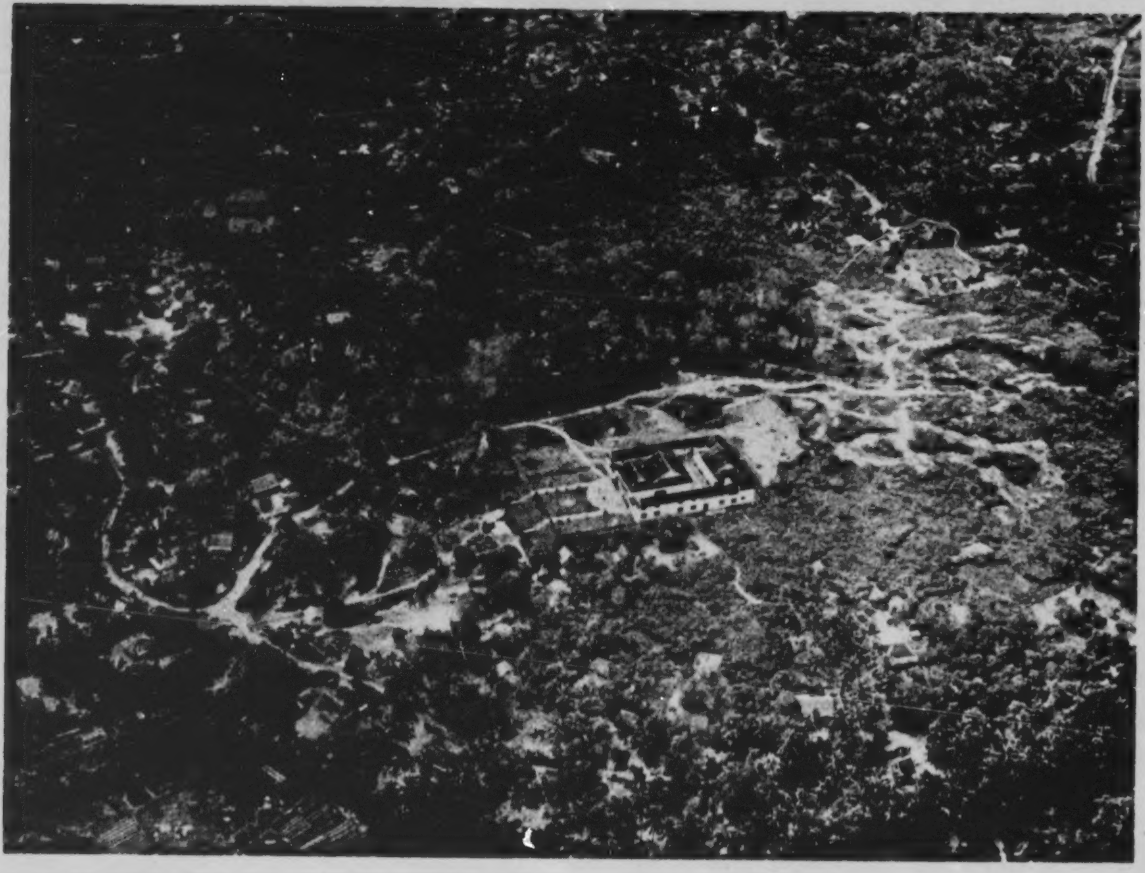

Sharaia Prov.
Menufia Prov.
Qalyubia Prov.
Mataria
Shubra al-Kheima
Zaytun
Heliopolis
Shubra
Nasr City
To Suez
Giza Prov.
Imbaba
Bulaq
Dokki
City Center
Muqattem Hills
Giza
Maadi
Pyramids
Old Cairo
N
W
E
S
Helwan
To Luxor
0
5
10 miles

The Greater Cairo Planning Commission has suggested the building of four satellite cities at the location marked by ⌖ . What kinds of "New Towns" would you suggest they build? To what features would you give priority? What elements of Old and New Cairo would you recommend be continued in the Cairene satellite cities? How many people would you plan for each?

What do the photographs and map suggest about the processes of urbanization?

## HOW MANY PEOPLE?

## PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ANALYSIS

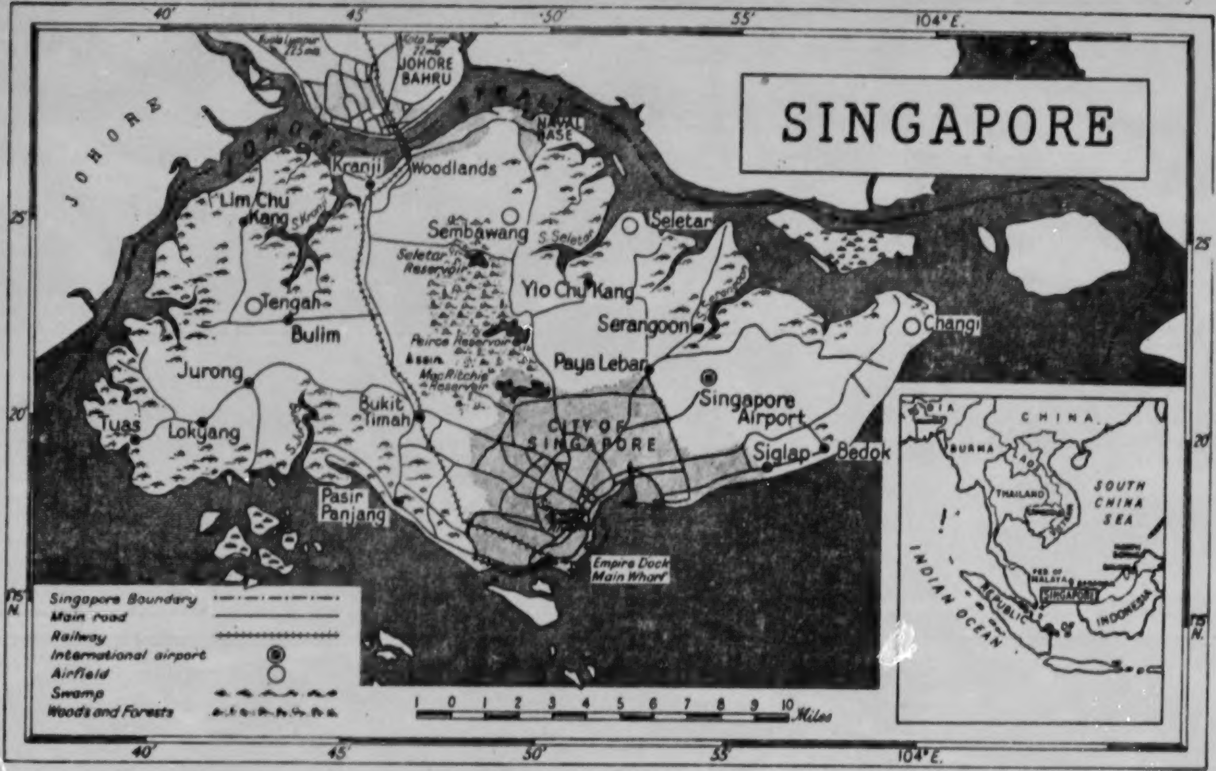


This is a photograph of Toa Payoh, an area of about one square mile (640 acres) on the island of Singapore. Toa Payoh is located just north of the densely settled city center.

How many people do you estimate live in the area shown in the photograph? How many could live there?

In your view, how could this square mile of earth surface be used best to provide homes for people?

Discuss or write your responses before looking at the reverse side of this sheet. It shows where Toa Payoh is located. It also shows what was actually done on this square mile between 1966 and 1970.


SINGAPORE
JOHORE
JOHORE STRAIT
JOHORE BAHRU
NAVAL BASE
Kranji
Woodlands
Lim Chu Kang
Sembawang
Seletar
Seletar Reservoir
Yio Chu Kang
Tengah
Bulim
Serangoon
Changi
Peirce Reservoir
MacRitchie Reservoir
Paya Lebar
Jurong
Singapore Airport
Bukit Timah
CITY OF SINGAPORE
Tuas
Lokyang
Siglap
Bedok
Pasir Panjang
Empire Dock Main Wharf
CHINA
BURMA
THAILAND
SOUTH CHINA SEA
INDIAN OCEAN
SINGAPORE
INDONESIA
Singapore Boundary
Main road
Railway
International airport
Airfield
Swamp
Woods and Forests
Miles
40'
45'
50'
55'
104° E.
25'
20'
15' N.

Between 1966 and 1970 the government of Singapore constructed this "New Town" of Toa Payoh. Here, 180,000 people live in five neighborhoods. They are almost 10 per cent of Singapore's 2,000,000 population. The "New Town" occupies only one of Singapore's 226 square miles. It is one of several "New Towns" built by Singaporeans in their postcolonial period.

What are the advantages of such concentrated housing? Are there any disadvantages? How else could more than 2,000,000 people live on an island of this size? Do you think Toa Payoh offers a good life? Would you like to live there?

What do the photographs and map suggest about the processes of urbanization?

# CITY LIGHTS

## Urbanization in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, West Africa

Abidjan's Place de la Republique.

In Africa as elsewhere, people possessing little education and limited technical skills are migrating to the cities. They are lured by the hope of finding jobs, better living conditions, and a more exciting way of life. Movement from countryside to urban centers is giving rise to serious social problems. The cities to which these migrants come are ill-prepared to accommodate them.

The migrants are a source of growing anxiety to African leaders. They have long realized that unless ways are found to stem this rural exodus or create jobs for the swelling city population, a dangerous situation will build up. Such situations can explode into civil disorder, political upheaval, and even national disaster.

The Republic of the Ivory Coast is a nation of about 4.5 million people. It is among the African countries faced with the problem of rapid urbanization of the population. For example, only one out of seventeen Ivoiriens lived in urban communities larger than 10,000 in 1955. By 1965 the ratio had increased to one out of six. The growth is continuing. It requires those who make plans for the future to run faster just to keep up.

Even before Ivory Coast received independence from France in 1960, it was evident that serious problems were arising from the rapid growth of urban centers. These problems have developed especially in the capital, Abidjan. Three problems afflict Abidjan: too rapid growth, centralization, and the fact that foreigners rather than nationals are dominant in the city's daily life.

Abidjan had a population of 20,000 in 1940. The Vridi Canal opened in 1950 and let Abidjân develop into a deep-water port. The city grew rapidly. By 1955 its population had increased to 125,000. It reached 250,000 by 1960. When 1967 ended the population had soared to at least 450,000. The government estimates that Abidjan population grows at the rate of 9.5 per cent a year. Abidjan's population is expected to exceed a million by 1980.

This rapid increase in population outpaces the city's ability to accommodate those who arrive and seek shelter, food, and employment. Abidjan is in many ways a typical world city. Its people need housing, education, and jobs.

## Housing

To a tourist visiting Abidjan for the first time, the impression is of a carefully laid out metropolis. It seems to combine the charms and confusion of a French city with the luxuriant vegetation and vivid colors of Africa. Government and commercial buildings are impressive. Residences in the Cocody and Marcory areas lend an air of wealth and luxury. But these make up only half of the area and they accommodate only a fraction of its population, about 25,000 people. These are mainly Europeans, mostly French. Not more than 5 per cent of the population is African in these prosperous neighborhoods.

It is in the "African" quarters of Treichville, Adjamé, Koumassi, Attie-Koubé, Port Bouet, and others that the government must come to grips with the serious problems affecting the well-being of this city. Providing adequate housing for the African population is a priority item in government planning. People move in, however, faster than housing can be built. And capital and equipment for building are limited. Migration is not.

## Education

Abidjan's urban problems are related to the sharp rise in the number of children between six

Low cost public housing in Abidjan's Treichville Quarter.

and fourteen years of age who actually attend schools. The enrollment rate at primary school level has increased quite rapidly. In fact, one reason people migrate to the cities is so that their children can attend schools.

Abidjan's population is also unusually young, and half are under fifteen years of age and not much more than 40 per cent are over twenty. For years ahead the city will be pressed to provide new educational facilities for its constantly growing population. More people will move to the cities. Higher percentages of them will seek schooling. The pressures to build educational facilities can be expected to increase—and compete with demands to build housing at the same time.

### Jobs

Ivory Coast is fortunate among former French Black African colonies. Genuine economic progress is being made by this new nation. There is a steadily expanding job market. Expansion of the job market is typically inadequate to meet the needs of all newcomers. That is not at all unique among cities.

Abidjan is not only the Ivoirien capital, it is also the principal port and commercial and industrial center.

It is a natural center of attraction for tens of thousands of people. They come both from the interior of the Ivory Coast and neighboring African countries. People come to exchange the rigors and hardships of life in the bush for what they hope will be a more promising life in the city. The influx in a month can be over 4,000 persons. A majority are in search of work. They give rise to competition for the limited number of jobs.

Abidjan needs 12-20,000 new jobs each year. Government officials received 28,404 requests for jobs from Africans during 1965. It offered only a few over 9,000. Only 6,688 actually resulted in placements.

### OVERCENTRALIZATION

Abidjan dominates the country. Like Paris, it is a gigantic magnet, drawing wealth, people, and talent. It amounts to a drain of the rest of the nation. Less than a third of businesses are located outside Abidjan. Almost all the salaried workers are concentrated there. It is both a capital and a major seaport. Factories and warehouses are logically established here. Commercial enterprises follow the industrial enterprises which are their principal customers. Both are concentrated in Abidjan.

The national government is aware of the dangers of overcentralization. In-migration from rural areas, overcrowded housing, growing numbers of unemployed, an overtaxing of public facilities—schools, hospitals and transportation system, and a rise in delinquency and crime can all follow rapid urbanization.

To offset Ivoirien overcentralization, the government has taken steps to encourage business and industry in other parts of the country. Credit facilities and tax advantages are offered to firms willing to establish themselves away from Abidjan. At the same time, imaginative and energetic steps have been taken to deal with the exodus from rural areas. Living conditions among the people of the interior are being improved.

Country areas have been made more attractive to investors by improvements made in the road system. Thousands of miles of paved highways have replaced what were once dusty and seasonally impassable roads. Support has also been gained for the construction of a huge hydroelectric project on the Bandama River. Roads and low-cost power could be the basis for opening the center of Ivory Coast to industrialization.

San Pedro, a new port in the Ivoirien southwest may replace Bouaké as the Ivory Coast's second major city. It will serve as an exit for the vast timber resources and possibly, for the export of iron ore from Mount Nimba region near the Liberia-Guinea border.

The government is creating thousands of new jobs away from Abidjan. At the same time living conditions in rural areas are becoming more pleasant, healthful, and remunerative. Such developments are expected to help relieve pressure on the capital city and to spur development in more remote and traditionally less favored areas.

### FOREIGNERS IN ABIDJAN

Difficult as rapid growth and overcentralization are, the government nevertheless approaches them with calmness and determination. More difficult, however, is the problem of what policy to follow toward the large number of foreigners—African, European, and Lebanese. They play a dominant and prominent role in the life of the capital and country as a whole.

One-quarter of the population are foreigners. That is, more than a million residents are not citizens of Ivory Coast. Most are Africans from neighboring countries. Of the Europeans a majority are French. People of Syrian and Lebanese origin, regardless of how long their families have been in the country, are referred to as "the Lebanese community." These three foreign groups all lead ways of life distinctive both from each other and from the Ivoirien population. They have an extremely important influence on the economic and social functioning of the country.

Of the non-Ivoirien African population, migrants from Upper Volta are a majority. The Upper Volta has from time to time been attached to Ivory Coast. And it has been a traditional reservoir of manpower for Ivoirien coffee, cocoa, and banana plantations. This is especially true of members of the Mossi tribe. A majority of the Mossi and other Voltaic groups work in rural areas. They are the second largest ethnic group in Abidjan, surpassing the Bété and the Ivoirien Malinké. Only the Baulé have more African population in the capital city.

In addition to the Voltaics there are sizable numbers of immigrants from Mali and Guinea. Lesser communities come from Senegal, Dahomey, Togo, Niger, Mauritania, and other West African states. Most of these migrations date back to the French colonial regime. Then travel between territories of the old Federation of French West Africa was not restricted. The industrial boom started in Abidjan by the opening of the Vridi Canal in 1950 accelerated migration. Continuous prosperity has kept it going.

The Ivory Coast has become increasingly dependent on its foreign African population. Without the assistance of the hard-working Mossi of the Upper Volta, it is doubtful that the coffee, cocoa, pineapples, and bananas which constitute a major part of their agricultural wealth could be planted or harvested. In the cities, many business enterprises have come to rely heavily on the Mossi to provide unskilled labor. The Mossi are hard-working, a seemingly endless source of cheap labor. They accept a wide variety of menial jobs which Ivoiriens themselves disdain. There is little economic competition between the two groups and little cause for friction. Ivoiriens are fully aware of the vital role played by the Mossi in the economic development of their country.

This situation does not prevail with citizens of other African nations, notably those of Senegal, Mali, Togo, and Dahomey, who have come to work in the Ivory Coast. They are frequently engaged in activities in direct competition with native Ivoiriens. Displeasure and wrath have often been expressed toward the non-Mossi, non-Ivoiriens.

Both Senegalese and Maliens have drifted into petty commerce. In Abidjan and elsewhere they are apt to be jewelers, market vendors, and owners of small shops catering to Africans. These are areas in which native Ivoiriens have become interested as well.

Several tens of thousands of Europeans live in the Ivory Coast. Most are French nationals. They influence the economic, social, and cultural life of the country. The French, rather than native Ivoiriens, control the majority of stores, banks, factories, and other business enterprises of any size.

Difference in incomes gives rise to a difference in living standards between the Europeans and Africans. The urban African family may have to survive on one-sixth the European income though this range is decreasing in Ivory Coast. Although Africans were 93.4 per cent of the population of Abidjan, they accounted for only 59 per cent of its total consumer spending in 1967. The disparity is less today.

Resentment against European domination stems from economic, not racial differences. President

The Plateau Quarter, Abidjan.

Houphouet-Boigny and his government support *eventual* Africanization in the entire economy and administration of the Ivory Coast. They will not allow it, however, until Ivoiriens in sufficient numbers are trained to take over. And the pace of Africanization is gaining momentum yearly. In the meantime, most Ivoiriens associate the presence of Europeans with a healthy economic climate and plentiful job opportunities.

The members of the Lebanese community play an extremely active role in the commercial life of Abidjan and in the country as a whole. There is scarcely a town of any size which does not have a few Lebanese merchants. In the capital they engage in a wide variety of commercial activities: wholesale and retail operations, real estate, stores and restaurants, long-distance transport. Upcountry they tend small shops offering merchandise ranging from cloth to household goods. Like the French, the Lebanese are criticized for not reinvesting enough of their profits in Ivory Coast.

The Lebanese community in Abidjan is a close-knit society. Although the vast majority of Lebanese residents speak French, they tend to seek each other's company rather than that of the French or Africans. Unlike the French, they usually take the trouble to learn the local languages. But this has not served to assimilate them into the African community. In Abidjan, the Lebanese have their own church, clubs, and sports organizations. They occupy a place in society between the level of most Europeans and Africans.

As more and more Lebanese prosper—spending an increasing amount of their income on better housing, automobiles, clothes, television sets, and other symbols of a higher standard of living—they are gradually drawn into European living styles.

* * * * *

Urbanization poses complex problems for the developed and the underdeveloped alike. In many African countries urban problems are made more serious because too little attention has been given to them. And often demagoguery has been substituted for honest and impartial analysis of the situation.

Where inadequate attention has been given to such phenomena as rural exodus, city housing needs, unemployment, and crime and delinquency social explosions are to be expected. The Ivory Coast leaders are keenly aware of the need to analyze problems resulting from too rapid urbanization. They are determined to prevent the social situation from deteriorating. Many of their national resources have been devoted to studying the problems that trouble their society. They have set an example that could be followed by other countries in the world.

[Photographs courtesy Photo-Information Côte d'Ivoire.]

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. Should migration to Abidjan be limited by the government?

2. How should Abidjan cope with its growing numbers of school-age children?

3. How might rural industries relieve the pressures of overcentralization and too-rapid urbanization in Abidjan?

4. Would you like to visit Abidjan? Would you like to live there?

* * *

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# AHMADOU: RURAL TO URBAN MIGRANT FROM UPPER VOLTA TO THE IVORY COAST

I met Ahmadou through a real-estate agent. Madame, the agent, was in her sixteenth year "in the colonies." I was looking for a combination cook and houseboy. She said I would have no trouble finding one.

She cautioned me to be careful about whom I hired. Abidjan was full of thousands of migrant Africans. These "shiftless" people flocked here from the Ivoirien hinterland. Some even came from neighboring countries hoping to find work. I assured Madame that I would heed her warning. As I started to leave her office she called after me. "Maybe," she said, "I can find someone for you right away."

Opening the wide glass doors on the street side of her office, Madame stepped out on the balcony. She shouted to an African, one of a group sitting under a tree below. *"Lansana!"* she shrilled. *"Lansana, viens ici!"* "Come here!" The Africans instantly stopped talking. A man of about thirty-five, in dirty work clothes, detached himself from the group and looked up. *"Oui, Madame?"* "Yes, Madame?" he replied. *"Viens ici tout de suit!"* "Come here immediately!" Madame commanded with authority Lansana seemed to respect.

He bolted up the stairs. In a moment he was standing before us. Madame did not bother with introductions. Working-class Africans are seldom formally introduced to anyone. To most "Europeans" and other whites and Africans of any status, common laborers exist only to do one's bidding. Their status is so low that few would even think of the simple courtesy of a handshake, or a "thank you."

"Lansana," Madame began, "Monsieur is a professor—*un americain.* He is looking for a cook. *Tu connais quelqu'un?"* "Do you know someone?" He did know someone—right downstairs. The prospect was one of those to whom he had been talking. "Go down and get him and tell him to come up here at once!" Madame ordered. *"Oui, Madame,"* said Lansana and back down the stairs he ran.

On returning Lansana was accompanied by another man. This African was older, dignified, and neatly dressed. The vertical scars on both sides of his face identified him as a Mossi from the Upper Volta. Madame flashed a quick smile. She was pleased. The Mossi are known as hard workers and enjoy a good reputation all over West Africa.

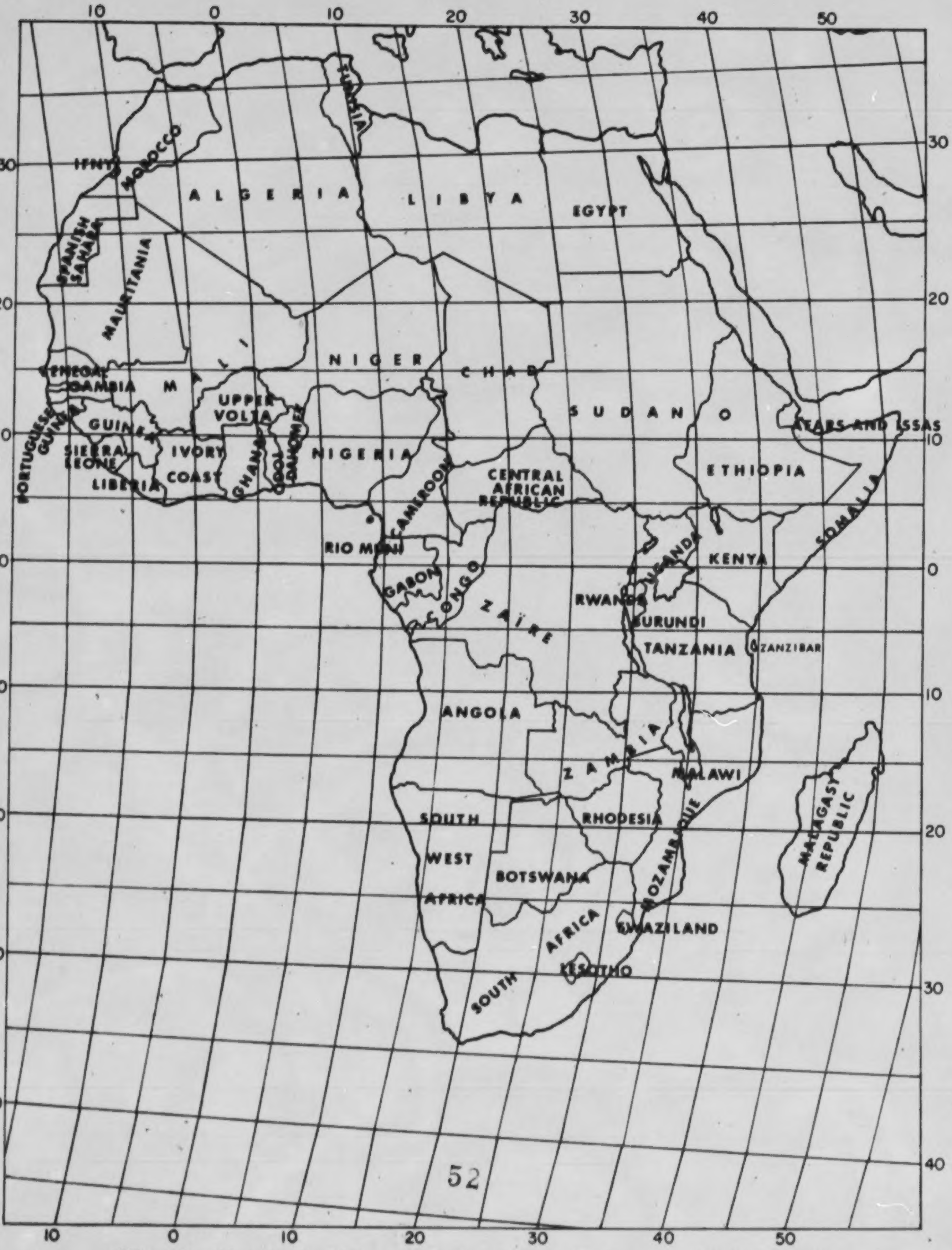
But when Madame turned to the two Africans she was all sternness. Again there were no introductions. *"Comment t'appelles-tu?"* "What is your name?" she demanded. The older man replied. His name was Ahmadou Konate. *"Comment?"* inquired Madame. She had not caught the name. "Ahmadou Konate," he repeated.

Madame treated me to another smile. "They have such funny names," she remarked, obviously amused. I had heard him perfectly well and said, "I believe his name is Ahmadou Konate." Madame ignored my effort. *"Tu es Mossi?"* "Are you a Mossi?" she continued. *"Oui, Madame,"* the man replied. *"Tu sais faire la cuisine?"* He assured her that he knew how to cook and pulled from his pocket a tattered but carefully folded letter which he gave her.

Holding the letter at a distance as if it were some foul object, Madame glanced at it for a moment. Then it was handed to me. The letter had apparently been written by Mr. Konate's former employer, an American diplomat. It ended reassuringly with the phrase "...an excellent cook, good worker, and of high moral character." Mr. Konate had been the diplomat's employee for two years. His salary had been 18,000 francs, about $72 a month. I asked if he would work for me at the same salary on a month's trial basis. He replied that he would.

Before we could leave, Madame wagged her finger at Konate. In severe schoolmistress tones she proclaimed rather than asked, *"Tu n'es pas voleur, hein?"* "You are not a thief, are you?" For a second a glint of hate seemed to come into Mr. Konate's eyes. But then he looked at Madame and assured her he was not a thief.

At the door Madame favored me with a final smile. Konate she admonished: "I'll be keeping my eye on you. I watch all the help I hire." Later when I apologized to Mr. Konate for the humiliating question about his honesty, he shrugged his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MOZAMBIQUE
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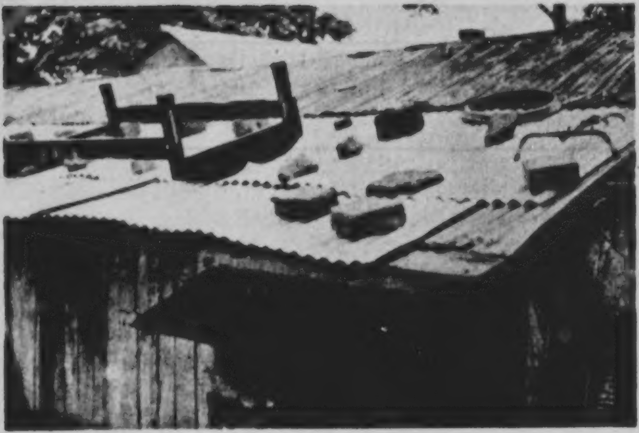
LESOTHO

Where does Ahmadou live? Where was he born? What migration routes has he followed?

**How are these scenes a part of Ahmadou's world?**



A typical shanty in old Adjamé.

Adjamé street scene in the morning hours.

shoulders. "Oh, I'm used to that," he said. "The white *patrons* often ask it before hiring an African."

Over the next few weeks, we gradually came to know each other. A touchy issue was how to address Mr. Konate. He was older so I felt uncomfortable using his first name. I knew he would never call me by mine.

Finally I decided the best way to solve the problem was just to ask him which name he preferred. "Call me Ahmadou," he said. "I know it is your custom to call people by their first names." He never used my first name or even my last name. To him I was simply "Monsieur," just as the lady I had gone to see about an apartment was "Madame." The young lady down the hall was "Mademoiselle." In Ahmadou's world of the domestic servant one never called one's *patron* anything else. A simple "*Oui, Monsieur*" or "*Oui, Madame*" usually answered any request or command. The whites for whom Ahmadou had worked and whose daily lives he had witnessed, lived in a world remote from his own. For all its nearness, this was a glittering world, unfriendly, and unattainable. His only contact with whites was as a servant or an employee. A person of Ahmadou's station never knew such people as friends.

Being my cook and houseboy is a full-time job. Ahmadou works from eight in the morning until one in the afternoon. He then takes four hours for a lunch and rest at home and returns to work until nine in the evening or such time as the dinner dishes have been washed and put away. After that he returns home to Adjamé. It and Treichville are the main "African" quarters of Abidjan.

Geographically, Adjamé is less than a mile from the neighborhood where I live. But socially and economically it is in another world. It is a part of the city where few tourists go. Nor does it appear on travel posters for the Ivory Coast. There are few wide boulevards or tree-shaded villas here. Except for a handful of French who live in secluded pockets and Lebanese merchants who live above their stores along Adjamé's main street, the neighborhood is African. Few streets are paved. Open sewers run alongside, relatively clean in some places, debris-clogged elsewhere.

Most Adjamé houses are made of mud or of concrete blocks. The roofs are rusty corrugated iron. Water and indoor plumbing are rare. Few houses have electricity. Adjamé people rely on the public water pumps in every second block. They have long since learned to ignore the stench of public toilets.

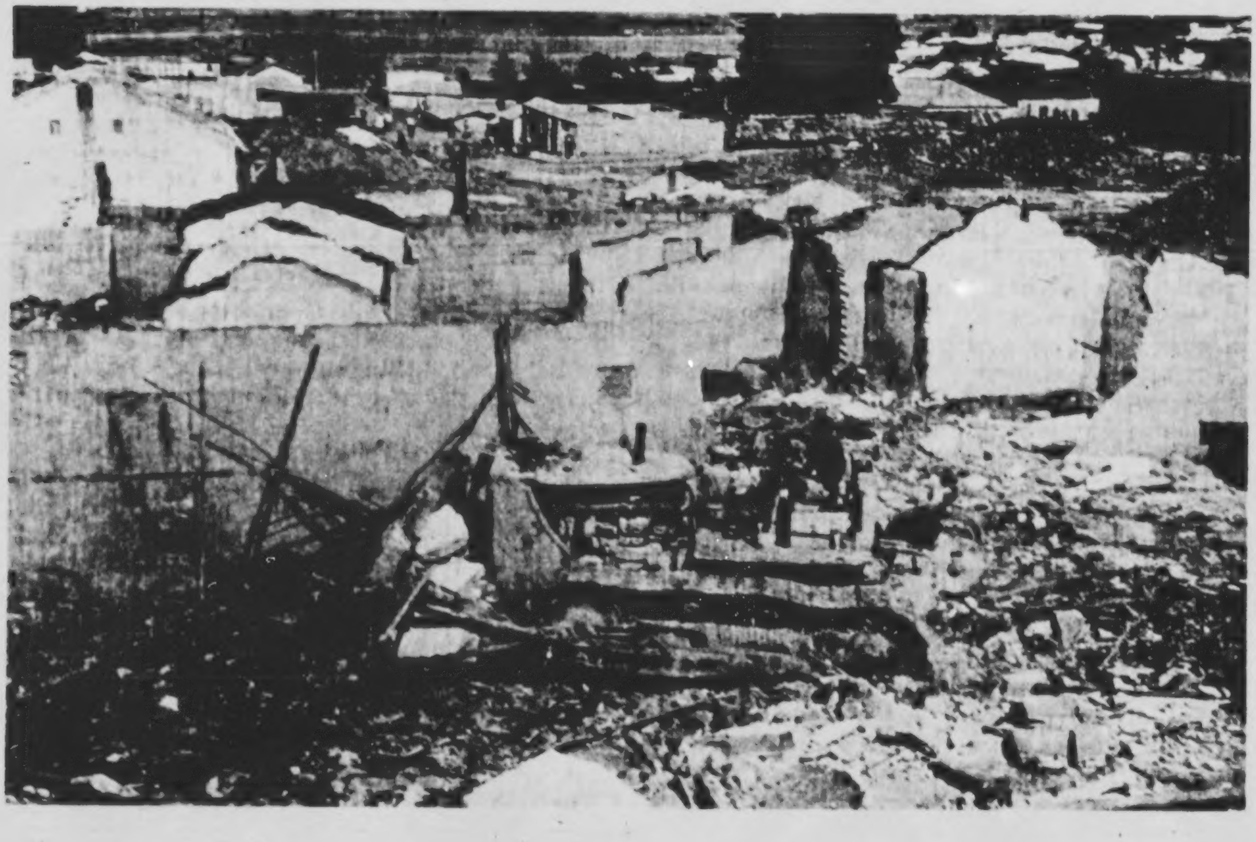
During the day, Adjamé is ablaze with colors. There is an atmosphere of a bazaar. Along the streets petty merchants hawk their wares. Notions, sun glasses, cheap plastic toys, and gaudy wristwatches are offered to passers-by. Thousands of women sit along the sidewalks. Some hold a nursing child with one hand while the other tends the stock of kola nuts, mangoes, bananas, and oranges in basins propped firmly between the legs. Hundreds of young boys sell cigarettes of every brand. Tailors, their Singer sewing machines sputtering like machine guns, offer ready-made shirts and trousers. Cars, trucks, and bicycles choke the streets crowded with people. The din of traffic blends into the overall clamor of the tens of thousands of shouting, waving, and laughing Africans moving slowly along the sidewalks.

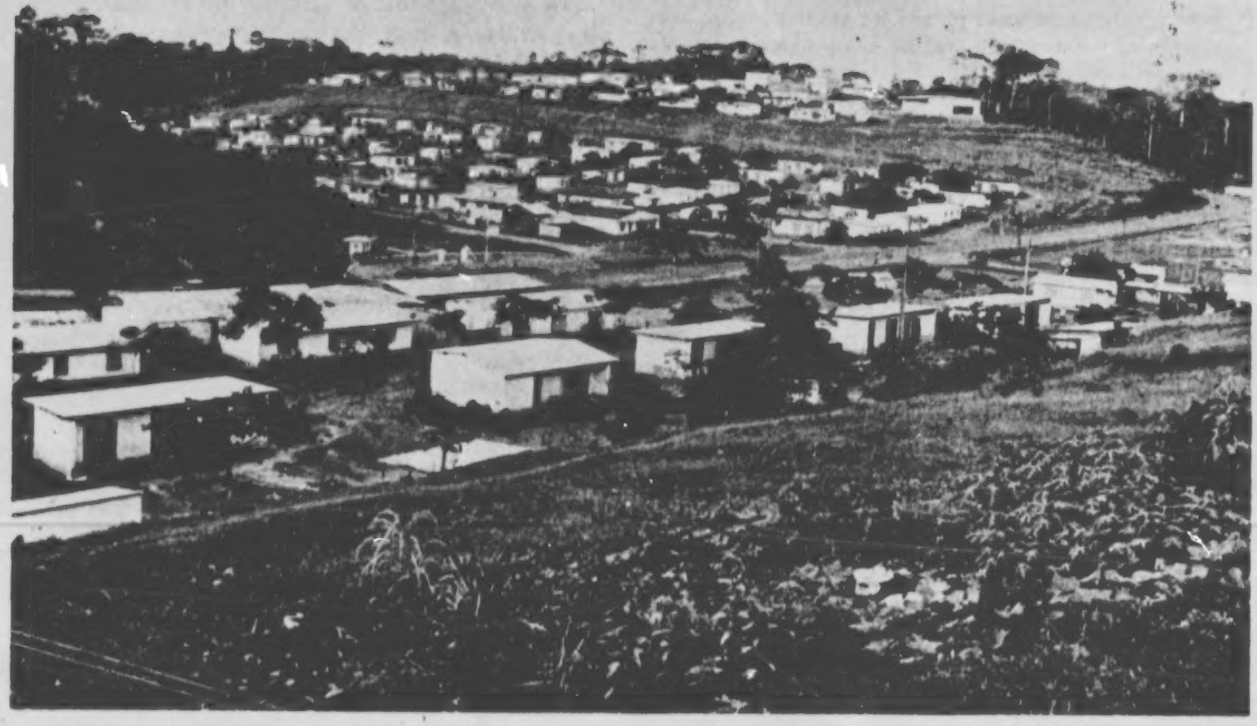
Unlike the European quarter, Adjamé has few street lights. At night it is lighted by candles and lanterns. From small shabby bars come the monotonous, vibrant musical strains of high life. In front of some houses along the back streets, young women wait for the evening's business to start, but there are few customers. For most African workingmen the fees are too high. Besides, there is a good deal of noncommercialized promiscuity.

Ahmadou is married and has two small children, a boy of two and a girl of three. Although he is a Muslim Ahmadou does not anticipate ever taking another spouse. His religious beliefs would permit him to have four wives. He says his wife Fanta "would never stand for it—and, besides, that's the old way." If he did want to take a second and third wife, Ahmadou would probably have to return to his native Upper Volta or go to another neighboring country to do it. The Ivory Coast government enacted a new *Code Civil* in 1964. All forms of marriage are outlawed except monogamy.

Home for Ahmadou is a small one-room *appartement* divided by a flimsy partition. One side of the room serves as a bedroom for Ahmadou, his wife and the two children. The other side is a small sitting room. The dwelling is one of ten in a compound shared by about 40 residents. The compound is built around a courtyard about 30 feet long and 20 feet wide. Here Ahmadou's wife and the other women do family cooking, washing, and other household chores. There is no running water and no bathroom. A single outdoor toilet on one side of the courtyard serves all the inhabitants. It is a simple cistern deeply embedded in the earth. It is emptied about twice a year. Compound residents have rigged a makeshift shower stall enclosed by

Razing of old buildings in preparation for the building of a new community in Adjamé. How is this scened related to Ahmadou's past, present, and future?





One of the new housing developments in Adjamé. The government hopes eventually to provide all of its citizens with pleasant, low-cost housing of this sort. How does this housing contrast with Ahmadou's?

boards. Here they bathe. Each person brings water from one's own barrel.

For these quarters Ahmadou paid 4,000 francs, roughly $16, a month in 1965. His house is typical of the vast majority of urban dwellings in the Ivory Coast. And as elsewhere, rent and food costs have increased steadily.

The lack of proper facilities disposing of human waste, flies and other disease-carrying insects, and the absence of hygienic habits among many of the people make all the compound residents easy prey to disease. They can seek help at the dispensaries built by the government in Abidjan. But these are not always satisfactory. One may wait in line for hours. And one does not always get the attention of a doctor, only that of a medical assistant. So when Ahmadou's wife recently fell ill, he asked me for an advance of 2,000 francs, $8, to take her to a private physician. Though doctors are expensive, one can have confidence in them, he explained: "*Ils sont des diplomes.*" "They have medical diplomas."

Ivoirien President Houphouet-Boigny has promised his people that he will replace the slum areas with decent low-cost housing. Much progress has already been made, but the housing problem in Ivory Coast is acute. Many are housed in makeshift shelters. Accommodations meant to house three to four persons are sheltering ten to twelve—and on a permanent basis.

Nevertheless, the Ivoirien government is attacking the problem with determination and with as many resources as it can spare. It has launched an ambitious housing program designed to meet the needs of people in lower-income groups. The new houses are simple but pleasant in design and provide the luxuries of electricity, running water, and indoor toilets. These houses are made available at modest rents—about what Ahmadou pays for his present dwelling. Like many other heads of households, Ahmadou has applied for such a house. But the waiting list is long and he has no idea when his turn will come.

What worries Ahmadou most, however, is the steadily rising cost of living in the Ivory Coast. It is one of the highest in Africa. Food is the most expensive item in the household economy. Once a month he buys a 120-pound bag of rice. It is the staple of the family's diet. Each day he gives his wife money to buy meat, manioc, corn, or bananas to supplement the family's meals. He buys coal which his wife uses to do the cooking. There is no running water in the house, so every other day Ahmadou buys a large barrel of water. It is delivered to his home and used for drinking, cooking, laundry, and bathing. When asked why his wife did not draw water from the public pump, Ahmadou said it was because the closest pump was two blocks away. This was too far for a women to carry a heavy load of water. Moreover, she would probably leave him if he insisted on it. "A woman is not a slave," he observed, "and she must not be treated as one."

Each month Ahmadou makes a payment on a used motorbike. He bought it on the installment plan two months ago. The cost of living is so high in Abidjan that he has very little left to save by the time the end of the month rolls around. What little he does have is kept locked in a box hidden somewhere in his house.

Ahmadou's expenses do not permit him to send much money to his relatives in the Upper Volta. About once every six months, however, he receives a letter, sometimes a telegram. He is requested to send money home. He does his best to comply with these requests. He knows that his relatives would not ask him for money unless they were truly desperate.

Like other Mossi who have come to work in the Ivory Coast, Ahmadou still feels fondly toward the Upper Volta. But he has no intention of going back until his children are grown up or he is too old to work. "Life is hard there," he says. "The land is not rich as it is here. Often the earth does not yield enough for everyone to eat. That is why I and many others left." Three of his brothers live in the Ivory Coast. Two others are in Ghana.

Once a year Ahmadou returns to the Upper Volta to visit family. And on such occasions he takes each relative a present bought in Abidjan: A loincloth or bolt of cloth will do for the women. And perhaps some tobacco or sandals for the men. For the children there are little plastic toys that come in the huge boxes of Helio Soap Powder. Asked why we had so many big boxes of Helio around my apartment, Ahmadou assured me it was because he wanted to keep my clothes clean.

Ahmadou usually stays a month in the Upper Volta. His wife does not accompany him for she is a Guinean. When Ahmadou is away she visits her own family. Ahmadou usually manages to purchase three or four sheep or goats. These will be tended by relatives and become part of the family's common property. In Ahmadou's life they provide a sort of insurance. Something to fall back on in case of illness or when he is too old to work anymore. He hopes the flocks will increase and he will be a "wealthy" man.

Living conditions are made worse for Ahmadou and others by the steady stream of newcomers to Abidjan. Thousands migrate to Abidjan each month. Because most have no money, they move in with relatives or friends from their home villages. Thus an already critical housing situation is worsened. Few new arrivals have education or skills. Many are unable to speak or understand French and therefore cannot find employment except as laborers. Even these jobs are not plentiful.

Tradition is strong among African families. Those who have must share with those who have not. Thus a person, like Ahmadou, who enjoys a steady wage is expected to shelter, feed, and otherwise help support any relative or person from his village who comes to him for help. To refuse hospitality would violate one of the most deep-seated African traditions. It would provoke anger and contempt among the homefolk. Since most Africans have close ties with friends and families upcountry, few are willing to run risks. Yet many Africans abandon the countryside for the cities to escape these heavy familial and tribal obligations. They are not always successful. In the cities relatives, friends, and fellow villagers seek them out. The pressure to aid the less fortunate is very strong.

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Even after years of city work many Africans have little to show in the way of savings. Few own homes. At the risk of alienating relatives and friends, increasing numbers of young Africans refuse to support anyone but their immediate families. Such rebels are a minority. It will be years before their influence becomes popular. Yet the feeling remains strong among them. If life is to be better for them and their children, if the country is ever to be modernized, then great changes must somehow be wrought in African customs, even at the risk of provoking some social disintegration.

Relations between Voltaic immigrants and native Ivoiriens are cordial. There have been a few scattered conflicts but nothing serious. One reason for the good relations is that most Voltaics who come to the Ivory Coast are willing to accept jobs which Ivoiriens think are beneath them. And the Ivory Coast's new prosperity has created new jobs which have permitted many Ivoiriens to give up less attractive work.

Stability is likely to continue as long as the Ivory Coast continues to prosper and its economy expands. However, if expansion slows and curtails opportunities, trouble might develop. There are several potential threats. A major one is the continued migration of Ivoirien and Voltaic youths to towns in search of employment. The Voltaics' reputation for being the harder workers might be difficult for Ivoiriens to overcome. As educational level rises, Voltaics might enjoy job preferences. Tension could then be expected to develop between the natives and the immigrants.

Ahmadou is not greatly concerned with politics. Like many other Voltaics and Ivoiriens he paid 200 francs ($.80) at the beginning of the year for a membership card in the Parti Démocratique de la Côte d'Ivoire which rules Ivory Coast. But the P.D.C.I. puts no real pressure on him to attend its meetings or turn out for political rallies. As in other African countries, the Party is regarded as the major vehicle of national unification. In the Ivory Coast, however, the government is the stronger force for unification.

More important than politics in Ahmadou's life is religion. At least once a day he goes to the Adjamé mosque. His wife never accompanies him. Only a few older women go to the mosque. Young women are discouraged from attending. "If young women were allowed to go to the mosque," Ahmadou smilingly admitted, "we men would not be able to concentrate much on our prayers."

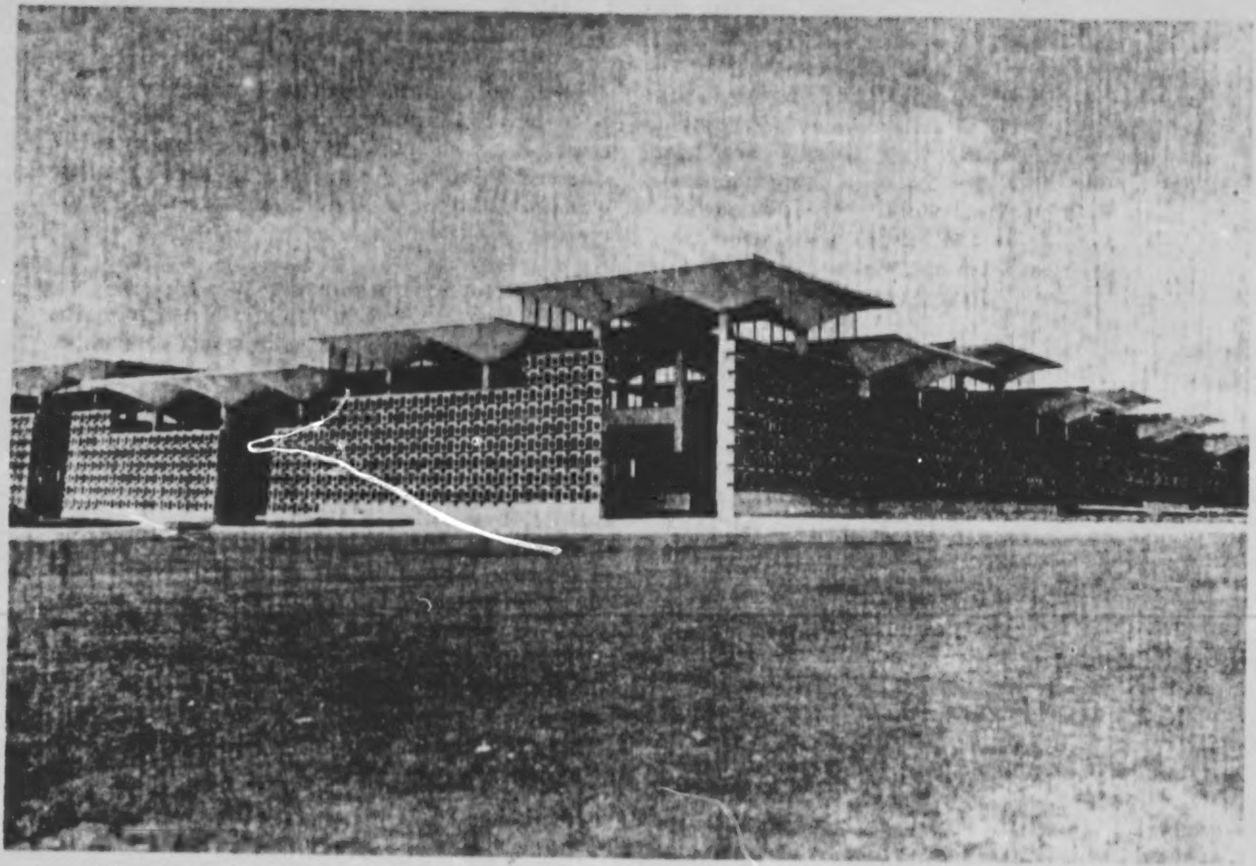
Like other adult Africans in the Ivory Coast, Ahmadou has been required by the government to contribute to a general fund for the construction of three religious centers in Abidjan, a cathedral for Roman Catholics, a church for Protestants, and a mosque for Muslims.

For recreation, Ahmadou and his wife visit friends or entertain them in their own home. Since most of their friends are Muslims, alcohol is taboo. Only fruit juice or soft drinks are offered. Once a week Ahmadou and his wife go to the cinema in Adjamé. The admission is less than half what the "European" theaters charge. Great occasions, particularly important Muslim feasts such as the last day of Ramadan, or Tabaski, call for considerable outlay of funds. As an employed head of a household, Ahmadou is expected to buy a lamb, slaughter it, and offer an elaborate dinner to neighborhood friends and relatives. The herders, knowing the demand for sheep will be great, often double their price. Pressure from Ahmadou's social group is so great that he must make the expenditures even though they cripple him financially for months.

Ahmadou and his generation are scarcely literate. Yet they see all these problems. They understand and readily acknowledge that Africans must become more self-reliant if they are to get ahead—if the country is to develop. They are convinced that with the development of educational facilities and with the new opportunities opening up for the young, the problems that have handicapped their society can be solved. They see a gradual transformation of their country. Roads will be paved. Water mains will be laid. There will be more schools.

Adjamé itself is changing. The old marketplace with the colorful confusion has given way to a new modern center of revolutionary design. Bulldozers are razing the old mud houses and new communities are being built. There is a general feeling—more a certainty than a hope—that life will be better next year than it is this year.

This must be, Ahmadou says. Otherwise, "What will independence mean?"



The new market place in Adjamé. How can this new facility serve Ahmadou, his employer, and madame?

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. How would you describe Ahmadou's "*World*"?
2. How do the *past*, *present*, and *future* differ in Ahmadou's world?
3. How would you describe the relationships between Ahmadou and:
    a. Islam?
    b. Wife?
    c. Family?
    d. Village?
    e. Job?
    f. Madame?
    g. Employer?
    h. French culture?
    i. Colonialism?
    j. Independence?
    k. Politics?
    l. Economics?
    m. Society?
    n. Global human culture?
    o. Self identity?
4. How does Ahmadou survive?
5. How like people in your own society are Ahmadou's employer, madame, and Ahmadou himself?

## CARLOS: PERSPECTIVES FROM AN URBAN UNDERWORLD

He had been born a good *criollo* in Callao, the seaport of Lima, Peru. His father, a seaman, abandoned the family and Carlos was sent to live with relatives far away in the sierra highlands. He was eight.

For three years Carlos' life was enjoyable in Cajamarca. His pronunciation of Spanish developed a sierra accent. When he finished primary education his mother arranged his return to Callao. In the city he was shocked to find that his schoolmates and neighbors considered him to be a *serrano*, a mountaineer.

It took him two months to lose the highland accent and resume his coastal speech pattern. He also readapted his ways to slum life in a large port city. Carlos could outfight his hecklers. This helped him re-establish himself as a *criollo*.

Carlos began a step-by-step entrance into the underworld. He and another boy formed a "purse-snatching" team. Carlos was eleven and had a bicycle. His partner was about the same age but was even less fortunate. They roamed the streets of Callao looking for well-dressed women who were walking alone and carrying a purse.

The accomplice would grab the purse, then hop on the bicycle as Carlos pedaled past. Depending on how much money was in the purse, the two boys would go for another the next day or rest a few days.

For several months Carlos and his partner avoided arrest. Finally, they were caught by the police. But they were soon released with only a beating and a reprimand.

Carlos' mother required him to go to work when he was thirteen. Beginning as a construction worker he did a man's job. But the work also put him into contact with men of all sorts.

Two thieves persuaded Carlos to join them. Under their tutelage Carlos graduated from purse-snatcher to burglar. Because he did not carry weapons or break into occupied houses, he was considered only a thief—not a thug.

The three thieves committed robberies frequently. Then they, too, were caught. Having climbed over a high garden wall, they were trapped when an observant neighbor telephoned the police. His associates were captured but Carlos hid in a tree and evaded the police.

Carlos' accomplices did not report him. They were questioned, tried, and sentenced but they kept their mouths shut. But Carlos didn't know that. So to be safe, Carlos did not return to the rooms where he and his mother had lived.

For awhile he lived with a friend. This young man was maintained by two prostitutes. Carlos then spent a year with one of the women. At every turn, he was continually in contact with people who were engaged in some type of criminal activity. Aware of this reality, Carlos grew to loathe it. He broke with the woman and sought sanctuary. Carlos moved, alone, to La Parada, Lima's marketplace, also called the Terminal.

Carlos described the "Hotel Roti" as "third class." It was a two-story building. A "transportation agency" rented space on the ground floor. Here passengers and produce arrived from and departed to the inland mountain provinces of the Peruvian sierra. The goods and no few of the arriving people wound up in the Terminal.

The "hotel" itself consisted of a few rooms on the second floor. And on top of the building were eighteen wooden cubicles. Such rooftop tenements are common in Lima, where rain is rare.

Don Juanito owned the "hotel," whose sign was almost hidden by the transport office advertisement. Don Juanito, a Peruvian of Chinese ancestry, was sixty years old. He employed three *serranos* to do the cleaning and washing. *Criollos*, as Carlos Zapata understood and was able to explain, would not accept such work or the low pay it provided. Only *serranos* would agree to such demeaning employment. These three were recent arrivals in the Terminal from the highlands—Manuel, called Mañuco, Valentín, called Cahuide, and Cholo Malo, which means roughly "bad halfbreed." They worked fourteen hours each day. The pay provided barely enough money for food, secondhand clothing, and shabby beds.

Don Juanito called his guests "clients." The Hotel Roti had regular customers. It was not a place for transients. Still, during the day when the "clients" were at work, beds were rented for a few sweaty minutes to people who requested them.

Both Don Juanito and the police knew the "clients" well. Police visits to the Roti were regular—every Monday and Friday. There was an understanding that no one would be disturbed at the Roti on Saturdays and Sundays. Those whom Don Juanito knew well were not harassed by police. The hotel became a sanctuary for Carlos Zapata, known in the Terminal as "Babyface."

He rented "Room 39," a wooden cell on the roof. It measured nine by twelve feet. In it were a bed, nightstand, chair, and a hook for clothes. But young Carlos did not complain. He was alone. The single hook could hold all his clothing. The room served well enough for he only entered it at night to sleep. Compared to the plight of families with two and three children crowded into other cells at the Roti, Carlos Zapata was well off. His rent was collected daily by Don Juanito. The charge was 15 soles, about 60 cents.

Carlos' activities were those of a *criollo* in and around the Terminal. Consider how he describes his own life.

*I worked in Tacora as a* cachinero. *This is a person who buys and sells stolen articles and the goods of people who have died. I would get up at half-past eight in the morning and go to my* pensión *for breakfast. There I had a* criollo *cacherino. The girl was named Maria, although she was called Mary. She worked for the owner of the* pensión, *Señora Carmen, whom we called "Tía" [aunt]. This servant, Mary, liked me very much and saw that I got the best food. Tía Carmen noticed this but said nothing because I always paid, while the other* cacherinos *who ate there would skip out on their weekly bill.*

*Mary was worried about me because the other* cacherinos *and thieves tried to force their attentions on her, even with a knife, not knowing that she went with me. Mary realized that they came to the* pensión *only because she was very beautiful. She was afraid they would scar my face or beat me nearly to death.*

*But nothing of this sort happened to me because I was well known [among the* criollos*]. They were my friends. And besides there lived in my hotel some real toughs who would have taken revenge. These toughs would sometimes give me their stolen goods to keep in my room, because I was not known by the police. The rooms of the others were constantly searched by detectives.*

*My work began at nine in the morning when some women would begin coming to me with blankets, sheets, coats, or plates and service which had been used by a person recently dead. It is the custom to sell these in Tacora. I would also buy some things from a few thieves. I avoided things which were valuable or large—because these would be noticed by the detectives, or the police, or by their owners.*

*Everyone knows that Tacora is the thieves' market. And many persons who had been robbed would come there to look for their goods. A few would find their articles. But most were unsuccessful because of the wall of silence that surrounds the* cacherino. *Few people in Tacora talk to an outsider. Because of the danger, however, the* cacherino *always asks whether the goods were stolen recently. If so, I would change their appearance or keep them awhile.*

*Each day I would begin with a capital of 150 to 200 soles [$6 to $8] and would earn between 100 and 150 soles. Saturdays were most profitable when I would earn between 200 and 250 soles [$8 to $12].*

*My specialty was clothing. Other* cacherinos *specialized in watches, shoes, bedding, and records. I was one of about 300* cacherinos *in Tacora, not counting the shills.*

*The shills served the* cacherinos *in the following way. I, for example, would have a suit which cost me 80 or 100 soles, which I could get so cheap because the seller needed money. I would shake it out and press it in my room, then take it out and ask 350 soles for it—saying that it cost 1,200 in the stores and was almost new. Curious and interested* people would begin to gather around, which was when the shill, a friend of mine, would appear. He would come closer and say, "Hey, I'll give you 300 soles for the suit because that's all I have. But the suit is very good quality." I'd tell him, "No, you're crazy to offer so little." Then I would hand it to another person who showed interest, and he would offer me 320 soles. I'd think it over, and finally accept, while the shill looked disappointed. Afterwards I would congratulate myself on having cleared 220 soles, but I would have to give 20 soles to the shill for his work.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I would go to the pensión of Tía Carmen and afterward to sleep at the hotel from three to five. Later I would take Mary to the movies—but, of course, not every day. Many evenings I would go to play cards, crap, or pool.

With the money I earned in selling clothes, I would pay Don Juanito his 15 soles a day, or sometimes for a whole week in advance. I would pay Tía Carmen for my board. My clothing was always nearly new, although I had only two or three trousers and shirts. But I would wear them for a while, then press them, sell them in Tacora and buy others.

The smell of the hotel bedding was overwhelming. The money I saved went to buy my own sheets, pillowcases, blankets, a suitcase, and a spray gun for the fleas. I even bought some cardboard to cover holes in the walls. I painted the walls, ceiling, chair, nightstand, and cot. I bought some wire to hold together the steel webbing of the cot because the mattress was falling through almost to the floor. Finally, mine was the best arranged and cleanest of all the rooftop rooms and the only one inhabited by a single person.

But one day I returned to the hotel at noon, instead of at my usual time of three in the afternoon. Everything was in disorder, and especially the bed was a mess. It was only then that I realized that Don Juanito had been renting out my room to couples in the mornings, charging 30 soles an hour. After that I bought a padlock for the door and continued to live in the room for two and a half years without further trouble. During the time I lived at the hotel I made many friends—and many observations.

The dwellings on the rooftop of the hotel were a sorry sight. There were only two lavatories, one for the men and one for the women. Between seven and eight in the morning, lines would form of up to fourteen persons. The women had poles and clotheslines for their washing. But the soot from the kerosene stoves blackened not only the rooms of those who cooked inside them, but also made it impossible to have sheets, clothes, and diapers which were both dry and clean. The second floor was in better condition. It was expensive and only for transients staying one or two days.

On this floor, at the head of the stairs, was Don Juanito's office. It contained an iron box which looked like a safe, but was not—being secured only by a large padlock. Recently Don Juanito was registering two toughs at three o'clock in the morning. One put a knife to Don Juanito's throat and then they beat him unconscious. They took the key from him, opened the box, and stole 15,000 soles in cash, jewelry, and other articles to a total of 50,000 soles [almost $2,000]. The next day Don Juanito began enclosing his office with steel plates and bars, leaving only a little window where clients could register and pay. He moved his bed inside, placed a knife and club near at hand. He installed a bell on the street door, which could only be opened by pulling a rope from inside the cage to lift the latch. Most hotel owners in the Terminal protect themselves in this way.

Among many others I observed in the hotel was a man and his wife, who was called Raquel. The husband earned little in his factory job and the children were ill, causing great medical expenses. Señora Raquel fell a month behind in her payments to Don Juanito. He threatened to throw the family out of the hotel and keep their goods as payment. But this was not his real intention. He wanted Raquel, who was one of the prettiest women in the building, but very faithful to her husband. She ignored the Chinaman until a month and a half had gone by without payment. Then the Chinaman told her to get out. She had to submit to him—who was old and ugly.

* * * * *

During the months I was living in the hotel, I could hear that the couple living next to me were doing everything possible to leave this place. The *young man, Willfredo, did not like to drink or gamble. He saved all the money he could from Nena's daily takings in the bordello. She earned about 400 soles a day, and more on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. He did not act like some other protectors, who take advantage of other prostitutes. Every night Willfredo would take Nena's money and then deposit it next day in the bank. His hope was to buy a used car and work as a taxi driver, and thus get Nena out of the bordello. Many things complicated his plan, especially when one of their children became ill and it took a great deal of money to cure the boy.*

*The owner of the* pensión *who fed them, Señora Rosa, gave them special things to eat—milk, beefsteak, juice, and toast—and the same for lunch. Nena claimed to work in a hospital to account for her suspicious hours.*

*In fact, Willfredo picked up Nena at the bordello every day early in the morning. Then they returned to the hotel to sleep and listen to music until three in the afternoon. At that hour he would have the children wash themselves and the family would be together until time for Willy to take Nena to work. This is a precaution that most* cafichos *take. For there is never any lack of men anxious to take their places, nor of thieves who prey on prostitutes leaving their places of work.*

*In the hotel I could hear Willfredo and Nena talking, although they spoke very low. I was surprised that they had great love for one another, and were making plans for themselves and their children. After eight months, Willfredo bought a car and began to work. He and Nena found a house in La Victoria and moved from the hotel. Other residents of the roof shacks were sad and probably envious.*

* * * * *

*From the conversations on the other side of my room, I found that the two* serranos *both came from the Cuzco region. They earned their living by selling apples, imported from California and Chile, as street vendors with carts. One earned only about 50 soles a day. But the other earned 80 to 100 soles, and he would lend money to his less fortunate fellow-lodger. They were planning to put together a little capital and buy some of the small manufactured goods and textiles which are relatively cheap in the Terminal. They wanted to take the goods from Lima to one of the regional fairs in the mountain communities near Cuzco, sell them, and return to the Terminal with the profits to begin again on a larger scale.*

*Unfortunately, one of them, Teófilo, did not return to the hotel to sleep one night. His companion went out the next day to look for him. He learned from one of Teófilo's fellow vendors that the police had rounded him up, along with many others of age for military service, and drafted him into the army. [This is a common draft procedure in Peru, when at a certain time of year the cities are combed for men of military age who do not have their papers in order. Persons with financial resources or family are usually able to escape this system but the poor have no recourse.]*

*The companion sold his own cart and the remainder of his apples and asked a woman to go to the Zona Militar to ask for Teófilo. He was afraid to go himself for fear that he might also be impressed. The woman returned saying that Teófilo had been taken and had already been transferred to a distant camp. The companion, alone, could no longer pay the rent to Don Juanito. He bought a few things with what money he had and took passage atop a truck returning to Cuzco. He arrived there little better off than when he had first left. But he counted himself lucky not to have been impressed into the army and also to have been able to sell his cart and apples. Often street vendors are drafted into the army without being allowed time even to dispose of their goods, which become the property of the municipality.*

Thus Carlos lived, and perhaps still lives in the Terminal.

* * * * *

Have you met a person like Carlos?

Would he survive in the community where you live?

What do you think of Carlos and his friends?

What could be done about their condition?

# MIKE
# THE CITY LIFE OF RURAL MALES

Each week in Kenya hundreds of young people—school leavers mostly—are departing the rural areas. They make their way to the big city.

Mike is a Public Works Clerk during the day. He shares a flat with his brother and two other males of his age from the same rural area. He is relatively lucky. Often six or seven people live in a tiny apartment or even one room.

The thoughtful guests bring food to share. Still the meals are often light because budgets are light. In the city all one's food must be bought—there is no room where they live for a garden.

About 6:15 A.M. Mike awakens. He then washes, and dresses for work. His toilet is outside and semiprivate. During the rainy season it becomes inconvenient and uncomfortable. The neighbors sometimes let their sanitary habits fall below standard.

He is fastidious about hygiene and dress. Mike calls it getting "smart." When ready he sips some tea and dashes out the door for the bus station. On hurried mornings he may munch buttered toast while jogging to the bus stop.

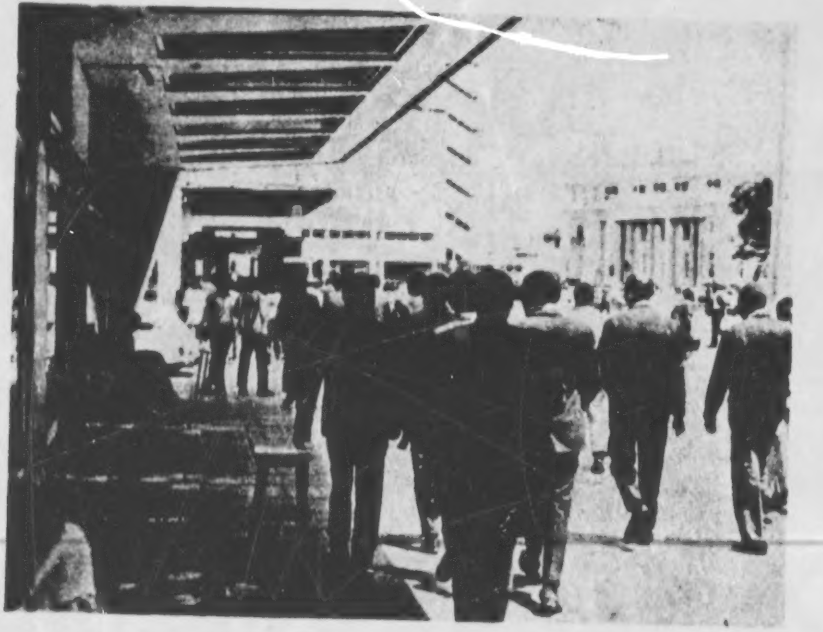
Mike's work day begins at 8:15 A.M. Usually he arrives earlier. With erratic bus service one must begin early and hope for the best. In three years he has not been late for work.

Morning ends at 12:45 which begins the lunchtime break. Everyone departs from the office and enjoys the social activity. Food by comparison is of secondary importance. Workers meet friends and discuss politics and football or soccer. Lunch often consists of a coke or milk with a meat pie or sugar bun. Window shopping and observing people playing checkers are popular pastimes during the 75-minute lunch break. Age-mates—who are presumed to share a special bond—may walk around holding hands. Such open displays of affection among people of the same sex are customary in much of Africa. There are no negative connotations.

At 2 P.M. the work day continues. Most governmental offices remain open until 4:30 P.M. Then the rush to the bus station begins. The tensions of the day are released.

In the evening Mike does his laundry. Because he has so few clothes, he must wash and iron every day in order to look "smart" at work. Lacking a refrigerator, he also has to shop every day for food. These chores accomplished, Mike may spend a few hours with friends.

The big city.



Mixed feelings about the city.

Pay day is the last day of the month. Mike often celebrates by going to a movie, a dance, or a trip to the local tavern. Beer is the most popular drink in East Africa. And Mike, like most Africans, likes his served by the liter and warm. It is a night of modest pleasure in a sober life.

* * * * *

This rural exodus, of which Mike is a part, brings with it a host of social problems. These trouble not only government officials but the rural and urban communities as well. "How," officials are asking themselves, "can rural areas be made more attractive to the young people who now flee to the cities?"

Even when answers to this problem are available, sufficient financial support may not be.

George Jones of the Institute of Current World Affairs recently interviewed a cross-section of young people in Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa. He concluded, "that the attractions of the city are similar the world over. The adventures, the wide range of entertainment, the potential market for finding a companion or mate and the possibility of making the fast shilling are certainly attractive forces for any rural youngster—especially after he hears the story of the city as told by some of his more 'seasoned' friends."

None of the interviewees was born in the city and they insist that they are not Nairobi residents. They have been "away" an average of five years. Yet their allegiance and ties remain with the family back home—in spirit, if not physically. On holidays they return "home" to the farm. They look forward to "a good home-cooked meal" and often their families prepare food packages for them to bring back to the city. Each interviewee was an employed male between 21 and 25 years of age. Many, many school leavers remain unemployed.

When asked about the difference in the people with whom they come in contact most answer that people "back home" take "a personal interest in their welfare." Of the people they meet in the city, "no one seems to care" except perhaps those with whom they live closely in the urban setting.

"All of these young men reported that they would someday like to return to the farm. Many felt the city was moving at a pace far too rapid for them to join in. They all felt their wages to be sorely out of balance with the cost of living. Food, housing, clothing, and occasional entertainment"—mostly movies—consumed their salaries. Another portion is sent "home" each month. It helps with the ongoing expenses of the "farm" and is expected. The city brothers' income helps pay the school fees of younger sisters and brothers. It works out that having gone to the city, "one can never amass enough capital at any given time to return home financially secure."

Though these young men have worked about five years, none has been able to save enough money to buy an automobile. They use the bus and other public transportation to get to work. During leisure they travel by bicycle.

Chris, a clerk, and Arthur, an apprentice, say that if they are to return to rural life it must provide more leisure time. To guarantee farmers at least a subsistence income, they feel the government might consider subsidizing farm wages. Arthur hopes someday to study in the United States.

Julius feels the long working hours of rural life provide satisfactions. "All the sweat that comes," he says, "goes for a good cause, me and my family." He remembers a typical day on the farm. At 6 A.M. the family sits down to a light breakfast of tea, bread, and porridge. Afterwards the women and girls clear away the breakfast dishes. Then they began preparation of the next meal. Boys help their father milk and tend the cattle. Once these chores are completed the family, except for the very old, move to the fields. Labor is divided so that men prepare the soil. Women plant and pull weeds. Children of 6 and older watch the cattle. Soon it is time for some of the children to go to school. They will return later to assist again in the daily work cycle.

Nursing babies are strapped to their mothers' backs while field work is done. At feeding time the baby is simply shifted to the front and mother continues her work. One hears few cries. The babies apparently enjoy the motion and closeness.

Just before sunset, the field work ends. Cows are again milked and fed. The evening meal is prepared. It is the day's largest. Typical foods include *ugali*, similar to hominy grits, or *irio*, a mixture of maize, beans, potatoes, and a green vegetable. Other foods are likely to be vegetables, sweet potatoes, arrowroots and fruit. Oranges, mangoes, and bananas are all popular.

Supper begins around 9 P.M. Afterwards the family visits with other families in the area. They talk politics and then rush home. Following a good night's sleep the routine will begin again—tomorrow.

Talking is an institution in the lives of these rural Africans. No matter how strenuous the day's work, at night neighbors and village councils are willing to sit around and discuss their affairs.

Sundays are special in farm life. They involve church, trips around the countryside, and hours of talk. Many ride a bus to the nearest city. They take furniture, strapped atop the bus, to relatives. Bicycles are tied on to be used on arrival in the city. And riders find themselves surrounded by clucking chickens and fresh vegetables. In a word, the Sunday buses are crowded.

When one lives in the city it is customary for unexpected guests to arrive. They may stay a day or two. Some remain for months at a time. Relatives have been known to appear at the door with suitcase in one hand and a bed in the other. A traditional host wouldn't even raise an eyebrow.

It can be annoying but the good city host must not show impatience. While one's savings are being drained and one's food eaten, a host smiles. It is an obligation to treat one's guests well.

The city offers people more than a variety of social activities. Sam, an apprentice accountant, feels that the intellectual life in Nairobi is more stimulating than in rural areas. "Most of our parents," he said, "completed their education at Standard IV [4th grade]. Most of my friends and age mates have completed Form IV [high school]." Sam also complains that education in the rural areas is impractical. They teach "white collar" subjects, he says. They should be teaching about advanced farming techniques, animal husbandry, plumbing, and other technical subjects. Sam is pleased that the Kenyan government is beginning to change the curriculum. But it will take time, he acknowledges.

The topic of education recurs frequently in all the interviews. George Jones asked, "What advice will you give your children in order for them to be successful in life?" The answers all were the same: "Get as much education as possible." They also would advise their children to maintain some ties to the land.

Mike and his mates all see themselves as part of Kenya's transformation from a traditional to a modern society. They are ambitious. They are interested in furthering Africanization of the business sector. But they also want to preserve some of the traditional values. The land still has a strong grip on their emotions.

George Jones asked a single question to end the interview: "What individual has most influenced your life?" The unanimous answer was Mzee Jomo Kenyatta, the President of Kenya.

The morning rush.

Solitude.

# DISASTER IN LIMA
## A Villager Migrates to the City

Don Valentín Punarejo was a *serrano*, a man from the mountains. He was born in Puno, Peru and lived there until he was forty-six years old. Puno—the town and the province share the name—borders on Lake Titicaca on the Peruvian altiplano, about 12,000 feet above sea level.

Don Valentín and his wife Doña Lorenza Rodríguez de Punarejo had two daughters, Susan, eleven, and Consuelo, two. He owned some land, a house with the customary crosses on the rooftree, and a herd of twenty cattle.

His was a wordly life in that desolate high outpost. With 25,000 soles, nearly a thousand dollars, of capital, he would buy cattle from neighbors and acquaintances in Puno, giving them payment down and paying the rest after he sold the cattle. He drove cattle to Lima in about sixteen days. They were sold at the slaughterhouse of the Terminal. In the Terminal, Don Valentín would buy clothes for himself and family, sightsee a bit in Lima, and then return to Puno, a two-and-a-half-day bus trip.

On returning to Puno he was a center of attraction. He paid for the cattle, distributed whatever small items he had been commissioned to buy in Lima, and worked in his wheat fields before the rains closed in, turning the roads to mud and making the rivers unfordable. For the family's provision there were chickens, ducks, guinea pigs, hogs, and sheep. Don Valentín belonged as much to the Spanish-speaking town of Puno as to the society of neighbors, mostly Indians, around his land. He was able to play something of the *gran señor*, "big man." Sometimes he would put on a suit and boots. And in bad weather he wore a raincoat and a rainhat—all marks of the "White Man." Often neighbors were invited in to eat and drink the distillations he had brought from the Terminal. He told of his travels and the splendors of Lima.

Perhaps Don Valentín convinced himself of the city's advantages. At any rate he decided since he spent so much time in Lima it would be good to move his family there. In El Porvenir, a section of Lima near the Terminal—the market area—he rented a house. It had four rooms and a closetlike kitchen for 400 soles, less than $16 a month. Returning to Puno, he put himself and his family aboard the train. They traveled toward Lima, near the coast. Doña Lorenza and the children—having lived all their lives at 12,000 feet—became ill. Their illness was brought on by the altitudinal change. It took a week for Doña Lorenza to recover after arriving at the house in El Porvenir.

Don Valentín had not anticipated the problems of residence in Lima. His family spoke Aymará, and his wife spoke very little Spanish. Susana, the elder daughter, spoke Spanish learned in Puno's school. She had attended the first three grades. Thus, at first the father and daughter had to do the marketing. And when the mother did leave the house she was frightened by automobiles, trucks, and buses. She would lose herself in the unfamiliar streets. Don Valentín, going in search of her, usually found her in a police station where she had been taken for safekeeping.

After a month, affairs began to go more smoothly. Susana could go alone to buy a few things at a Chinese store nearby. Her mother learned the ways about the Terminal. She went every two or three days to buy food. Fortunately, she found stalls operated by persons from Puno. With them she could speak Aymará.

The family somewhat settled, Don Valentín returned to Puno to buy cattle. There he discovered that his old friends and associates would no longer accept part-payment for their animals. They wanted the full amount. They felt that, having moved away from Puno, he could now decide not to return. Forced to raise more money, Don Valentín arranged a five-year mortgage on his house and land to a member of the town council for 5,000 soles, less than $200. Driving twenty-five head of cattle, he returned to Lima and sold them at the Terminal.

The children at the Terminal had begun to shout insults at Doña Lorenza and Susana. They were called *serranas* and *cholas*. *Serrana* referred only to their origins in the *sierra* or mountains. But *chola* is an emotion-charged word. It carries the meaning of a low background in the sierra. *Chola* is as near a racial insult as one is likely to receive in the Terminal. There care is used to make racial allusions matter-of-fact to avoid injured feelings. Don Valentín took the only possible course in telling his family to ignore the taunts. Living in their own house rather than in a collective dwelling, the family was able to insulate itself more than most of the sierra people of the Terminal.

Doña Lorenza suffered in the new surroundings. She said it was the "heat" of Lima. It is certainly warmer than the high-altitude chill of Puno. She suffered from separation from her family and friends and the animals she had cared for in her old home, and even from the frustration of radio programs in a language which she could not understand.

Susana, on the contrary, enjoyed the new life. She no longer had to carry water in buckets from the well. She did not have to search for stovewood, and she did not have to take the sheep out to pasture. The house in El Porvenir had a kerosene stove, electric lights, and running water. Other needs could be satisfied by going a short distance to the Terminal or to the Chinese store on the corner. She enjoyed going to the Coliseo Nacional, a large tent provided for sierra residents in Lima. The management of the Terminal arranged for local performances of sierra music and dances. Susana attended the movies and the street carnivals. She was even more enthusiastic about her enrollment in school, where she was placed in fourth grade.

Once again Don Valentín traveled to Puno to buy the cattle which supported his family. But drought had come to southern Peru. Many cattle had already been sold or slaughtered. He was unable to buy the livestock he sought. In his search he was forced much farther afield, to Huancavelica and to Cerro de Pasco. There he found prices higher because of the large number of cattle buyers already combing these parts of the sierra. Returning from Huancavelica to the Terminal, he had only fourteen head of cattle and could expect little profit.

Arriving home, he found that his wife was pregnant. She was working harder than before because Susana was in school and little help to her. Susana, in turn, said that her first days in school had been hard—her schoolmates had called her *serrana*. They accused her of "smelling of llamas," an animal seen by coastal Peruvians only in zoos. She continued, however, to take her father's advice and ignored the insults. And indeed her schoolmates soon tired of the game. She was fortunate in a way. The *criolla* girls—those who were born in Lima or other coastal cities—were not as harsh as the boys on *serranos*. The boys made insults and often even physical attacks on the newcomers.

Eight months after moving his family to Lima Don Valentín faced economic disaster. He was spending all his income on immediate family needs. His wife was about to have another child. And summer rains made the roads to Puno impossible for driving cattle. In the hope of holding on to some of his capital, Don Valentín asked the advice of several men from Puno whom he knew in the Terminal. How might he best invest the hard-earned money which remained? One man was eager to return to Puno after spending a hard and unprofitable time in Lima. In the Terminal, he had a licensed retail stall stocked with small food staples.

The man spoke to Don Valentín with all the eloquence he could summon. The little business was described as a great success. Don Valentín's 10,000 soles, nearly $400, were paid for the transfer, license, and stock. The well-pleased seller left immediately for Puno. The unfortunate buyer soon found that the stall had little business—yet required his presence from six o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. Susana had to bring his lunch to him there.

Don Valentín also found the buyers of his wares were mainly women. They preferred to buy from women. Doña Lorenza had already entered the maternity clinic to give birth to a son. Afterwards she was hospitalized. Attempting to sell his recently acquired stall, Don Valentín was offered only half the price he paid for it. He then began opening the stall for only a few hours each day. He often cursed the *serrano* who sold it to him and used the money to leave the Terminal forever. His wife's hospitalization and convalescence took the rest of the family's money.

Once again Don Valentín went to Puno. This time he tried to recover the house and land which he had mortgaged for five years to the member of the town council. His former friend, now living in Don Valentín's house, pointed to the fields which had been newly planted and refused to return the house and land. Instead he offered to purchase

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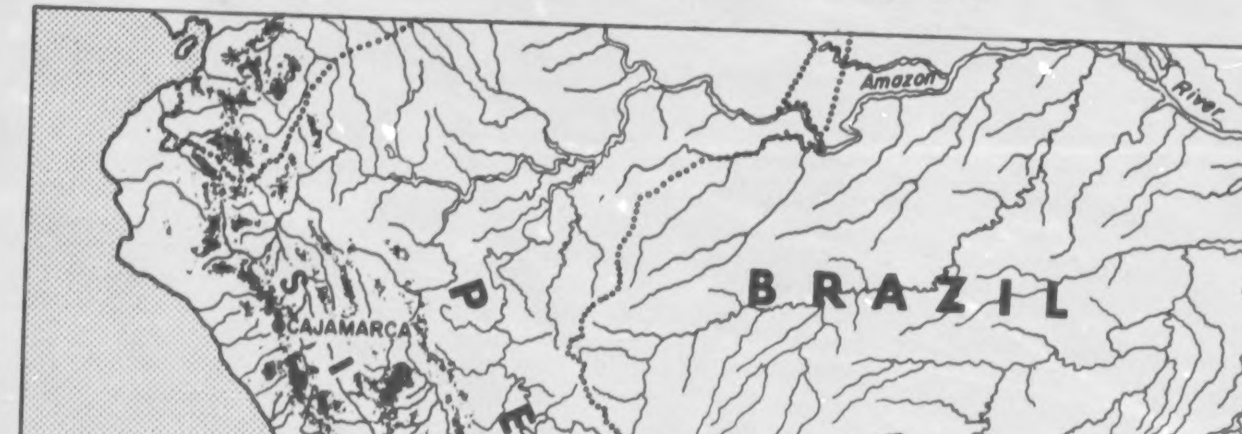
them outright. Desperate for money, Don Valentín accepted an additional 5,000 soles and the promise of 7,000 soles more in a year, a total purchase price of 17,000 soles, $634, for the homestead, trees, gardens, and small fields. He soon realized that this action sealed his fate.

In Lima, Susana was on vacation from school. She helped her mother in the house and her father at the market stall. Don Valentín decided he could no longer afford the rent for the house and moved the family to a single room on the Avenida Humboldt in the Terminal itself. The following year Doña Lorenza bore yet another son in this room—making a total of six members of the family. The two younger children were often ill. Economic catastrophe became imminent.

Although she made no complaint, Doña Lorenza was aware of the grave situation. She decided to prepare and serve meals for the people of the Terminal. Don Valentín was opposed at first, but she convinced him. He bought a small cart, a primus stove, and other small necessities for the business. The mother became the main source of the family's income.

By this time, Consuelo was four years old and taking care of her baby brothers. Susana had finished grade school and entered an "academy for accounting." Don Valentín was proud of his eldest daughter, believing that Susana would become an accountant and the pride of the family. She was thirteen years old. She had become *acriollada*, nearly indistinguishable from the coastal-born *criollas*. Years passed. Susana sometimes helped in the stall. The mother ran the small cooked food stall. The father sometimes hired himself out as a peon in construction work.



Jobs were few. With Susana helping in the stall, Don Valentín bought a hawker's cart for himself. He began to sell potatoes in the market of La Victoria, a section of Lima. This venture came rapidly to an end, however, because he was only an itinerant street seller with no license. The police had begun a campaign against such vendors. So he returned with his cart to the Terminal and tried to sell fruit.

By this time, Susana was eighteen years old and very *criolla*. She had acquired the manners and behavior typical of Limeno residents of the Terminal. A coastal-born *criollo* was courting her. The second daughter, Consuelo, was ten, in the fourth grade and intelligent. The young brothers, however, were "a pair of demons" who stayed in the family's room only to sleep. One who knew them said "They paid no attention to their mother, who had aged greatly. The father took little interest in correcting them, saying they had been born on the coast and were destined to have no respect for their family."

Susana married her *criollo* suitor. The bridegroom, Angel Castañada, was the watchman for a walled enclosure stacked high with thousands of empty wooden boxes. There he made his living repairing the boxes used for transporting fruit and vegetables. For his watchman's duties he had free use of two rooms in the enclosure. Water had to be fetched from a spigot in the street. It served most of the people in the Terminal who were without running water. And since it was turned off in the afternoons, two metal drums were filled each morning and kept in the rooms. Light was provided by kerosene lamps and candles. Here her bridegroom brought Susana and all her family to live.

Susana and Angel remained eight months in these surroundings. But life there was difficult for them, being two among eight people in the two small rooms. The two young boys, for instance, would rob Angel of money whenever a chance occurred. Angel said nothing to his mother-in-law who had again become ill. Finally, Angel turned over his watchman's job to Don Valentín and with 3,000 soles which he had saved, made a down payment on Don Valentín's market stall. He made some further monthly payments of 500 soles each. Then the two young people went to live in La Victoria. Susana has continued to work in the stall which she has stocked and where she is popular with many buyers.

Consuelo studies in the afternoon and spends the rest of the time helping her mother. The two young sons, Felipe and Alfredo, shine shoes and sell newspapers, using the money for their own needs. They publicly make fun of their father and mother, calling them *serranos* and trying to disassociate themselves as much as possible from the family. They spend their time as "fruit birds," reading the comic books which are rented in the Terminal and looking at television. Terminal entrepreneurs have bought television sets. These are put in rooms which are filled with people in the evening. Each pays from 50 centavos to 1 sol to watch the programs. Occasionally Don Valentín must retrieve his boys from the police station. Minors are often rounded up. There are too many aspiring hoodlums in the Terminal for the police to handle.

In 1967 Don Valentín was fifty-eight years old and looked much older. He had not perfected his Spanish. Aymará remained his first tongue. He reverted to sierra-style clothing, except for his shirts and a hat which are like those used by the *criollos*. He gave up the wearing of boots or even shoes, having gone back to the cheap sandals made from truck tires. His teeth were stained green from chewing coca. His main pleasure became drinking with a friend. His clothes were no longer kept clean. He made no attempt to attract customers to his fruit cart, saying "if they want to buy they will, if they don't they won't." His only friend was an old man whose days were spent carrying sacks of produce from stall to stall. Every time he passed Don Valentín's fruit cart he asked, "Fellow-father, shall we go have a little one?" Don Valentín invariably accepted and went off, leaving his cart in the care of the vendor beside him.

* * * * *

Don Valentín migrated and brought his family from a settled rural life to the city. In the Terminal—La Parada, the marketplace—he lived out a life which originally had seemed appealing. Do you know Don Valentín? Have you met him and Doña Lorenza Rodriquez de Punarejo? And their children, Susana, Consuelo, and the two sons? How were they doing when you knew them? Where was their existence headed? How have you shared their experiences? What has happened to them since?

PAGES 65-68 "WHAT'S DOING IN LIMA" AND PAGE 69 - two cartoons - REMOVED PRIOR TO BEING SHIPPED TO EDRS FOR FILMING DUE TO COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS.

## IMMIGRANT JOB SEEKER: UNSKILLED

"You certainly picked the right country when you left your homeland, Mr. Kang. We have an almost unlimited need for laborers. You are welcome indeed."

The employment service interviewer paused momentarily. She thought to herself, "He doesn't understand what I'm saying."

Mr. Kang sat quietly, his hands folded in his lap. He seemed to smile constantly. To himself he thought, "What a large woman. And she talks so loud. Maybe she thinks I'm deaf. I understand what she's saying but so far she hasn't said anything important. When will she offer a job?"

"Street sweeper. Would you like to be a street sweeper, Mr. Kang? The pay is modest, but then you have little education...."

"But much experience," he interrupted.

"Yes," she agreed, "but that was somewhere else. Now you have an opportunity to learn a new system. After awhile you can be promoted. Perhaps when you are well settled, other jobs will become available. What do you say? Do you want the job?"

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. How would you react in Mr. Kang's place?
2. How would you role-play the employment service interviewer?
3. How is this situation similar or dissimilar to others involving recent immigrants?
4. How would Mr. Kang have been received in your country? Your community?
5. What is urban about this situation?
6. How does this story indicate relationships among immigration, education, employment, sex roles, institutions, and social status?

## IMMIGRANT JOB SEEKER: SKILLED

"Let's see, Mrs. Schneider. You and your husband have just arrived in this country. And let me say how pleased we are that you came here. The record shows that you are a medical doctor. Well now, that means you are Dr. Schneider. Please excuse my earlier reference. Yes. Well, now. You won't be able to practice here, of course. But then a person with so many degrees, so much training.... We'll find something!"

"Yes, yes. Here's a listing which might be suitable. We do guarantee to provide employment for all immigrants. This position is for a dietician, let's say. You would help prepare food for patients in the city hospital. Do you think that would be satisfactory?

"Once we get you placed, perhaps you'll be able to take courses at our medical school. You'll be right there. It's near the hospital. And with your background, I'm sure you'd do well. We need many more doctors."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. How would you react in Mrs. Schneider's place?
2. How would you role-play the employment service interviewer?
3. How is this situation similar or dissimilar to others involving recent immigrants?
4. How would Mrs. Schneider have been received in your country? Your community?
5. What is urban about this situation?
6. How does this story indicate relationships between immigration, education, employment, sex roles, institutions, and social status?

## MOVING ON, MOVING UP, OR JUST MOVING?

If Pedro leaves a village of ten or fifteen families and moves to a city of one or more million people, what can be expected to happen to his lifestyle?

If Carlos, or Nina, or Lara leave a corrugated tin and tarpaper shack and move into an urban four-family dwelling with laundry facilities, incinerator, and janitorial services, how do you suppose this change came about?

Suppose Lee Ong, who lives in a suburban state-owned housing estate, takes a new job in the commercial center. Instead of walking five blocks to work, he now rides two buses for a total of forty-five minutes to arrive at his job. How might his life have changed?

Suppose Ahmed, a cart-boy in the old market area, goes to night school and studies accounting. He is offered a job upon completion of his course. The job pays more than hauling carts but it requires that he wear more expensive clothes. He would also need to live in another neighborhood where rents are higher.

Each of these examples potentially contains elements of social mobility, migration, or merely physical movement, such as daily commuting. Each also involves considerations of both class and culture. How can you distinguish the most important agents of change?

After you have discussed definitions of migration, mobility, movement, class, and culture, consider the relationships between residence and work. What activities affect class? What affects culture change?

Read the following fourteen examples. How would you classify each according to the dominant pattern? Does the situation potentially affect change in class or culture?

Write your answers on a separate sheet of paper!

**Sample:**

| | Migration | Mobility | Movement | Class | Culture |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tomás is a building custodian. He lives in a working-class suburb and commutes to work daily by train. | | | ✓ | no | no |
| 1. Roberto is 33 years old, the son of Italian immigrants to São Paulo, Brazil. He holds a university degree in journalism and has worked on various newspapers. But he is interested in public relations. He has come to Rio de Janeiro, where he has opened an agency with a partner. | | | | | |
| 2. Eraclio was ridiculed as a *serrano* waiter in a restaurant in Lima, Peru. Determined to live a better life, he became a street vendor. Gradually he improved his business and took on *criollo* ways of dress and speech. Soon he will move to the better market of Brena and set up a shop. | | | | | |
| 3. Marta is an 18-year-old who lives with her family in Bogotá. Because she is attractive and without a job, her mother, who works, is afraid she will get into trouble. Marta crosses the city by bus every day to shop. On the bus she has made some friends, but her mother does not approve of them. | | | | | |

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4. Jackson came to Rio as a young man, studied law, entered the civil service, and eventually became director of an important government agency. Now 70 and retired, he spends his time with friends in Copacabana.

5. Geraldo is an illiterate peasant of 22 from a village along Peru's Ucayali River, a tributary of the Amazon. He is on a barge to Pucallpa (population, 75,000). He has relatives there and plans to work for some months. If all goes well, he will send for his girl friend to come live with him.

6. Lola is an attractive young woman of 26, happily married to Antonio, who holds a degree in agronomy. Though both are from the Bogotá area, they migrated to the undeveloped department of Putumayo on the Ecuadorian frontier, where they have a plantation of *maracuyá*, a fruit whose juice they sell commercially.

7. Teresa is a secretary in São Paulo. She lives with her family in a suburb, commuting to work daily by train. On holidays she often visits friends in nearby Santos.

8. Rodrigo is from the town of El Carmen, near the border of the two Colombian departments of Chocó and Antioquia. Deciding to enter the priesthood, he studied in the seminary in Medellín, and now teaches religion and serves a slum parish in Quibdó.

9. José is 21 years old and was born in Brazil's northeastern state of Piauí. With his family he moved to a rural area of São Paulo. After several years, his family moved again, to Paraiso do Norte on the Belém-Brasilia highway, where he and his father are raising cattle.

10. Flor lives with two other girl friends, all aged 17, in Santiago. She hopes to work and study to be a secretary. The only job she could get is her present one, in a bakery, which does not leave her time to study.

11. Moacyr is 39 years old and has worked as a *biscateiro* (odd job man) in Rio for many years. He has now acquired the necessary documentation to get a regular job in the stockroom of the Sears store across the bay in Niterói and is moving there.

| **Migration** | **Mobility** | **Movement** | **/ Class** | **Culture** |
|---|---|---|---|---|
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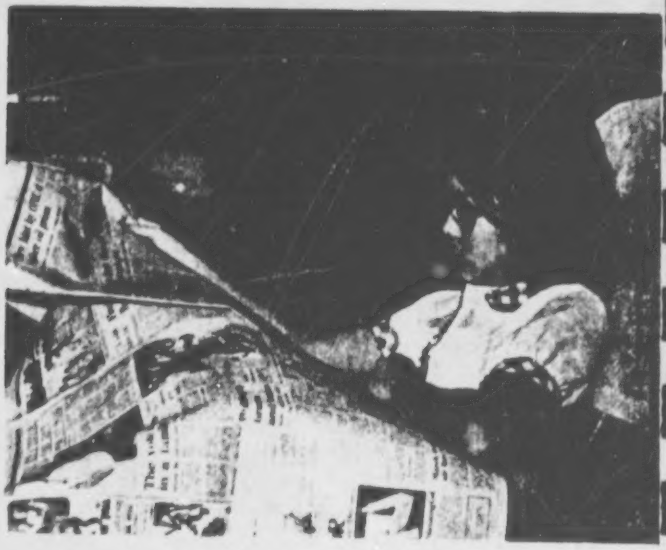
* * *

# WHERE ARE YOU FROM?



Where were you born?

*Singapore.*

Where were your parents born?

*Penang.*

What is their citizenship?

*British, Malaysian, Singaporean.*

What are they, ethnically?

*Namyang, "Overseas Chinese," Singapore Chinese.*

Where do you live?

*Suburbia.*

Which highrise community?

*Not a highrise. It's a two-story concrete single-family home.*

What kind of car do you have?

*Volvo. It's Swedish.*

What do you do?

*Go to school, read, play, visit friends, raise rabbits, watch television, etc...*

Where do you go to school?

*Nearby, just a short bus ride away.*

How many brothers and sisters?

*Us two.*

Where are your grandparents?

*Penang, Malaysia.*

Where have you traveled?

*Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, England, Europe, and we plan to travel to the United States and Canada some day.*

What do your parents do?

*Father produces educational television programs. Mother teaches elementary school.*

Where are you from?

*Earth. World. Southeast Asia. The city. An urban area. What answer do you want to hear? Where are you from?*

## MARCELO, FROM JESUS DE MACHACA

Bolivia requires all persons aged fifteen and over to carry identification cards. But it is difficult and expensive to obtain the card. Few persons try unless they need the card to proceed with a law suit or to travel outside the country. Marcelo, who lives in the altiplano village of Jesus de Machaca, needed a card. He wanted to obtain a passport in order to travel to neighboring Peru. Marcelo is not unusual in any way; neither is his experience.

Marcelo began by traveling to the city of La Paz. Then he found the *Registro Civil* of the Ministry of the Interior.

At the entrance to the Ministry stood several soldiers with automatic guns. He entered and asked information at the first desk in sight. He was told to buy a blank identification card from a cashier's window in the basement. But that window closed at 4:30 P.M., although the rest of the *Registro* functioned until 6:00 P.M.

Marcelo left to seek a bed for the night. On the way out one of the soldiers noted his discouraged look. Sympathetic, he advised Marcelo that lines began at 5:00 A.M. for the offices which opened at 9:00 A.M.

Marcelo went to bed. On waking, he discovered that the date was May 1, "The Day of the Worker," or Labor Day in Bolivia. Nobody works, there are no taxis, or any other means of transportation. He walked to the Ministry anyway and found the offices closed.

Meanwhile his expenses mounted. He carried his suitcase to the sleazy City Hotel, where he still had to pay twenty-four pesos a day, or $2, for a filthy room with a sagging bed.

His third day in La Paz was Saturday, the fourth day Sunday. He had to wait.

The fifth day Marcelo awakened at 7:00 A.M. It took him half an hour to discover that a Line No. 5 bus descends from the Prado and down the Avenida Arce to the Ministry. The bus was already filled to capacity. Marcelo clung to a bar at the rear. At the Ministry, he was lucky to be tenth in line at the basement window. By 9:30 he had bought the blank identification form for eighteen pesos, or $1.50.

Next he was told to enter another section and obtain a tag lettered A, B, C, D, or E. There was an enormous line slowly passing a small table where a man was giving tags to each applicant. Only 130 tags were given. The last was received by the person fourth in line ahead of Marcelo.

It was 11:00 A.M. Soldiers fingering their machine guns ordered that all persons without tags remove themselves from the grounds. "The grounds" was an apt term. Marcelo had been standing in the open driveway to a former Ministry garage. Dressed in an unusual and uncomfortable suit and tie, he had no coat. The temperature was 37 degrees Fahrenheit. After standing there for an hour and a half, Marcelo was visibly trembling.

He returned to the City Hotel and ate a substantial combined breakfast and lunch. Since there was no heat in the hotel, he went to bed.

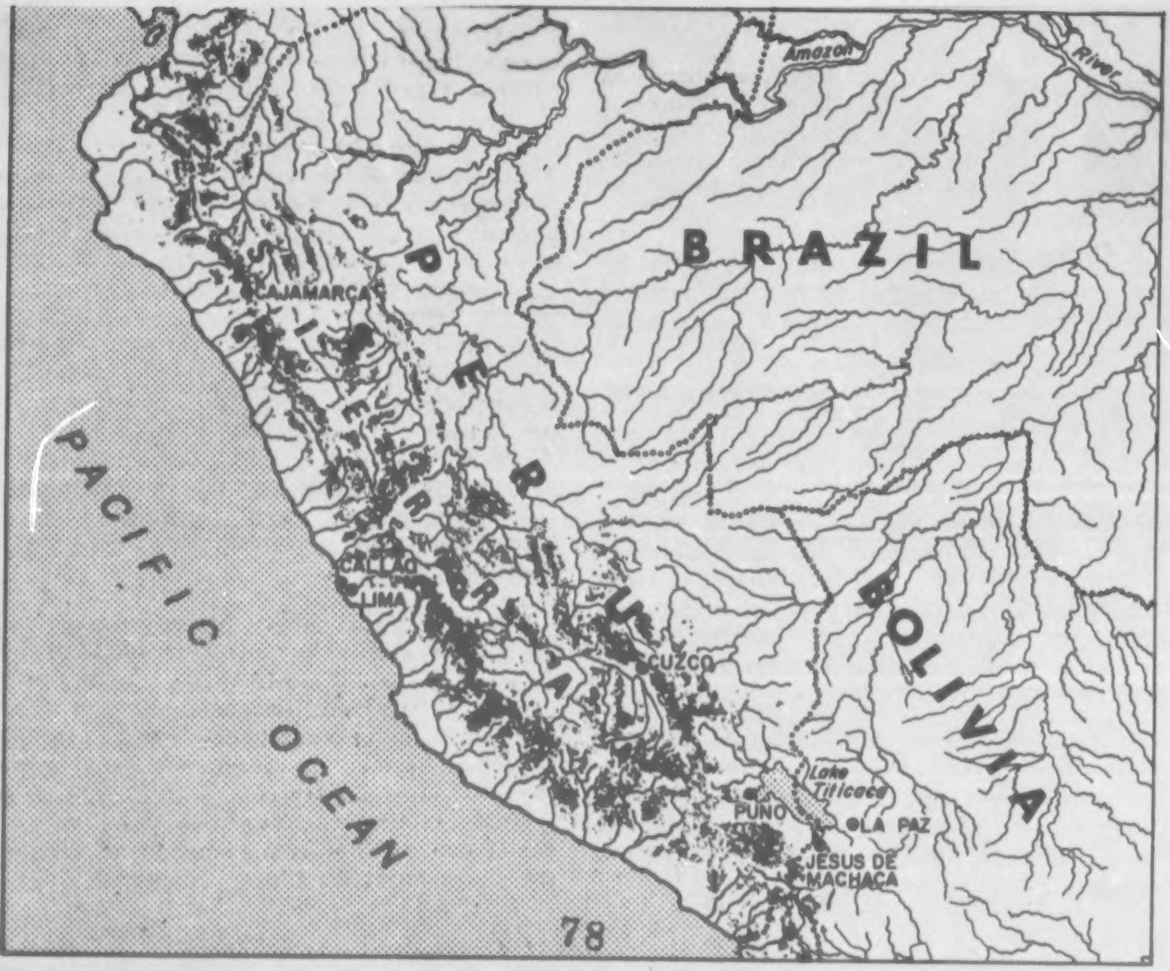
Marcelo awoke earlier on the sixth day. He dressed again in the suit and tie required for the photograph. This time he also donned a heavy coat, scarf, and gloves. He did not wear a hat because his only head covering was a *lluch'o*, a knitted cap with ear flaps and tassel, the badge of the Aymará-speaking Indians of the altiplano. He preferred to be identified as a *mestizo*, not as a *campesino*.

At 5:00 A.M. there were only twelve persons in line. By half-light of 6:30 there were a hundred persons waiting for the door to open. At 9:00 it opened. Inside it was colder than outside. There the sun had begun to warm the huddled people.

At 9:00 A.M. the doors opened from every side. Thirty well-dressed men slipped into the line ahead of Marcelo. A fight broke out between another man and one of the line-breakers. At 11:00 A.M. of his sixth day in La Paz Marcelo reached the small glass-protected table. At one side stood two soldiers with the ever-present machine guns. Behind the table sat a man in a shabby blue suit, crumpled sport shirt, and no necktie. He was already bored at the prospect of the day. Marcelo, almost reverently, placed before him a copy of his birth certificate and his record of military service. The man raised both eyebrows and pronounced, "You should know that legalized copies of birth certificates are not accepted here. If you return, come with a proper certificate. Adios."

Tired, cold, and hungry, Marcelo walked from the Ministry and up the Calle Ayacucho to the Post Office. He wanted to send a telegram to his brother in Jesus de Machaca. He needed help and money. But there is no telegraph line to Jesus de Machaca, so he had to send the telegram through a great uncle in Guaqui. Marcelo, with the hotel bill pending and almost nothing in his pocket, bought a five-cent frankfurter from a street stand. He spent the afternoon at the Cinema Mignon.

CARTOON REMOVED DUE TO COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS


Amazon
River
BRAZIL
PERU
SIERRA
CAJAMARCA
CALLAO
LIMA
CUZCO
BOLIVIA
Lake Titicaca
PUNO
LA PAZ
JESUS DE MACHACA
PACIFIC OCEAN

76 The "monolith" is drawn to represent the Ekeko, a stone carving of Indian, perhaps pre-Inca origin.

He spent another peso on a hamburger and returned to his bed in the hotel.

On the seventh day Marcelo received a telegram. His great uncle had boarded a truck from Guaqui to Jesus de Machaca.

On the eighth day Marcelo's older brother, Luciano, arrived in the early evening in another truck from Jesus de Machaca. He brought one thousand pesos obtained by selling two of the family's eucalyptus trees.

The ninth day was a Friday and matters were pressing. Guided by the older brother and by the helpful Ministry guard, Marcelo found that the next step was to have his original birth certificate, brought by Luciano, confirmed by the official registry. Directed to a window on the ground floor, he found no one. At a desk on the first floor he was told that there would be someone at the Registry window in a short time. In fifteen minutes a youth came to the window. He took the original birth certificate and tried to compare it with the archive books. The number of the registry book on the original certificate was 164. After half an hour it was found that the entry by the departmental officials had been made in book 165. This was noted on the original. Every correct datum was confirmed with a red pencil, including the fact that Marcelo was legitimate.

Marcelo was then directed to a secretary on the ground floor who would make copies of the confirmed original. Distracting her from talk with other secretaries, he discovered that *he* must purchase blank forms and stamps for copies of the birth certificate. Where? In the basement. Another line, but not a long one.

"What do you want?"

"Two blank forms for legalized and legal copies of a confirmed birth certificate."

"They cost 12,500 bolivianos each," threatened the clerk.

Marcelo was old enough to understand that the clerk was using the old currency denomination instead of the new peso. Marcelo converted 12,500 bolivianos to 12 pesos and 50 centavos, or $1.04.

It was the ninth day, and failure meant more expensive days wasted in the City Hotel. Marcelo was emboldened: "I want two forms for 25 pesos." Taken aback, the clerk said, "I am closed for the day."

It was 4:30 in the afternoon. No progress could be made without copies of the birth certificate. Saturday and Sunday were lost. Marcelo and Luciano bought a bottle of wine.

Monday morning of the twelfth day, Marcelo and Luciano went to the Ministry at 9:00 A.M. During the weekend they had recruited their father's brother who worked in La Paz. The three descended upon the Civil Registry of the Ministry of the Interior. The uncle, a veteran of the Chaco War, was in a fighting mood. He too would lose a day's pay, but he wanted to help his two nephews. They had already lost a total of seventeen days' work. The great uncle in Guaqui had lost two.

As a determined trio they changed the manner of Marcello's reception. They obtained the two forms for twenty-five pesos. They trooped to the main office on the ground floor. The secretaries broke their conversations quickly and made the two copies. What next?

Two one peso stamps for each of the two copies. Back to the basement. Stamps bought. Ground floor. Stamps canceled. A final stamp and signature after a long wait for the Secretary General of the Civil Register, Section IV, Don Nestor Gonzales Romero. The rubber stamp covered over the year of birth, so Marcelo became born April 9, 19 (smudge). Exit.

"What luck?" asked the soldier. Marcelo showed him the birth certificate complete with the Seal of the Nation, tax stamps canceled by the National Directorate of Civil Registry, signature and rubro of the National Directorate of Civil Registry, rubro of the Minister of Interior (Sub-Secretary of Justice); and seal, signature, and stamp of the Secretary General of Civil Registry, Section IV.

"Ah, but the certificate does not have the dry seal." Marcelo's uncle was moved to exclamations considered inappropriate to these pages. The guard explained, "the final act for a birth certificate copy is impression of the Great Seal of the Civil Registry embossed in the lower left corner of the paper." Re-enter. Another line. Another desk. Four young secretaries all drinking coffee. An attendant brought sugar and cream to the secretaries. The clock hands which everyone was watching approached 6:00 P.M. Uncle Damaso became impatient. He proclaimed in a loud voice that he was a "Veteran of the Chaco War." The secretaries, who had only a faint idea of where the Chaco was, put down their cups and one attended Uncle

Damaso. A seal appeared from a desk drawer and was carefully embossed at the lower left of the certificate below the canceled tax stamps.

* * * * *

Luciano returned to Jesus de Machaca. Don Damaso, his uncle, returned to work. Marcelo returned to the City Hotel.

On the thirteenth day, after another cold four-hour wait, the doors of the Civil Registry opened. Marcelo presented his birth certificate copy and his military booklet. He was given a tag marked "C" and sent to another desk to be fingerprinted. The functionary applied ink to Marcello's eight fingers and two thumbs. The impressions were then rolled onto a card with ten spaces. On the blank card (*Cedula de Identidad*) was impressed the print of the right thumb, marked with a number.

Marcelo went to desk C. He was given a national number, valid for six years. He had also to swear that his name was Don Marcelo Fulano, born "April 21, 19xx" (the copier mistook the baptismal date for the birthdate).

Marcelo then joined another line at another window. He asked for a number so that his photograph would carry the same number on the negative.

Then he waited. There were no seats. Marcelo waited two hours. When his number was called he went to the line for the photographer. He waited again. At last, the photograph was made.

Marcelo hurried back to the main desk before 6:00 P.M. He asked when he might have his identification card. He was told, "Your photographs will be ready Monday at 6:00 P.M." Marcelo now knew that the Ministry closed completely at five minutes to six. He planned to return to the fight Tuesday morning. This left him six idle but expensive days. So on the fourteenth Marcelo returned to Jesus de Machaca. Since he did not want to pay the ten pesos for a bus, he took a truck for seven pesos. He spent four days with his family before returning to La Paz on the nineteenth day, Monday, May 18. At 5:30 P.M., before the offices closed, he went to the photograph section. "No, the photographs are not ready. Tomorrow morning."

On the twentieth day Marcelo returned. "Yes, the photographs are developed and printed. They will be sent back to Desk C." Desk C would attach a photograph to the card which would then be complete. Except to encase the card, photograph, and thumbprint in plastic. This would be ready in three days. Marcelo returned to his town on the altiplano. On the twenty-third day of his effort to obtain an identity card, he came again to La Paz. He went directly to Desk C. Lines are shorter at the end of the process because many persons have given up the attempt, or have exhausted their resources. Marcelo was given his plasticized identity card.

Marcelo was now ready to start work on a passport, and then on a Peruvian visa.

The charge for an identification card is only eighteen pesos. Getting a card requires much more than that, however. Marcelo estimates that he spent 1,500 pesos ($125). Twenty-three days of work were lost. His brother lost five days, his uncle one, and his great uncle lost two days. These matters are complicated in Bolivia and elsewhere. But what else could Marcelo have done? He did, after all, receive an identification card.

## ERACLIO MAMANI

### Adjusting to Urban Poverty

Being poor is no joy anywhere. But rural peasants who migrate to become urban poor suffer particular problems. Urban poverty, such as that experienced by Eraclio, a Peruvian peasant who sought his fortune in Lima, is cruel.

Eraclio Mamani is a *serrano*. He was born and bred in the mountain town of Huamachuco. He became a *criollo*, an urbanite, through a remarkable demonstration of endurance, cleverness, and will power. His case is typical of the difficulties facing the *serrano* who is determined to break the class-caste barrier.

Eraclio's parents owned their land in Huamachuco and raised potatoes and corn. They had a few cows and other animals which they kept close by the house.

The Mamanis were well respected and considered "good people of Huamachuco." Eraclio himself was educated; he had completed the seventh grade. When he was seventeen years old, he asked his parents' permission to go to Lima and enter the Naval Technical School. The fascinating stories of the capital city had gripped him as they grip thousands of others. His parents opposed his plan because he was the eldest male child. He would inherit the lands and become a farmer.

So Eraclio ran away from home, after robbing his father of 3,000 soles. He took a bus to Trujillo, which cost him 80 soles. There a truck driver gave him passage from Trujillo to Lima. The driver needed an assistant to collect fares from the other passengers and do odd jobs. He offered Eraclio 20 soles and his meals during the journey.

Eraclio's only thought was to get to Lima. He accepted, although at each police control post he had to hide himself under the merchandise. He was underage for such work. If caught, he would have been returned to Huamachuco. During the trip to Lima Eraclio was so ill he had to refuse the driver's offer of food. Sucking on a lemon helped, and entering the city of Lima caused the boy to forget his nausea. He was astounded by the traffic, the number of buses, the high buildings, and the immensity of the city. They arrived at night and the abundance of light astonished Eraclio.

Eraclio's first job for the truck driver was unloading. They finished in three hours, after which Eraclio fell asleep in the truck. The next morning when the driver left the truck briefly to make some purchases, Eraclio hastily disappeared. He certainly did not wish to return to Trujillo or to Huamachuco.

He spent the whole day wandering through the sprawling central market, called the Terminal. He was looking for a hotel where he could leave his box of belongings. Many youths looked at him and laughed, while others followed him at a distance. Finally he was forced to stand near a policeman or duck into a store. He knew that he was fair prey for thieves. He tightly clutched the box containing his clothing, school certificates, some books, a silver picture frame, and one of his mother's bracelets.

On the outskirts of the Terminal Eraclio found a hotel. The room cost 20 soles a day. Tired as he was, he washed, changed his clothes, and put 50 soles in his pocket and the rest of his money in a sock. Then he went out to look for the Naval Institute. He was sure that this would be a simple matter because the Institute must be a very important place. He asked one man, then another, and another. Not one had any idea where it was. Some said that it was in Callao, the port, but no one would give him exact directions. If he insisted, they would say, "Over that way, man." Then they would laugh about the *serrano* from the mountains.

After these rebuffs, he stopped attempting to get information from *criollos*. He tried asking his fellow *serranos* instead. Finally, a boy told him to take the streetcar from the Plaza San Martin to Callao. Eraclio took it and finally found the Naval Institute. There he was told that no volunteers were needed at that time (January). The next call for volunteers would be in May.

The youth went outside and cried over his bad luck. But it is not wise for a person to show his distress publicly. Before long a sly character approached him and asked about his troubles. Eraclio told his story to the man, who then asked him if he had the necessary money and certificates to enter the Navy. The boy said yes. The man began his confidence game.

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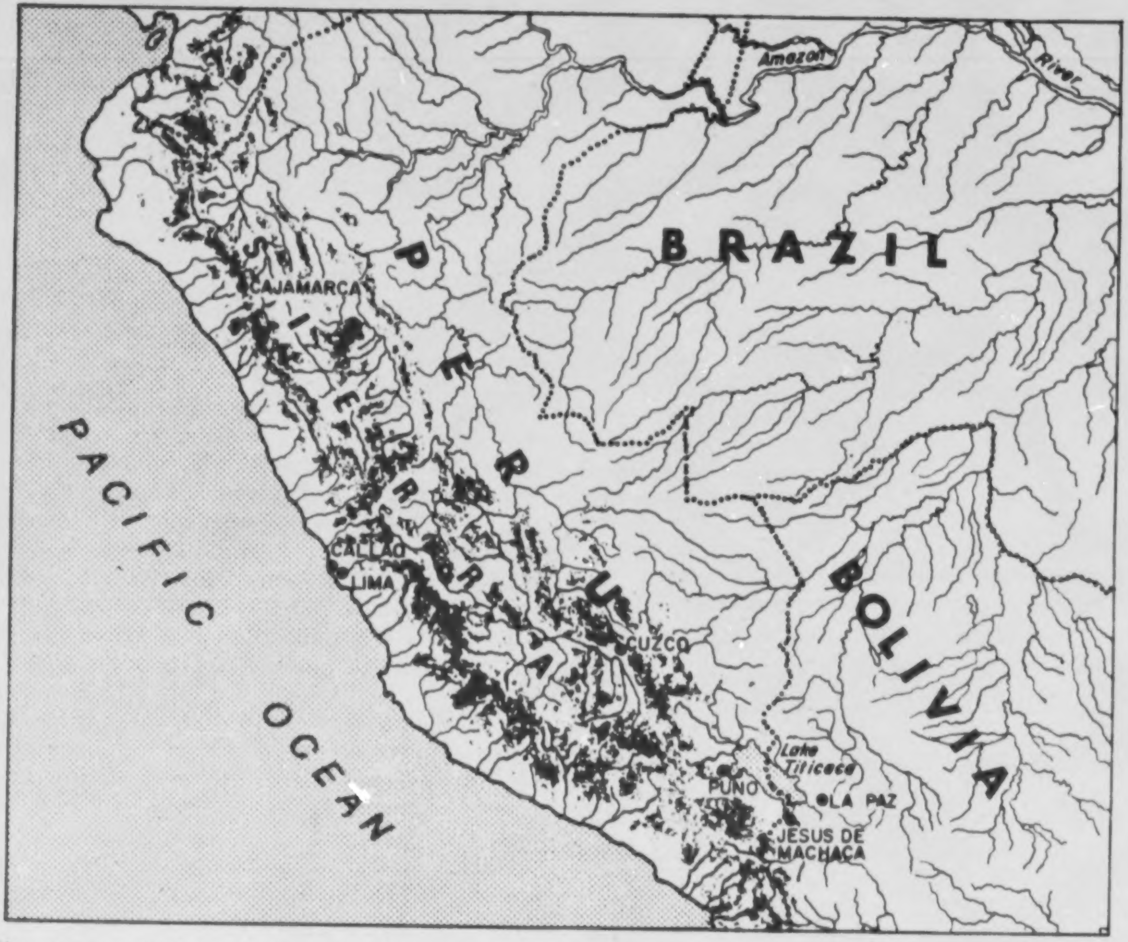

The con man had a well-dressed accomplice. He introduced him to Eraclio as Frigate Captain Rivera. For a fee, the "Captain" promised to use his influence and arrange Eraclio's entrance into the Institute. Then he went off in the general direction of the Institute, taking Eraclio's documents and photographs. Half an hour later, he returned with a piece of paper with Eraclio's name on it and various signatures. He said the entrance had been approved. Eraclio thanked the "Captain" profusely and paid him 600 soles for the service.

Eraclio returned happily to his hotel in a taxi. All was solved. After a few years of study he could return to Huamachuco as a naval officer. His parents would forgive him, and they would be happy that he had done so well. All the people of the town would admire him. That same night he began to study the books he had brought along.

The next day Eraclio went to explore the Terminal. He was bewildered by the number of people moving noisily to and fro. There were vendors, games of chance, gypsies, and charlatans of all descriptions. He amused himself with the games and ate a good lunch. His only regret was that he had no friend from Huamachuco to share his pleasure.

The next day Eraclio returned with his piece of paper to the Naval Institute. He showed the paper to a Naval officer. The officer shook his head, and said there was no such person as either "Capitan Rivera" or "the Admiral."

The boy, who was not stupid, realized that he had been duped. He begged the officer's pardon, and told him how he had secured the paper. Eraclio gave a description of the confidence men to a second officer. Both officers told the boy to trust nobody in Lima. The city people were not like the people of Huamachuco. When the *cuentistas*, confidence men, were caught Eraclio would be called to identify them. This was the end of the boy's naval career.

Eraclio returned to his hotel, not knowing what to do. He had neither family nor friends in Lima, and no work. But he was determined not to return to Huamachuco as a failure. Somehow he must find work.

Thus Eraclio's life in the Terminal began. He first looked for the truck driver who had brought him to Lima. He had offered him a job hauling goods back and forth from Trujillo for 20 soles a day. Eraclio could not find him. After a week of searching, he saw that his money was melting away. He was afraid to speak with anyone because they all seemed able to take advantage of his ignorance.

Then one day he was wandering in the produce section of the Terminal. A woman asked him to carry a bundle of things she had bought from the stalls to a taxi. She gave him 10 soles. (The normal payment was from 1 to 3 soles a bundle.) Thus he discovered that carrying things in the Terminal is a business in itself. That morning he made about twelve more trips and earned 30 soles.

Eraclio lived this way for two weeks, getting up very early in the morning to earn more money. He tried to keep away from the other carriers. They called him a "pirate" and threatened to beat him up if they found him carrying bundles again.

After seventeen days in the Terminal, Eraclio finally made a friend. He was a *serrano* from Huancayo, in the central mountains of Peru. Each was able to tell the other his problems. His friend, Ricardo, was a waiter in the Chinese-*criollo* restaurant where Eraclio usually ate. He was willing to share his small room with Eraclio and divide the rent. So Eraclio went to live with Ricardo.

After a week and on Ricardo's recommendation, Eraclio got a job in the Chinese restaurant. The work paid 450 soles (about $18) a month, plus his food. His hours were from nine o'clock in the morning to ten at night.

At first Eraclio wanted to quit the restaurant job. He had to put up with ridicule and jokes from the *criollo* customers. They laughed at his names, which were unmistakably *serrano*. Finally, when asked his name, Eraclio decided to answer "Pedro Rodriguez." The name was so common no one could laugh. His first wages went to buy summer clothing to replace his ill-suited clothing of sheep and llama wool.

He had no difficulties in the *pensión* where he lived with Ricardo. It was occupied entirely by *serranos*. As time passed, Eraclio became more lively and aware. He would answer jokes made about him. And occasionally he was able to return the jest at the expense of the person baiting him. He learned the custom of *carrosel*, which is a trick of most waiters in the restaurants of the Terminal. The waiter will undercharge a friend by 5 or 7 soles, and in return the friend slips the waiter 2 or 3 soles.

The work of a waiter, however, was not satisfying for the ambitious Eraclio. The hours were long and confining, and the job was both rushed and boring. After seven months Eraclio decided to quit. He would try his luck as a street vendor. He made friends with a *serrano* vendor and asked him how much capital it took to get started, and how much one could expect to earn a day. The vendor told him that he had spent 500 soles on his wares and managed to clear from 60 to 80 soles a day.

Eraclio watched the ways and manners of the street vendors. Finally he decided he was ready to start his own business selling plastic articles, vases, baskets, washbasins, pots, and so forth. He asked one vendor where he could buy stock. He also told the man how much money he had to invest (900 soles). This scared even his *serrano* friend, who was afraid of the competition. He told him that this particular business was bad and that some other line, such as perfumes, would be better.

Throughout this learning process, Eraclio showed a remarkable ability to distinguish between straight information and falsehood. And he knew how to get information by devious means. He went to another *serrano* vendor and asked him, please, how he could buy a large quantity of such and such articles. He said he wanted to take them back for sale to his home community in the mountains. The vendor guilelessly gave him the proper directions.

Eraclio bought 800 soles worth of stock and a folding table. He set up his stall in the fifth block of Avenida Aviación. But business was slow. By two o'clock that afternoon he had sold nothing. He also had not eaten lunch. A woman finally approached to ask the price of a washbasin. Deciding to make this sale at any cost, Eraclio quoted a price well below that fixed by the other vendors of the Terminal. The woman bought the basin, a basket, and some pots. This activity attracted other persons to Eraclio's table, and thus began the vendors' first discount operation.

At first his pricing policy touched off fights with the other street vendors. Then he raised prices somewhat, as business went better for him. He even began to make friends among neighboring *criollo* vendors.

Soon Eraclio moved to a *callejón*, a multifamily dwelling only two blocks from his business. Most of the residents were *criollos*, many of them thieves. He soon discovered what a high price he had been paying in the pension. His room in the *callejón* cost only 250 soles a month—with light, water, and a small cookstove. Such are the advantages of becoming a *criollo*.

At first, living with *criollos* in the *callejón* was not easy. But Eraclio was already used to jokes and ridicule. Within three days he was becoming acquainted with his fellow residents. The noise of the children in the rooms around his gave him great pleasure. And on Saturdays there were fiestas with music and dancing.

Eraclio tried to enter into the activities of his age group and become more *criollo*. Although he did not like it, he began to drink beer. He did not like to gamble, but he began to place small bets on the horses. Then he bought a soccer ball and used this to bring out some of the *callejón criollo* gang.

After six months in the *callejón* Eraclio had become more and more like the *criollos*. He had adopted the accent and picked up some slang. This was especially difficult, for the *criollos* make great efforts to change their slang so that they can carry on conversations which ordinary residents of Lima cannot understand. Eraclio even earned a nickname—something absolutely necessary for *criollo* inner circles. He was now called "Cholo Recio," which means "strong guy."

Eraclio was admitted to a club, "Sacachispas," the "Sparklers." Some took advantage of his generosity with money, until he started to make some special friends. They told the gang, "don't try to live off the Cholo Recio." A major sign of his acceptance was when he began to pay only his fair share of collective expenses, such as for taxis and the Sunday morning rental of a soccer field.

Eraclio attempted to take on all possible *criollo* characteristics, not only accent and slang. He wore colored shirts with the sleeves rolled up in a certain way. He wore a hat according to the new fad. He wore pointed shoes with moderately high Cuban heels. He adopted the *criollo* manner of gesturing, and he walked like a *criollo*, swaggering rather than walking heavily like a farmer. He wore his belt loose enough to hang down in front and he wore sunglasses even in the darkest bars.

Eraclio had adopted *criollo* ways in a remarkably short time. He is now in the process of escape from the Terminal. His street-vending business has expanded and he has about 3,000 soles invested in his merchandise. His net profit is at least 1,400 soles (a little more than $50) a week—most of which he places in the bank. He is thinking of putting up a more elaborate stall to sell china and glassware in the market of Brena, where the "better people" shop. Through no coincidence, he has a girl in the Brena market who sells fruit there. He intends to propose to her, but has not yet had the courage to do so.

Eraclio visits his home in the sierra from time to time, but they are only visits. He says he has been forgiven by his parents. They want him to return home, but he has been captivated by Lima. Even if his parents were to leave him an inheritance of land, he would sell it. With the proceeds he would enlarge his business and move out of the Terminal. He would also bring his younger brother from Huamachuco to Lima.

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. Do you know anyone like Eraclio?
2. Could he learn to live as easily in your community as he did in Lima?
3. What do you think of Eraclio's progression from a *serrano* to a *criollo*?
4. What are the determinants for social mobility in Lima's lower-class culture? What are they in yours?
5. How do culture and class interact in Lima? In your culture?
6. If you lived in Lima, would you rather be a *serrano* or a *criollo*?
7. Why do you think Eraclio was successful in his progression from rural peasant to urban *serrano* to *criollo* vendor?
8. Is Eraclio likely to succeed as a merchant in the better market of Brena?

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## VENEZUELAN TRAGEDY

Latin America has the highest rate of urbanization in the world. It has enjoyed this dubious distinction for the last three decades. For most of that time, Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, grew faster than any other major city on the continent.

Hundreds of thousands of people abandoned their poverty-stricken past to seek a more prosperous future in Caracas. Most eventually came to live in the city's famous *ranchos*. Today roughly one-third of the Caracas population lives in such squatter settlements. Their shelters, also called *ranchos*, are constructed from scrap metal, the usable rubbish from construction sites, and other debris. But over time, many of the *rancho* inhabitants work to improve their housing and make it permanent.

The Caracas city government has also tried to help the migrants. Because slum settlements are a response to the acute shortage of low-cost housing, various Venezuelan governments have taken action to provide alternative shelter.

Between 1954 and 1957 the Perez Jimenez regime managed to eradicate thousands of *rancho* shacks in the western sector of the city. Many of their inhabitants were resettled in 15-story public housing projects, called *superbloques*. Today 51 of these pastel-colored towers stand on the knolls of Catia and dominate the skyline of western Caracas. They overlook the sprawling acres of new *rancho* shacks like scarred and stained temple monuments presiding over the rubble of a bombed city.

The *superbloque* relocation plan cost roughly $200 million. It followed the example of the "slum clearance" programs then in fashion in the United States. At the time the Perez Jimenez dictatorship fell, the hills surrounding the *superbloques* had been cleared of *ranchos* and several new apartment buildings, still unoccupied, had just been finished. As a result of the popular uprising and street fighting that preceded the dictator's fall, *rancho*-dwellers from other neighborhoods swarmed into *superbloques*. They seized some 3,800 apartments that were awaiting occupancy. When the new apartment buildings were filled with squatters, others camped in the community facilities such as shopping centers, the movie house, and schools serving the housing project. The project was renamed *23 de Enero* for the date of the dictator's predawn flight into exile.

Four-fifths of the family-heads of the squatters occupying the *superbloques* were migrants to Caracas. Their average period of residence was 13 years. Before the insurrection against Perez Jimenez there were 9,649 apartments and no shacks in the area of the *23 de Enero* housing project. But the vacant land was so quickly and heavily invaded that by 1961 those in *ranchos* outnumbered the *superbloque* population of 105,000.

### Life in a Typical *Rancho*

The precarious condition of those who live in *ranchos* is shown when the rains come each year.

The rains attack the hills and the *quebradas*, or small ravines, along which the *ranchos* are packed. There are some 50 *quebradas* that abruptly descend the forested mountain walls that form the valley in which Caracas is cradled. As they reach toward the valley floor the *quebradas* become filled almost daily, in the dark afternoons from May to November, with sudden rushes of muddy waters that sweep violently down the ravines, coming perilously close to the shacks that are massed along their banks. Small children stick their heads out of wooden and canvas windows and doorways and sometimes venture onto the primitive catwalks that cross the ravines. They watch the swirling waters carry away old newspapers and tin cans and human excrement, for the floods serve as the only sewage system. The rains crash noisily against the flat roofs of corrugated tin, weighted down with bricks and old tires and pieces of wrecked furniture so the wind won't blow them away. Yet the rains do their work more subtly and destructively within the soil. The soil's decomposition has been accelerated by the filtrations of sewage down the steep, shack-covered hillsides. The underground seepage has weakened the foundations of some of the monumental construction projects of Venezuela's decades of oil prosperity: speedways, tunnels, dams, stadiums, office towers, as well as the *superbloques*. The "rural city" of the *ranchos* is besieging and forcing its way into the asphalt city of public works and government budgets, on hilltops and under bridges, at every unlocked door and political opportunity. The stripping away of hillside vegetation to build *ranchos* has made erosion much more rapid and violent. It has caused landslides onto superhighways and necessitated evacuation of hundreds of families from the *superbloques*. When it rains on these hills the soil becomes like a soaked and distended sponge. These subterranean filtrations have been aggravated even by good intentions. Successive governments have been laying water pipes in *rancho* communities, while failing to install sewers at the same time. (In 1969 one-fourth of the population of Greater Caracas lacked piped water, while three-fourths lacked sewers). The real danger comes when the subsoil begins to dry after three or four rainless days. The ground water evacuates the sponge and great cracks appear on hillsides and on the walls of buildings, like the first fissures of an earthquake. The cracks show that the hills and *ranchos* have become perilously unstable. At any moment a house may plunge into the ravine below.

### Barrio Medina Angarita

At 3:20 A.M. on Sunday, September 28, 1969, eight persons were buried alive by a landslide. They lived in the *barrio* named after President Isaías Medina Angarita—who was overthrown in the "October Revolution" of 1945. It is part of a shack city of 70-100,000 people that has been settled since 1958 and is still expanding. Each new cluster of *ranchos* is built on a more improbable and perilous incline. Medina Angarita was a dumping ground, first for garbage and then for excavated earth from the construction of the *superbloques*. The *rancho* where most of the Soteldo-Sequera family was buried under several tons of earth was located at the very edge of Medina Angarita. Here recent migrants from the countryside had planted small plots of corn and beans outside their shacks. It took three full days and nights of digging by firemen and soldiers, using bulldozers, to find the corpses of eight of the twelve persons who occupied the rather sturdy two-room *rancho* made of hollow, salmon-colored bricks that sell for a dime each at hardware stores.

The bodies of two women and six children were ultimately discovered among the wreckage of the family's television set, furniture and refrigerator. They were buried with artifacts such as dance records, a doll's head, beer bottles, a child's composition book, and assorted cosmetics. The two women were Isabel Soteldo, 28, mother of three of the dead children, who earned $22 for a seven-day week as a short-order cook in a restaurant, and Sofía Soteldo, 21, who worked as a cleaning woman in the Teachers' Association building in downtown Caracas.

### The Family Soteldo-Sequera

Flor María Soteldo, 52, is a demure, gray-haired peasant woman. She is one of the three survivors of the landslide, the mother of three of the victims and grandmother of the other five. "We had been living in that *rancho* for three years," she said.

> My husband, Julián Sanchez, was not at home that night. He had found work as a *guachimán* [watchman] and was on the job, so there were only eleven of us in the *rancho*. We noticed at nightfall that the pig we kept in the yard was very restless. When I went to the window to see what was wrong I saw the grass moving. I told my daughters, and

> Sofia answered: "We must take care. It may be thieves chasing the pig."
>
> The pig kept screaming all night, and I stayed awake until very late. Israel, my 15-year-old son, had gone to a wrestling match and hadn't returned yet. Israel finally arrived at 12:30 A.M. Then I went outside to the public faucet beside the cement stairway that ran between the *ranchos*, and I filled our gasoline cans with water for the next day. I went back to the house and undressed for bed.
>
> Soon, after my daughters had turned off the light, I heard the pig screaming again, this time desperately. It was as if he wanted to escape from the corral. Then we heard a noise on the hillside. "Something strange is happening, Sofia," I told my daughter. Sofia turned on the light and went to the window. "Mama, for God's sake, the hill is coming down on our heads!" she shouted. We ran out the door, trying to escape. Then Isabel screamed: "We must save the children!" Sofia handed me Ana Irene, her daughter, and went back into the *rancho* to get the other children. José, my 13-year-old son, followed me to the door. Then I felt the hill was coming down all at once. I began to run, half-naked and without shoes and with the little girl in my arms. I fell, twisting a leg, so now I can hardly walk. I continued on, carrying the little girl, knowing that my son José was escaping at my side.
>
> I didn't fully realize what had happened until several minutes later, when I sat on the stairway between the other *ranchos*, burying my head in my nightgown, while people around me screamed.

Until the night of the landslide, the story of the Soteldo-Sequera family was not untypical of the country people who have been migrating to Caracas in recent decades. The family was among the 160,000 peasant families who were "beneficiaries" of the Venezuelan agrarian reform. Today three-fifths of the people have abandoned their parcels owing to inadequate financial and technical support and because of the lure of the cities. Flor Soteldo continued a story that is common to many.

> After Sequera, my first husband, died I went to live with Julián Sanchez. Ten years ago he brought us from Yaracuy to Portuguesa State in the *llanos* because he heard the agrarian reform was giving out land there.
>
> We planted rice and corn in Portuguesa, but our crops were drowned in the floods. We ended up owing nearly $1,000 to the Banco Agricola for crop loans and so we abandoned our plot of land. By then both my daughters had gone to Caracas to work as housemaids. Sofia went to live with a taxi driver named Gilberto Acosta and had two children by him. But two years ago Gilberto was shot dead by a traffic cop who was trying to rob a passenger of his. After Gilberto's death, Sofia went to work as a cleaning woman and sent for me to come to Caracas to take care of the children. Isabel, my other daughter, had gone to live with a man with whom she had three kids. When this man abandoned her, she and her children came to live with us, too.
>
> Both my daughters had learned to read since they came to Caracas by going to night school. When they died, Sofia was in the fourth grade and Isabel was in the third.

## The Future

To avoid such disasters in the future, city authorities have annually evacuated and torn down some 8,000 *ranchos* sheltering 50,000 persons. Some of the evacuees have been lodged temporarily in an abandoned jail across the road from the *barrio* Medina Angarita, others in an old city garage. This year some 420 families have been kept in the Heliocoide. This is a huge, uncompleted shopping center of spiral ramps—a $15 million white elephant of the Perez Jimenez era and still a spectacular landmark of the Caracas skyline. The Heliocoide has stood abandoned since 1959, except for the occasional incursions of squatters, drunks, and teenage gangs.

According to Jorge Murat, the head of the Caracas Municipal Council's Emergency Relief Department, there are great problems arising from tearing down *ranchos* when they are threatened by a landslide. "Most of the people refuse to move at first, despite the danger," Murat said.

> They keep asking us, "Who's going to pay for our *rancho*? That's all we have." They're

> very stubborn about this, although we keep telling them that the hillside is going to come down on their heads. We try to find apartments for them in public housing projects. But half of them can't afford the down payment or the $20-a-month rent. So we truck their belongings to another place, and they build *ranchos* on the outskirts of the city. However, our greatest problem is that they always come back to build *ranchos* in the most dangerous places, like the Rock of Tarpeya near the Heliocoide, where we have had to come back six times to tear down *ranchos*. The problem is that Caracas has run out of vacant land.

At the spot where the Soteldo-Sequera family was buried alive in the *barrio* Medina Angarita, a cross stood for two years. Then early in 1972 the cross was removed and a *rancho* was built in its place. The *rancho* was built on a 45-degree slope, and its walls were made of scrap wood and rusted corrugated tin with holes plugged by wads of paper. Inside there was a boxwood table and a broken plastic armchair on the earthen floor. Electricity and piped water were installed six months ago. "We are from the Oriente, from Cantaura in Anzoátegui State, where we planted corn on our own small plot of land," said the young woman who was living where the cross had stood.

> There's nothing out there in Anzoategui anymore: no work, no nothing. We came to Caracas nine months ago and lived two weeks with a cousin. We built our *rancho* here because we got tired of looking for a place. We know it's dangerous here and people have died, so perhaps the government will give us a good house.

[UNITED NATIONS PHOTO, PL/AB, 104,919, page 85 and PL/AB, 104,917, page 86.]

## LIMA'S UNDERWORLD: The Tacora

*Criollos* are Peruvians born on the coast. The Terminal is the name of Lima's retail and wholesale market. The *criollo* underworld uses the Terminal as the main center of its life and activities. There are two different but compatible kinds of underworld people, thugs and thieves. Thugs (*hampones*) will go to any extreme of physical violence. Thieves (*rateros*) rob without violence. Most thieves are adolescents who have graduated from being small "fruit birds" to purse-snatching and robbing unguarded houses and businesses. When they commit assaults they become thugs by definition.

The underworld is active throughout the Terminal and in the surrounding hotels and other living units. It is most in evidence in the thieves' market, called "Tacora," across the street from the formal confines of the Terminal.

Directly across from the Terminal is a block-long row of cobblers, with their benches, sewing machines, and busy knives and hammers. This street is a main artery out of the city. Many tourists stop to take photographs of the industrious cobblers. Hidden behind the shoe-piled stalls, however, stretches Tacora. There one can find an infinite variety of goods which are very cheap. They are cheap because of the means by which they are obtained—robbery.

In Tacora are clothes, appliances, furniture, and what-have-you. The specialty is automobile parts—tools, accessories, tires, and batteries. And it is a good business.

Even the casual visitor to Lima is impressed with the great number of still functioning but almost derelict vehicles which operate as taxis or "collective taxis." Automobiles of recent date continue to circulate despite obvious signs that they have been salvaged from wrecks that would have sent them to the junkyards in other countries. Other automobiles which must first have begun their travels thirty or more years ago struggle along with unmatched wheels, boiling radiators, and doors fastened with loops of rope. Tacora is one secret of their longevity. "Used parts" are sold there at a price low enough to make it possible to maintain vehicles which elsewhere would have been junked. They are not junked in Peru.

Any vehicle which will still move can furnish a precarious livelihood for one of the drivers who transport workers who live far from their places of employment.

The stolen vehicles are disassembled elsewhere. Then the parts are taken to Tacora. Wheels, tires, batteries, radios, and other parts can be separated quickly from a standing vehicle. They may appear again in the market only hours after the car is stolen. The stripped down body of the car may be left on an empty lot. If a customer does not find what he wants, he "orders" it. The part is delivered as soon as it can be stolen.

Tacora also provides low-priced clothing. *Serranos*, people from the mountains, who want to appear more *criollo* often buy there. *Criollos* who can afford no better shop in Tacora as do the market produce handlers and peons of the Terminal who seem indifferent to what they wear. The clothing has typically been stolen or pawned. Sometimes a Tacora dealer buys clothing from someone disposing of the belongings of a person who has died. But many dealers reveal a greater sense of uneasiness in dealing with a dead man's clothing than with clothing which has merely been stolen, so it is unwise to discuss sources.

The Tacora ensures its own continuity. There is its informal system of schools for criminals in the Terminal. Some say the schools are a product of the penal system and of increased police vigilance in Lima. Actually, police activity has increased, but not in the Terminal. It is a virtual criminal preserve. There is an easy explanation. When long-term prisoners are released from El Frontón (an island prison in the bay of Callao) or El Cepa (a prison colony in the eastern tropical lowlands), they are of "an advanced age." Often they suffer from disease, and no longer have the "agility" to lead gangs of housebreakers. Their solution—and this without benefit of having read Dickens' *Oliver Twist*—is to teach groups of beginners. All the thieves share in the proceeds. The thief schools are located in Tacora both because of the relative freedom from police and because of the abundance of recruits in the Terminal.

The "course" takes from four to six months. It begins with lessons in purse-snatching and pocket-picking. The pickpockets are taught to work in packed buses. Then comes instruction in house-breaking and entering business buildings. As the students move from thieves to thugs, they are taught offensive and defensive fighting. This includes the use of the knife (*la punta* or *chaveta*). To give them courage and dull their fears, they are introduced to coca and alcohol. Some wishing to appear particularly valiant drink gasoline before they attempt a robbery.

The schools and the gangs are all male. They are also completely *criollo*. No *serranos* participate in these closed groups unless they have spent many years in the Terminal. Very few completely cross the line and become *criollos*. Yet a mountain custom, complete with its Quechua name, has become a part of the rites for bolstering bravery. The same *criollo* gangs who ridicule the *serranos* in the Terminal for chewing coca in public themselves chew it in the secrecy of their groups.

Secrecy, a wall of silence between the gangs and outsiders, is a requirement for a society of this sort. Those who break the rule of silence are punished. A relatively minor offender is cut about the face in a way to leave scars. More serious offenders have the tendons of their legs cut. They become cripples. If the offense is very serious, the thug is taken by one or two gangs who usually kill him. Such crimes are almost never solved because they are carried out among criminals.

Among the gangs there is some competition on the level of "who is the most *macho*," or recognition as "King of the *hampa criolla*." One such *Rey del Hampa* was the realization of comic-book fantasies. His nickname was "Tatán." He was described as "an audacious robber who always wore the best suits and had a gold tooth set with a diamond." Tatán was killed in prison in 1962 by another prisoner. He in turn was killed nine days later by what was reported to have been a group of avenging prisoners. Somehow, for the people of the Terminal, this was a satisfying end for a man who could hardly have aged gracefully.

* * *

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. Do you know a place like Tacora?
2. Why do you suppose business is so good in Tacora?
3. If a city planner decided to close down Tacora and build a housing project there instead, who do you think would object?
4. How many goods and services does Tacora provide?

## GETTING LICENSED

"How long have you been here? Several days?" The two young people laughed at the implication.

"Only seven hours," was the reply.

"Is that all?" They laughed again. "Getting a license is not so easy, eh?"

"Oh, I'm not applying for a license. I'm being paid to hold this place in line."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What is a license?
2. What is the purpose of licensing?
3. What kinds of skills are licensed?
4. What are the typical procedures in getting licensed?
5. What are the advantages of being licensed?
6. What are the advantages and risks of being unlicensed?
7. How are licenses, laws, government, and urbanization interrelated?
8. Who do you know who has been licensed and what do they say about the procedures?
9. Who should license practitioners? How should regulations governing licensing be set? Who should set them?
10. Which human activities, if any, should require licensing?

## CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

"Oh, yes. Thousands died last year. It was terrible. The disease seemed to attack the cities. The children suffered especially. They are Seoul's hope for the future. To lose so many young people is tragic."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What is cholera?
2. Why might cholera attack the urban young?
3. Why might cholera attack the people of Seoul, Korea?
4. What conditions encourage cholera?
5. What lifestyles are especially vulnerable to cholera?
6. How might cholera be controlled?
7. How might cholera be similar to other diseases?
8. What are the processes by which diseases such as cholera are transmitted?
9. How are urban areas vulnerable to cholera and other epidemics?
10. How do value preferences promote or prevent disease?

## ATTITUDES TOWARD CRIME

Arrange the following list of crimes in order of seriousness as *you* perceive them. List the worst crimes first, the least serious last. (Use a separate sheet of paper.)

A. Assault
B. Rape
C. Murder
D. Fraud
E. Counterfeiting
E. Littering
G. Drug Using
H. Drug Peddling
I. Drug Possession
J. Embezzlement
K. Forgery
L. Tax Evasion
M. Theft from Poor
N. Theft from Middle Class
O. Theft from Rich
P. Traffic Violation
Q. Disturbing the Peace
R. Intoxication
S. Driving while Intoxicated
T. Kidnapping

Compare your attitudes, expressed in the ordering of crimes, with those of your classmates. Then compare your group's attitudes with those of people in the Ivory Coast. If there are differences, how do you explain them?*

Now classify the crimes according to the situations in which each is most likely to occur. Do certain conditions encourage particular types of crime? If so, *how*? (Use a separate sheet of paper.)

| Criminal Type: | City | Suburb | Town | Village | Rural |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| High Income | | | | | |
| Middle Income | | | | | |
| Low Income | | | | | |

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*See these readings on urbanization: *Carlos: Perspectives from an Urban Underworld; Eraclio Mamani: Adjusting to Urban Poverty; Lima's Underworld: The Tacora.*

## I AM SORRY ABOUT YOUR *PLAYBOY*

It was a modern airport—much more so than I'd imagined. Small shuttle buses carried us from the plane to this airport terminal. I was about to compliment the customs agent clearing my luggage—then it happened!

"Will you come with me, sir? Please follow." We entered a glass walled room beside the luggage inspection tables. "Sir, I am sorry about your *Playboy*. This magazine cannot be taken into the Republic. With your permission we will seal it in this envelope. On leaving Singapore, the magazine will be returned. Will this procedure meet with your approval?" What else could I say? Of course. What does a single copy of a magazine matter? But why all this concern? I never expected anything like this.

* * * * *

The second surprise was when I departed. Singapore had been a wonderful experience, and I had completely forgotten about my copy of *Playboy*. Then, as I cleared customs, I saw an airport official walking toward me. He was smiling. When he handed the large envelope to me I smiled too. "We trust you enjoyed your visit to Singapore?" he asked. What else could I say? "Of course!"

The answer was true. But I've always wondered—why take away a magazine?

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. What would you have done as a traveler in this situation?
2. How fair is such a regulation?
3. How fair were the officials' procedures?
4. What similar regulations have you experienced?
5. How enforceable would such a regulation be in your culture?
6. How might such regulations come into being? Why?
7. What advantages might a city-state like Singapore have over other cities and nations in administering such a regulation?
8. In your personal value system, do you approve or disapprove of such regulation as was current in Singapore in 1967?
9. How might the regulation have changed since?
10. What is your value position regarding selection of reading material and the individual?

## BORDER CITY COP

"It was my first visit to a border town—actually it is a city, well over 50,000 people. And no sooner had I crossed the border than the traffic was channeled into two slow-moving lanes. I just followed along. There seemed to be no other choice. We rolled up the windows to keep dust out and talked about what we'd do when we reached the capital.

"In front of me, cars were turning left. A quick glance at the map and the road markers indicated they were going our way. We too turned.

"There was a shrill whistle. Even with windows closed it was loud. Hardly a foot from my ear was a policeman. Judging from his hand signals, we were to pull over. There were others. In fact, there were easily a dozen cars parked. It made the traffic congestion worse. Several policemen were going from car to car. Apparently we had done something wrong. Or was this the usual welcome greeting?

"Soon a policeman came to our car. He bent over and looked in. Carefully he tried to explain that we should not have turned left until the green arow pointing left had lighted up. It was too late to go back and see if there was a green arrow. What soon became obvious was that he was not going to return my driver's license. He said it would be taken to the police station at the end of his work day. We could go there tomorrow, plead guilty, pay a fine or go to jail, and thereby erase our crime by paying the penalties.

"Or... there was an alternative. He was poorly paid, he said, and had many children. Twenty-five dollars would enable him to pay my fine for me. Then the driver's license could be returned and we'd be on our way. We continued to talk. I played dumb and kept asking him to repeat everything. I pretended to be surprised. And I raised my voice. Soon the figure was down to five dollars and I was acting as if I might argue for hours before giving in. At a dollar, I was writing down the name from his lapel tag and dropping words like 'anger' and 'illegal' and 'protest.'

"The combination of my recalcitrance and the flood of cars behind ours wore him down. Just as I was opening the door, about to stand in the street and continue resisting, he passed the driver's license back and made clear that he had been 'warning' me.

"We drove on without further incident. The countryside was lovely. And the capital was exciting. It surpassed our every expectation. It's one of the great world cities. Still I wonder about the situation along the borders. Which is the most representative of the country, the border town or the capital? And I think about that cop. Why did it have to happen?"

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What did happen?

2. Who, if anyone, was at fault?

3. When could the incident have been prevented?

4. Where are such situations most likely to occur?

5. Why do such situations occur?

6. What are the relationships between urbanization and such incidents?

    a. Might the policeman be underpaid?
    b. Might urban poverty encourage such situations?
    c. Might the presence of a national boundary between two urban areas—separating two halves of what is really one urban area—increase the probability that such situations might occur?

7. What parallel incidents can occur in suburban and rural areas?

8. What would you have done in the place of the driver?

9. What would you have done as a passenger in the car?

10. What would you have done as the border city cop?

11. What incidents of this sort have you observed, heard about, or participated in?

* * *

## TAKE THE UNIFORM OFF

I am looking forward to this R and R. Rest and relaxation are just what I need. Where to go was the difficult decision. The choices were Honolulu, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Melbourne. It would have been great to go back to the States. But maybe I'd never again have a chance to return to Asia. When my enlistment or the war ends, I'll see plenty of the States. So I chose to spend two weeks of R and R in Singapore.

"Gentlemen, the Republic of Singapore welcomes you. Enjoy your visit." The announcement was being made through the communications system of our Saigon to Singapore jet. Soon we will be landing. "As you have been told, the Singapore government has arranged hotel and food services for your enjoyment. They have placed only one requirement on your visit. No military uniforms may be worn during your stay. Leave all military clothing with U.S. officials. It will be returned when you reboard the plane. During the duration of your R and R tour, civilian clothing must be worn. Your government has approved your cooperation with this Singapore regulation."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. How fair is the regulation?
2. What would your reaction have been as a visiting soldier?
3. Why might such a regulation have been made?
4. What "R and R" city would you have chosen to visit?
5. What reasons can you give for having or not having such a regulation?
6. Why do you suppose the "R and R" choices were only cities?
7. Why might the soldier's decision about where to go differ from that of any other tourist?
8. Where, other than cities, would you have set up "R and R" sites?
9. When do you suppose this event took place?
10. How would you have spent the two weeks in Singapore? What would you have done?

# MODERNIZATION WITHOUT URBANIZATION?

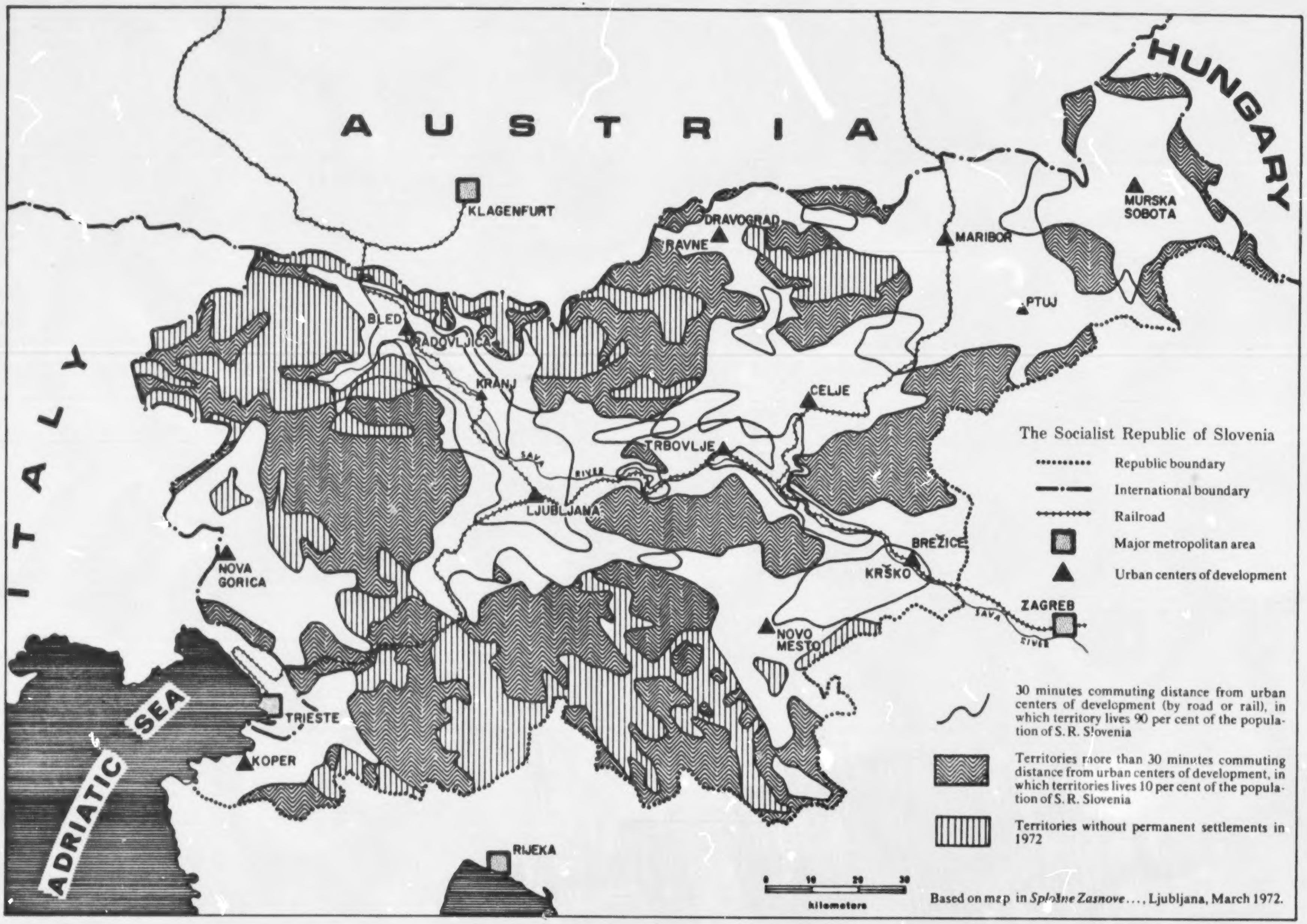
## The Example of Slovenia

Rapid urbanization is a hallmark of modern history. It is considered a normal product of economic development. It is assumed to imply a range of social changes. The growth of cities has usually, at least initially, outstripped other growth rates. This generates serious urban economic and social imbalances. Unemployment is often high. Standards of housing and services deteriorate. New quantities and qualities of crime appear and political instability is common. These occur even in more mature, "modernized," urban industrial societies. Such negative aspects of large urban concentrations are attracting increasing criticism in the context of concern with the total human environment and "quality of life."

Can a society successfully industrialize and modernize with a low rate of urbanization? One such society is the Socialist Republic of Slovenia, the most developed but one of the least urbanized of Yugoslavia's eight federal units.

### Slovenia Today

The other Yugoslavs call the 1.7 million Slovenes "our Swiss." They live in the northwest corner of a multinational and geographically and culturally variegated federation. The stereotype conjured up by this half-admiring and half-condescending label is of a people who are very clean and tidy, very hard-working, very thrifty, very businesslike and rich...and very dull. Alpine that is, and not Balkan. Even the casual tourist, coming from other parts of the country, gets the same impression. The landscape, both physical and cultural, is if not Swiss at least Austrian. There are wide green


AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
ITALY
ADRIATIC SEA
KLAGENFURT
DRAVOGRAD
RAVNE
MARIBOR
MURSKA SOBOTA
PTUJ
BLED
RADOVLJICA
KRANJ
CELJE
TRBOVLJE
SAVA RIVER
LJUBLJANA
BREŽICE
KRŠKO
ZAGREB
NOVA GORICA
NOVO MESTO
TRIESTE
KOPER
RIJEKA
The Socialist Republic of Slovenia
Republic boundary
International boundary
Railroad
Major metropolitan area
Urban centers of development
30 minutes commuting distance from urban centers of development (by road or rail), in which territory lives 90 per cent of the population of S. R. Slovenia
Territories more than 30 minutes commuting distance from urban centers of development, in which territories lives 10 per cent of the population of S. R. Slovenia
Territories without permanent settlements in 1972
0
10
20
30
kilometers

Based on map in *Splošne Zasnove*. . . , Ljubljana, March 1972.

valleys. Lakes of glacially overdeepened tectonic troughs run straight and true between towering Alpine ranges and down to intermontane basins. The high alps and hanging valleys are festooned with the kind of houses Americans call chalets and grazed by brown cows. The valleys are studded with farmsteads, villages, and onion-domed churches virtually indistinguishable from those of Carinthia or Styria in neighboring Austria.

If lifestyles are virtually Austrian, so are standards of living. The last, however, was not true until recently. Slovenia in 1919 was the richest province of the desperately underdeveloped new state of Yugoslavia. The day before, it had been the poorest of the *Alpenlander* of the Hapsburg Monarchy. Since 1950 the Slovenes have dramatically widened the per capita national income gap between their region and the rest of the country. At the same time they have narrowed the one between themselves and their foreign but noncommunist Alpine neighbors in Austria and northeastern Italy.

Slovenia is economically and culturally the most developed of the eight federal units in Yugoslavia. It ranks fifth in level of urbanization. According to the latest census (1971), 34.3 per cent of all Slovenes lived in urban communities. For Yugoslavia as a whole, in 1971, the equivalent figure was 35.3 per cent, but for Macedonia in the underdeveloped south it was 46.1 per cent. The Vojvodina recorded 44.1 per cent, Croatia 38.6 per cent, and Serbia proper 36.8 per cent. Only the three least developed regions ranked below Slovenia—Kosovo with 24.7 per cent, Bosnia-Herzegovina with 24.9 per cent, and Montenegro with 29.5 per cent.

Slovenia therefore remains a predominantly village society, despite rapid industrialization. Only two towns, Ljubljana and Maribor, have more than 50,000 inhabitants. No less than 61 per cent of the population lives in places with less than 2,000 inhabitants.

Most of them show every intention of staying there. They have an equally strong determination to enjoy the values and social mobility of the modern world that in other societies usually draw such people to the city. Why do they feel this way? How have Slovenes combined rural or semirural domicile with modernization? The reasons are partly geographic and historic. They are partly the sometimes purposeful and sometimes accidental consequences of postwar development policies. And, partly, they are a result of the stubborn nature of mountaineers.

## Geographic and Historic Factors

Slovenia, with 20,251 square kilometers, is the second smallest of the six Republics. It is situated in southeastern Europe, where the Balkan and Italian peninsulas are attached to the continent. Slovenia is also the unique point of juncture for Europe's three main ethnic constellations. It is the place where Latin, Slav, and Germanic worlds meet. Predominantly mountainous, it is nevertheless easy to transit. Two routes are of major European importance. One includes the lowest pass to the Mediterranean in all the Alps. Thus Slovenia is the shortest and lowest transit route to the European interior across a 1,300-mile stretch of mountains. The homeland of one of the smallest Slavic nations, Slovenia's people have fierce pride in their national heritage. They tend to be culturally exclusive and suspicious of outsiders. Their attitudes are close to tribalism and easily translated into xenophobia.

Slovenia began its modern economic development in the mid-nineteenth century. It was infused by nationalist ideology. A modestly growing number of upwardly mobile Slovenes were no longer willing to cease being "Slovene" as they climbed. Instead of seeking their fortunes elsewhere, they were inspired to do their climbing at home. And they were able to call on the financial backing of wealthier fellow-Slavs, primarily Czech bankers and industrialists. There was a rapid extention of primary education in the Slovene language and of Slovene cultural and social associations and services.

The net result was the creation by 1900 of a rare phenomenon. Slovenia was a peasant nation in which 90 per cent of the people were literate. It had a developed cultural infrastructure of schools, reading rooms, and voluntary social organizations. There was a widespread network of peasant cooperatives, artisan workshops, and attendant institutions like savings banks. The emergence of this society was accompanied by and was presumably related to a declining rural birthrate that began at least as early as the 1880s.

Most of this infrastructure of modernization was located in small towns or villages. The larger towns remained fortresses of German culture to be conquered by demographic pressure one by one. Even then towns were regarded as somehow alien to the essential Slovene life style. This attitude was reflected in the policy of the dominant Slovene political organization, the People's Party. Its leaders sought to keep the Slovene people on the farm, were anti-industrialist, and even opposed the founding of a Slovene university in Ljubljana. They pursued such policies at least partly because cities were associated with Germanization. The larger towns grew relatively slowly. Economic initiative and development remained dispersed.

The Slovenes thus confronted the challenges of industrialization and social change with specific sets of preferences. Finally, there was the factor of attitudes. It is as difficult to quantify or weigh as it is important. Slovenes tend to identify themselves and their relationships to the world in terms of their own valley, its shape and feel and boundaries defined by familiar peaks as unique and intimate as the personality of each of them.

### Socialist Strategies and Praxis

The Marxists who came to rule Yugoslavia and Slovenia after the Second World War carried in a great deal of ideological baggage. They were committed to extensive and rapid industrialization. They wanted equal development of all parts of a country and all ethnic communities. And they promised to be sensitive to the importance of "social costs" in any development strategy. The great industrial cities of the developed capitalist countries, with all the misery accompanying such concentrations of people, had happened because capitalism required them; socialism did not.

### Perceptions and Policies

Slovenia's economic development has been under socialist control for 25 years. During that time the number of Slovenes dependent on agriculture for their livelihood has dropped from about 50 per cent to just over 20 per cent of the population. The number employed in the secondary sector (industry and related occupations) has in recent years stabilized at around 42 per cent of the work force, or 48 per cent of the total population in 1971. The service sector presently employs 26-28 per cent of the work force, and is projected to reach 31 per cent by 1975.

Most of those employed in the secondary sector work in over 2,000 industrial and semi-industrial enterprises or their subsidiaries. Average plant size is between five and six hundred workers. These are as widely distributed as the prewar handicraft shops out of which many of them grew. Over half this nonagricultural population lives outside urban communities.

Spatial distribution of population and employment make daily commuting to work a dominant feature of Slovenian life. About 39 per cent of the work force commutes an average of 20 kilometers by public transport, company bus, bicycle, motorbike, or private car. The company bus is the most common. But the private car, with automobile ownership growing by 30 per cent each year, is a new challenger.

The level of daily migration is nearly as high in some other regions—33 per cent in Bosnia, 30 per cent in Montenegro and Kosovo. In fact, it is a common feature of life in all of Eastern Europe with its chronic urban housing crisis. But the Slovene commuters are qualitatively different. Fewer of them are true peasants. The majority are really weekend farmers. They continue to till the family plot, with mini-tractors and other modern machines, purchased with earnings from nonagriculture. And they do so for primarily recreational rather than economic reasons. One such man, the brother of a Ljubljana sociologist, is a worker who is employed in a factory in the capital. He lives, however, in Vrhnika, a village 20 kilometers away. There he finds time in the evenings and on weekends to farm the legal household maximum of ten hectares (24 acres). He does it as a hobby. He reinvests in the form of new machines and other farming gadgets all the earnings from this agricultural moonlighting. The average holding in Slovenia is just over three hectares. The man is otherwise typical of thousands who work in a town but prefer not to live there. Their sentimental link to the soil from which they sprang is manifested in dual life styles and economic roles.

* * *

Can other "Slovenias" be created elsewhere?

## HAVANA, URBANE OR ONLY URBAN?
### What is a City?

Take away the shopping areas. Reduce the number of eating places. Eliminate differences in their price and decor. Minimize the variety that commercial competition usually brings with it. In short, strip a city of its capitalist window dressing functions and what is left? Or, what does it take, more than numbers of people, to make a city?

Havana, the capital of Cuba, is a city of almost one million people. Yet, in many ways it is today as it was before 1898, when Cubans wrested independence from Spain. It is first and foremost a political and bureaucratic center, as in colonial times. It is also an educational focus, a transportation hub, a place to sleep. It is not a sleepy town, but neither does it hum the way most people expect of cities.

One reason for the lack of hum, if one is talking about noise itself, is the lack of traffic. One may in fact say that pollution is no problem in Havana or other Cuban cities. There is also little problem of crowding, although the island is now about 60 per cent urban.

The population flow to the cities that is typical of rapidly developing nations has occurred in Cuba too. Between 1953 and 1974 the number of people in cities increased by about 9 per cent. But growth has been absorbed in two ways. First, new towns have been built in the countryside, sometimes around the nucleus of an older settlement. Second, large, integrated, town-like housing developments have been constructed in areas surrounding the three major cities.

For the usual town planner, Cuba's urban problems are not great. For the social thinker, however, they may be more serious.

Theatrical spectaculars are still offered. There are occasional cabarets and nightclubs. But there is no Off-Broadway, no Old Town, no Ghirardelli Square. There is no site for random interchange, the social hubbub which permits fad to blend into movement, and movement to melt into national style.

For someone fresh from New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, Havana may be a shock. It is not the freedom from traffic jams one misses. Rather, it is the milling about of people on the streets and sidewalks. Window-shopping is not a social sport in Havana. People do not seem to meet randomly. As Cuba has become socialist, Havana's style has suffered, or so it seems to one who enjoys the excitement of most other world cities.

As in the streets, so it is in the press. There are official newspapers and magazines. But where are the offbeat experiments which can grow and enrich the lives of the nonelite?

What some lovers of cities miss in Havana is the positive use of disorder. Without it, city air does not for freedom make. Cities become, according to this view, only collections of people suffering demographic density.

There are several reasons to explain Havana's apparent lack of verve. One is the emigration to the United States, Spain, and elsewhere over the past fifteen years of half a million Cubans. Many of them were urban, professional, cosmopolitan persons. The second reason is at least equally important. It has to do with the socialist mission in Cuba and its emphasis on work. The people who led the revolution in Cuba and supported it over more than

Havana
Marianao
Matanzas
PINAR DEL RIO
HAVANA
C
MATANZAS
U
Santa Clara
LAS
VILLAS
B
Cienfuegos
CAMAGUEY
A
ISLE OF PINES
Santa Fe
Camaguey
Holguin
ORIENTE
Guantanamo
Santiago de Cuba
Yucatan
Basin

a decade had certain objectives. Their achievement, in this view, required that a great emphasis be placed on the accomplishment of economic tasks. But planning only for order and efficiency may have a wider impact than the leaders envisioned. It also invites merely technical response to matters of national style—of spirit and character.

But there is another side of the story. And Havana's physical neglect and relatively sober atmosphere become less important when seen as part of the larger picture. It also suggests that the phenomenon at its extreme may also be temporary.

The Cuban Revolution was based on the rapid achievement of social change in rural areas and small towns. Almost all the revolutionary leaders were born outside Havana. They came to the capital for their education. Their experience has fostered in them a view of the city in which practical functioning is paramount. Their mission became one of extending the type of urban services they found valuable, like health and education, to people in rural areas.

Cuba has made enormous progress on the way to reducing rural-urban differences. It is helped by the fact that the island is relatively small and manageable. No one now argues that the physical task of more equal development is not well on its way to accomplishment. Planners now must turn to the intangible problems of life quality.

Is it possible that Cuba, or other countries elsewhere, may create a type of person who is simultaneously urban, rural, and urbane?

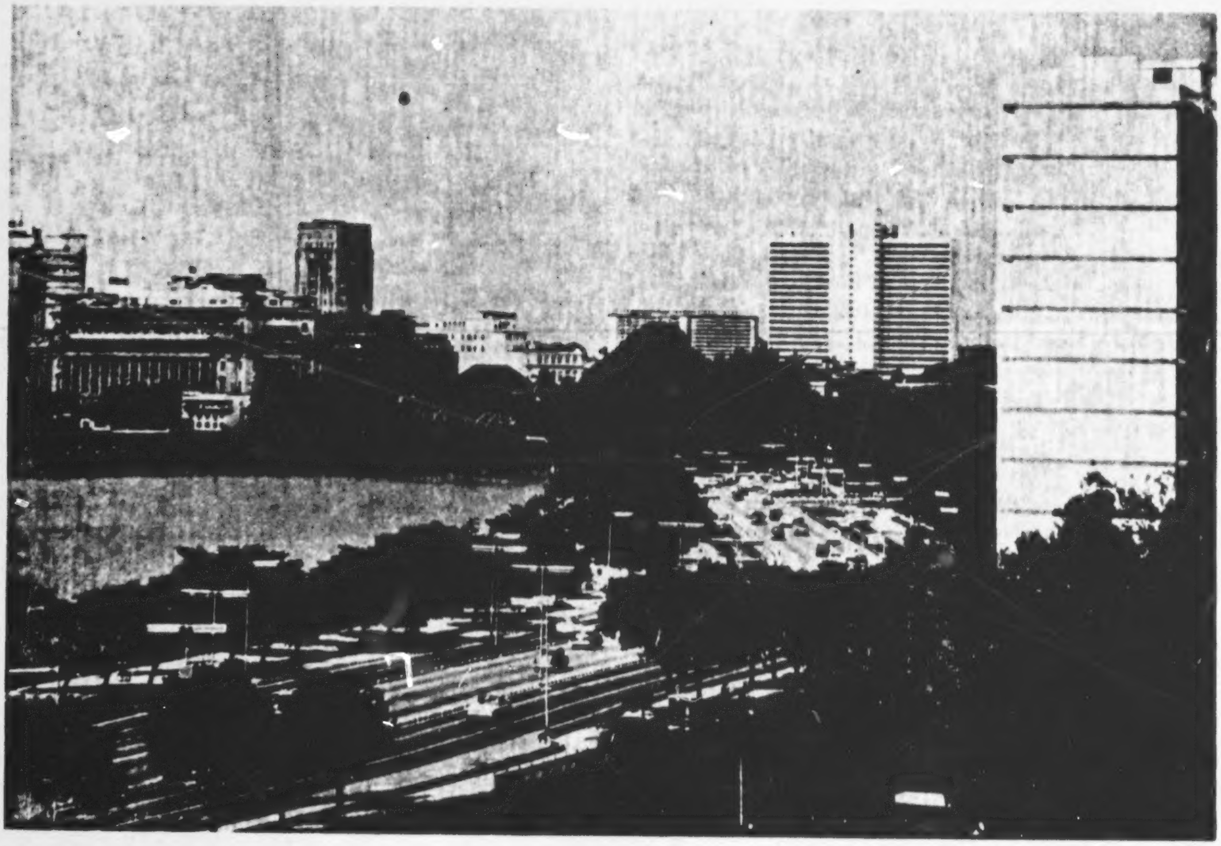
* * * * *

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. What do you think makes a city?
2. Do you think it is possible to "bring the city to the country?"
3. How does the perspective on Cuba compare with those on Slovenia, as presented in "Urbanization Without Modernization?" or Cairo, as presented in other readings?
4. Is it possible to bring the country to the city?
5. Does the description of Havana reflect more than the impact of a large number of essentially rural people aggregating at the government center?
6. Are there differences between urban and rural people?
7. What is the ideal relationship between cities and rural areas?
8. Why do some people like cities while others don't?

**Cuba's schoolchildren receive some agricultural instruction and experience in rural areas from primary school onward. One reason for this policy is to help reduce the traditional split between urban and rural attitudes as well as standards of living. (UNICEF News, ICEF6916/ H. Cerni)**

# SINGAPORE: GRACIOUS URBAN LIVING OR SURVIVAL?



Singapore's measurable achievement within very limited space, time, and resources, has set an instructive example. The Singaporeans are concerned about their environment. Their sense of realism and urgency is understandable. From the new high-rise buildings, one can actually scan the major part of the state. City is rapidly eroding countryside. Activity has shattered tranquillity. The ultimate limits of future growth are near. Yet Singapore is relatively fortunate. There is still an appearance of orderliness and a respite in greenery. But everywhere there are signs of sudden and drastic change.

Singaporeans are getting started on their environmental campaign well before modern blight reaches the crisis point. Their lead time is nevertheless dangerously short. They lack any hinterland for overflow of population, commerce, and industry. This means that they must find the answers now. And Singaporeans seem to have discovered the success formula. They make a practice of analyzing their problems realistically, contriving feasible programs, then efficiently overfulfilling their objectives.

The Singaporean environmentalists can trace their antecedents back to the British who formerly governed the island as a colony of England. They gave Singapore its claim to being the cleanest, healthiest, and most beautiful city in all of Southeast Asia. The new national leaders have resolved to maintain and improve upon British standards. Both before and after independence, they launched campaigns against flies, mosquitoes, litter, and unsanitary practices. Market stall-keepers, street hawkers, and restaurateurs have long been carefully observed. Standards of collection and disposal of garbage, trash, and sewerage have been uniformly high.

Despite this progress, many Singaporeans have come of late to a sobering realization. They observe that the state's facilities are dangerously crowded, no matter how swiftly more may be built. They also observe that consumers become polluters who set off a chain reaction. Very soon rubbish and filth are deposited upon their own premises. Population per square mile now averages almost 10,000 persons. Floor space per person in the new public housing projects is a mere 80-120 square feet. This is spacious compared with the slums from which many if not most of the tenants have moved. But it provides no toehold on the earth, only a cell in the sky.

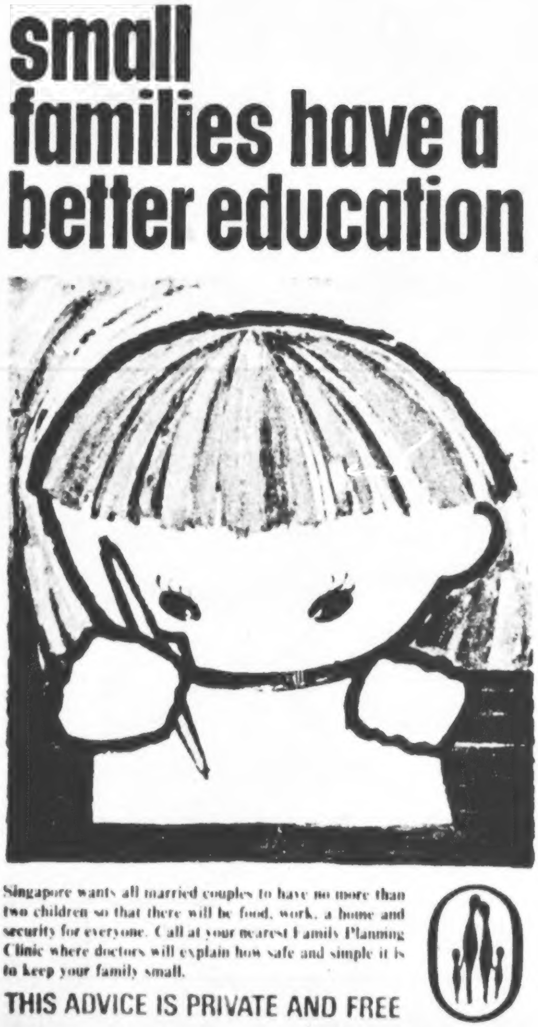
Singaporeans are dependent for water upon the good will of their Malaysian neighbors. In seeking to collect more water from the island's own resources, they meet more serious problems of contamination.

The air over urban Singapore used to be reliably pure and reasonably cool. Now it is heated and fouled by automobile exhausts blowing across sunbaked pavement. Fumes, smoke, ash, and dust grow ever more prevalent. The protective greenery becomes less and less dense.

Singaporeans have had a very successful family planning program. Still more and more families are being vigorously recruited into family planning. Yet Singaporeans are now aware that their numbers will multiply by the year 2000 into 4,000,000. Or will it be even more, and sooner?

Singapore's family planners have recently had a setback. At the end of their first five year program they had succeeded in reducing the birthrate from 30 to 22.1. But this was short of their ambitious target of 20. Singaporeans are used to achieving their objectives. The family planners had enrolled not 180,000 acceptors but only 156,556. To their even greater dismay, the birthrate began to rise again and still continues to climb. The planners now concentrate upon persistent nonacceptors of the older generation and a large group of younger women. These have shown the traditional preference for at least three children of whom one must be a male.

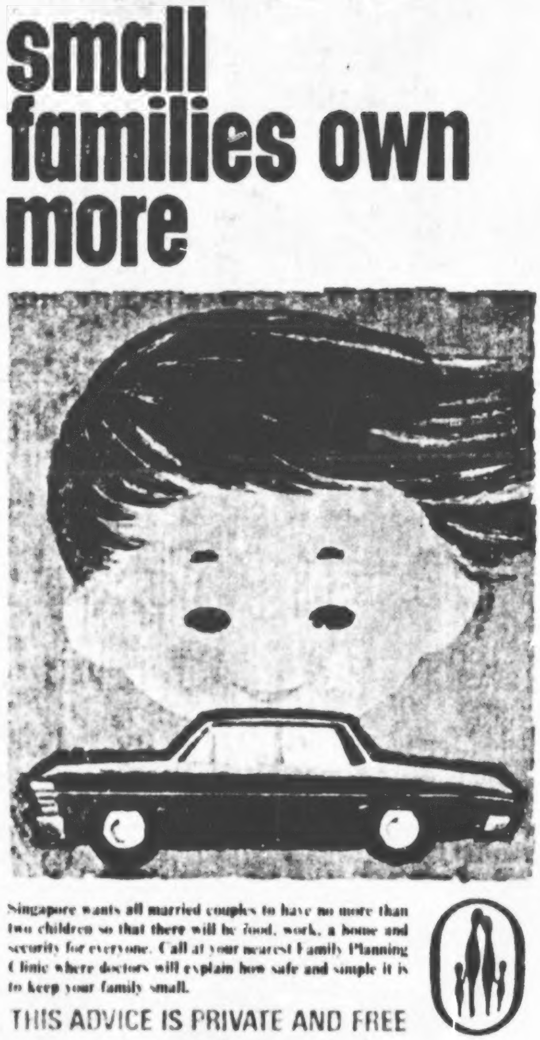
"Stop at Two" is the new slogan and measures are being taken to make sure that everybody hears it. The family planners are carrying the message into every home, community center, school, club, factory, and office. They use radio, TV, the cinema, the press, and the political platform to keep the impact immediate and vivid. Every important political speech these days refers to population and family planning.


**small families have a better education**

Singapore wants all married couples to have no more than two children so that there will be food, work, a home and security for everyone. Call at your nearest Family Planning Clinic where doctors will explain how safe and simple it is to keep your family small.

**THIS ADVICE IS PRIVATE AND FREE**

Parliament is busily at work devising family planning incentives—and disincentives. Some families may reject family planning. They will receive a very chilly reception when they apply for government flats. Such housing used to be assigned to those with the most children. Income tax deductions will now be granted for a maximum of three children. Before, five deductions were allowed. Fe-



small families own more

Singapore wants all married couples to have no more than two children so that there will be food, work, a house and security for everyone. Call at your nearest Family Planning Clinic where doctors will explain how safe and simple it is to keep your family small.

THIS ADVICE IS PRIVATE AND FREE

male workers will be granted paid maternity leave for two, but no longer for three confinements. The fees for the delivery of a first child have gone up from S$20 to S$50. A second child will cost S$75 instead of S$20. A third will cost S$100 instead of S$50, a fourth will cost S$200, and a fifth S$250. Abortions and sterilization will cost a mere S$5. The government wants to make unmistakably clear the immediate cost of the child to the parent. Officials hope people will also see the immediate and eventual costs to the state.

As the state tries to slow population growth, Singapore must ask a question. Should their industry grow as rapidly in the future as it has in the past? Some economic planners think so. They project that the Singapore industries will require a total of 566,900 workers in 1978. Of these, 220,000 will be new jobs.

If this projection is accurate, Singapore faces a dilemma. Population estimates show that Singapore in 1978 will have a total of only about 40,000 new native-born applicants for these new jobs. The rest must come from outside the state.

The Singaporean labor shortage is a new phenomenon. A mere seven years ago Singapore faced both unemployment and underemployment. Almost everyone had friends and relatives who were vainly searching for jobs. Then, more children meant less money, food, clothing, schooling, medical attention, or any other necessity or luxury. In 1967 as many as 72,350 Singaporeans were unemployed. Another 40,000 persons began to lose their jobs as the British phased out their military bases.

Singapore is a paradox. It is the smallest country of the region, the one unendowed with natural resources. Yet it is the busiest, the richest, and the most modernized. With its elite new army, navy, and air force, is Singapore a model for others to emulate? Or is it an imperialistic menace to its neighbors' prosperity and security? Singapore's potential political role in Southeast Asia, like its housing and employment conditions, may be overdue for a careful reappraisal.

How should Singapore's national leaders cope with the new problem of too few people to man its too swiftly expanding industries? And the problem of natural resources much too limited to support the continued growth on which its stability depends? Singaporeans must and can achieve developments which elsewhere take decades. For good or for ill, the results of the Singapore experiment of establishing new human and natural balances may clarify fairly soon.

To solve the problem, the government restricted employment as far as possible to Singaporeans. It pressured thousands of Malaysians employed in Singapore to return to Malaysia. It made new claims to Singapore citizenship difficult to establish. These moves made Malaysia bitter, and only a couple of thousand jobs were gained. The government also redoubled its efforts to attract new industries. It accepted almost any applicants who promised to invest capital and create jobs. It also began the rapid build-up of the new Singapore Armed Forces. A few thousand young men were thus drained from the job market. And at the same time Singapore created its own miniature defense establishment.

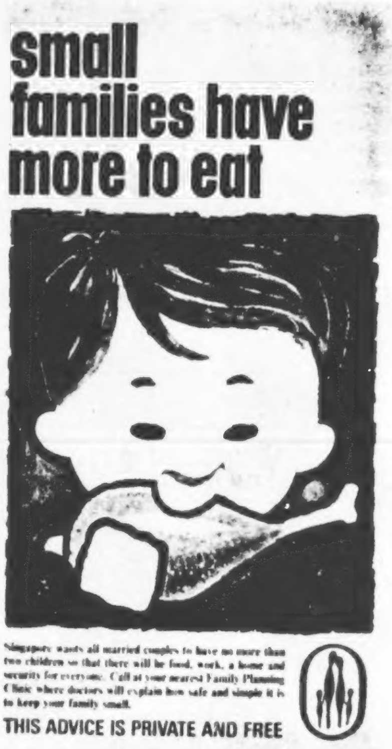
In 1972 Singapore's unemployed numbered just over 35,000. This 4.8 per cent unemployment rate constitutes virtually full employment. Almost any able-bodied Singaporean who really wants and needs a job can now find one. And that is part of the problem. Today Singaporeans are becoming very choosy about what employment they will accept. The young in particular are given to light-hearted job-hopping. The skilled can readily find good jobs in industry. And the unskilled are much sought after as porters, waiters, and service personnel, or clerks. The low-paid unskilled jobs are no longer attractive.

Singapore thus finds itself seriously embarrassed. They had stressed labor-intensive industries rather than those which are capital-intensive and technologically advanced. Now they must stress the opposite. Also, they must review the applications of investors who seek to build new plants such as an aluminum smelter. Smelting requires much labor and causes serious pollution. Should the government allow more smelters to be built?

To keep Singapore's new factories functioning at full capacity, the managers must look to nearby Malaysia for workers. So too must the building contractors. Singaporeans now prefer air-conditioned work to hard labor in the hot sun. Malaysian citizens are welcome on the labor market if they accept jobs Singaporeans don't want.

The majority of the immigrant workers at present are male Malaysian Chinese. Many of them are semiskilled. But the ranks of immigrant labor are constantly being swelled by the unskilled. What will this flood of alien labor signify for the Singapore of the future?

Singapore is now making a major effort to train its own citizens in the highest technical knowledge. But Singapore industry is expanding even faster than technical skills are increasing. Fewer and fewer Singaporeans want the unskilled or semiskilled jobs. But they are beginning to resent the need for foreign laborers. The addition of tens of thousands of immigrants more than cancels out the effect of thousands of prevented births among Singaporeans who plan their families. How will this effect Singapore's environment? How will it effect their economy and society?


small families have more to eat

Singapore wants all married couples to have no more than two children so that there will be food, work, a home and security for everyone. Call at your nearest Family Planning Clinic where doctors will explain how safe and simple it is to keep your family small.

THIS ADVICE IS PRIVATE AND FREE

Singapore's immigrant laborers do not share directly in benefits such as pension funds, education, and health care. Will Malaysians go on contributing to the creation of a prosperity in which they do not fully share?

Immigrant laborers from Indonesia are also beginning to cause some concern. Indonesians view Singapore as a land of golden opportunity. They can pay a few dollars to some Indonesian or Singaporean boatman. He will slip them across by night from nearby Indonesian islands to a Malay-populated area on the coast. These Indonesians easily find some employment where officials are not too inquisitive about their documentation.

Soon Singapore's leaders may be called upon to explain why the people have been denying themselves children in order to create jobs and other opportunities for aliens. How can an environment support more aliens when it cannot support many more Singaporeans?

* * *

# HAGI

## An Old Castle Town in Modern Japan

Hagi is remote. It is distant in time and in spirit from Japan's great metropolises. Some 560 miles southwest of Tokyo, it is separated by narrow valley passes crossing several mountain ranges. A determined traveler leaving Tokyo by train must sit almost fifteen hours to reach Yamaguchi province, where Hagi is located. After an hour-and-a-half bus trip across still more mountains, the Japan Sea and Hagi at long last make their appearance on the horizon. The weary traveler has consolation, however. It used to take thirty days to reach Hagi from Edo (present-day Tokyo) on foot or, for those who could afford it, by palanquin. Even the old Japanese version of the pony express, using the swiftest horses, required a full two weeks of hard mountain riding before Hagi castle hit the horseman's eye.

The route is an historic one. One story, in the best tradition of Japanese romance, concerns Shōin Yoshida, a radical scholar-*samurai* from the Chōshū (Hagi) clan. Young and condemned to die, Shōin walked and was carried to his place of execution in Edo 110 years ago. He had to spend thirty agonizing nights on the road from Hagi to the feudal government's headquarters.

If getting there is so difficult, why visit remote Hagi? The reason is in the past, and maybe in the future. Hagi is striving to preserve its identity in modern Japan.

* * * * * *

Hagi is without a commercial airport. Economic development in the area around the town has also been retarded. The traveler in a hurry must cross the whole width of Honshū by bus or by hired car to reach Ube, on the Seto Inland Sea, where the nearest airport is located. The trip to Tokyo by air still requires a total of five hours. Many towns and cities in the "San-in" district, including Hagi, are today places of declining population. Somewhat over a hundred years ago, however, Hagi was the bustling castle town of the Chōshū *han* (clan), one of the largest and richest baronies in Tokugawa Japan (1600-1867).

Today Chōshū is no more, and Hagi is without its castle. In the process of national modernization, as well as in the interests of strong central government, the Meiji oligarchy eliminated the feudal classes. The *han* were reorganized into a system of provincial administrative units. Hagi's old castle, however, remained a focal point for crusty but powerless conservatives. Its castle disappeared in 1874, but its conservatism remains. In 1974, Hagi and Yamaguchi province are still conservative strongholds. The major difference that has occurred over the past one hundred years is that contemporary conservatives are no longer powerless. Opinions differ on their crustiness. Two former Prime Ministers, Kishi and Satō, blood brothers by birth, stem from Yamaguchi—and Hagi is very close to their loyal Japanese hearts.

* * * * *

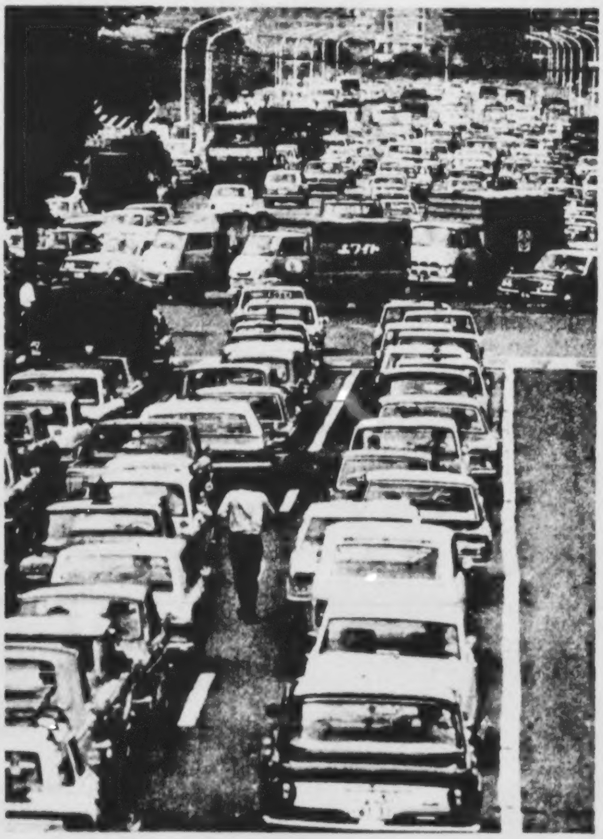
Hagi has a special meaning for Japan's older, ruling generation. Most of them were born in Meiji times. They venerate what they believe to be the traditional and saving spirit of Japan: unswerving, self-sacrificing service to the nation and its symbols.

A typical Hagi street scene today. Very little in appearance has changed from the feudal past.

Hagi's townspeople work hard. Some harvest the *natsu mikan* (Chinese citron) crop, which grows in orchards everywhere along Hagi's old streets. Others care for the town's large fishing fleet, which roams as far away as the Philippine Sea in search of the raw material for Hagi's famous *kamaboko* (boiled fish paste). The town's craftsmen also continue to produce the traditional Hagi-ware pottery, highly prized among tea ceremony enthusiasts. They also make charming miniature dolls. Excepting the tourists—over a million in 1969—the castle town exists without its full share of the prosperity—and industrial blight—of Japan's postwar growth.

For admirers of traditional architectural beauty, the lack of boom conditions in Hagi is a blessing. Large parts of the old castle town, including *samurai* and merchant homes, temples and shrines, and the old commercial district, are unmarked by

Tokyo's impossible crowding has already stretched the patience of many citizens.



time. No gigantic earthquakes or wartime bombing raids have disturbed Hagi's now peaceful alleys and walkways. But Hagi is not "the real Japan." The industrial complexes, belching factories, and urban sprawl of contemporary Tokyo and Osaka, with their educated, competitive, and inquisitive people are that. Hagi nevertheless contains clues to the spirit of modern Japanese as well as an indication of the image that many Japanese in leadership positions have of the sources of modern Japan and its national spirit.

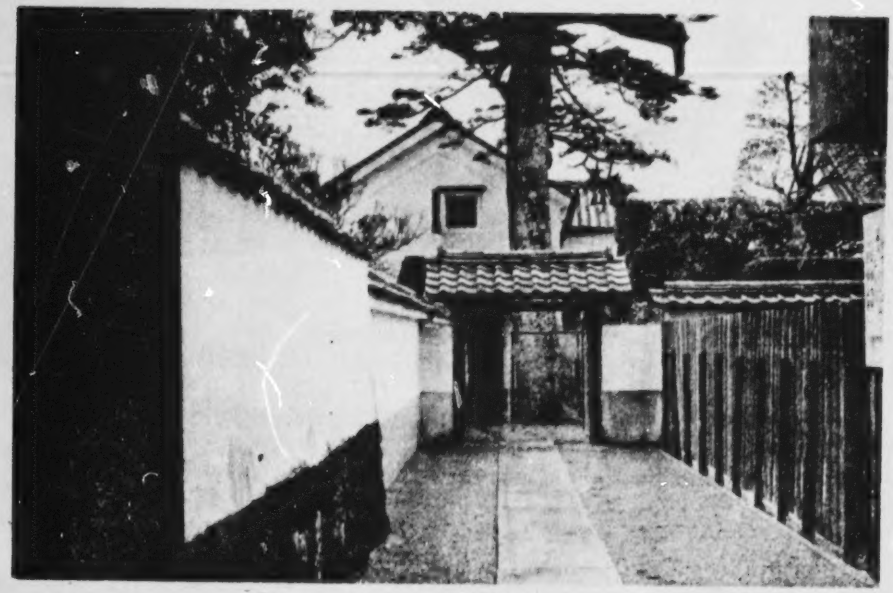
Hagi's spirit and its emotional appeal will survive for a long time. No one knows for sure how much longer the castle town's relatively unspoiled beauty will endure. Already there are a number of plans for importing more industry into the area. As long as Hagi remains inaccessible, it is fairly sure to escape the scourge of Japanese industrial blight. But what about the tourist boom?

Japan's new prosperity has produced a nation of middle-class travelers on the move. The tourist boom at its worst has induced strike-it-rich operators to invade once-picturesque countryside locations. They arrive with a weird assortment of amusement centers, shady motels, garish drive-ins, bowling alleys, and expensive sight-seeing private toll roads through public lands. But there have been some exceptions. Perhaps Hagi's development will prove to be surprisingly pleasant. The protection of Hagi's special atmosphere requires more cooperation and planning. Leading the way is Dr. Sukeichi Tanaka. He spends every available moment away from his busy downtown clinic either in studying Hagi's past or in making plans for its future. Tanaka is one of Hagi's most loyal sons. When it was suggested that Hagi city fathers try to turn the old castle town section of the city into a special historical area like Williamsburg, Virginia, Dr. Tanaka expressed amazement. He was impressed that farsighted and generous philanthropists would undertake such an expensive project. After wondering for a second where Japan's Rockefellers and Fords might be, Dr. Tanaka concluded that it was unlikely that Japan had any. Hagi's development, he thought, would have to be aided by the national government.

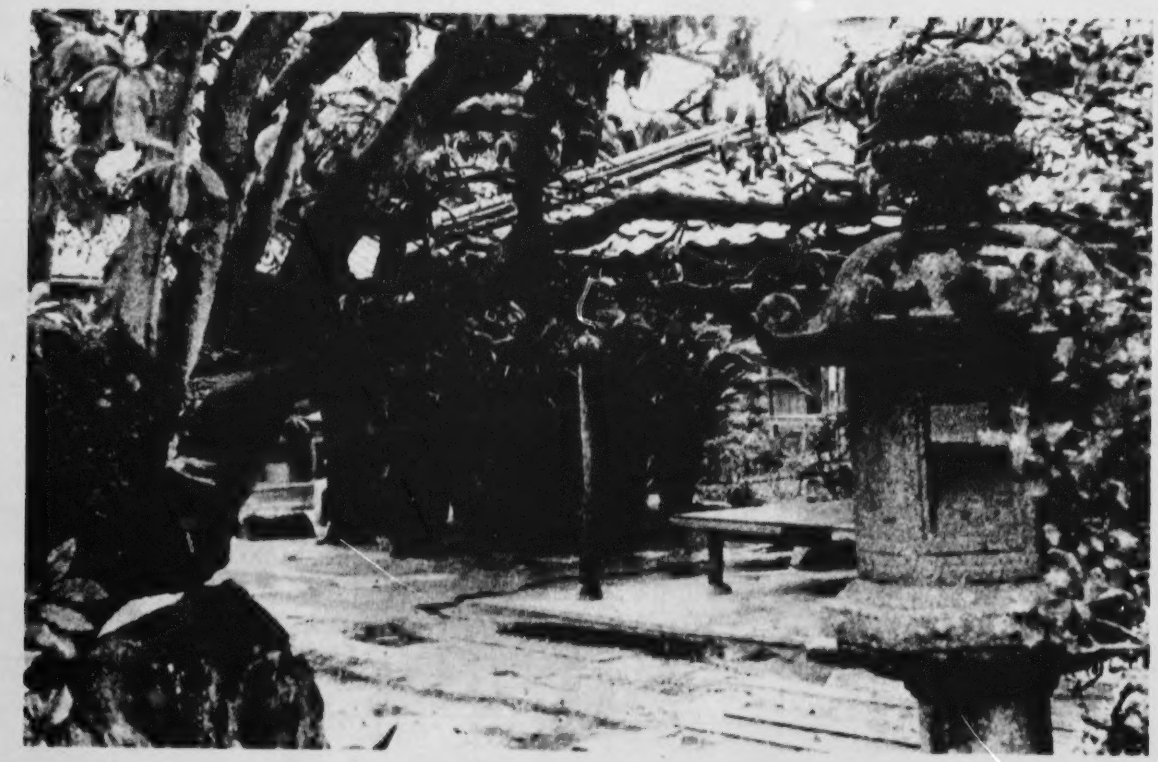
"What we need is money," Dr. Tanaka stated flatly. "People want to donate old and unlivable buildings to the city for restoration and care. We don't have the funds to accept their offers. We also need greater authority to restrict some of the city's stubborn old-timers who, upon discovering that their old places—some of them real architectural treasures—are beyond reasonable charges for repair, want to pull down their old homes and have jerry-built structures erected in their place. We've got to stop this. We've already passed special laws to provide tax relief for people living in old homes and to establish specially preserved districts. But I don't think that is enough. We need more help from the government—not just funds to maintain the old historical sites—but advice and guidance for the balanced growth of Hagi in the 1970s, historical, protected, *and* alive."

Tokyo rush hour.

Hagi's famous *natsu mikan* (Chinese citrons) are everywhere.



Entrance walkway and gardens of Hagi's Kumaya Museum of Art.



Can Hagi survive?

Should it survive?

What is to be gained by its preservation?

Can other cities emulate Hagi's example?

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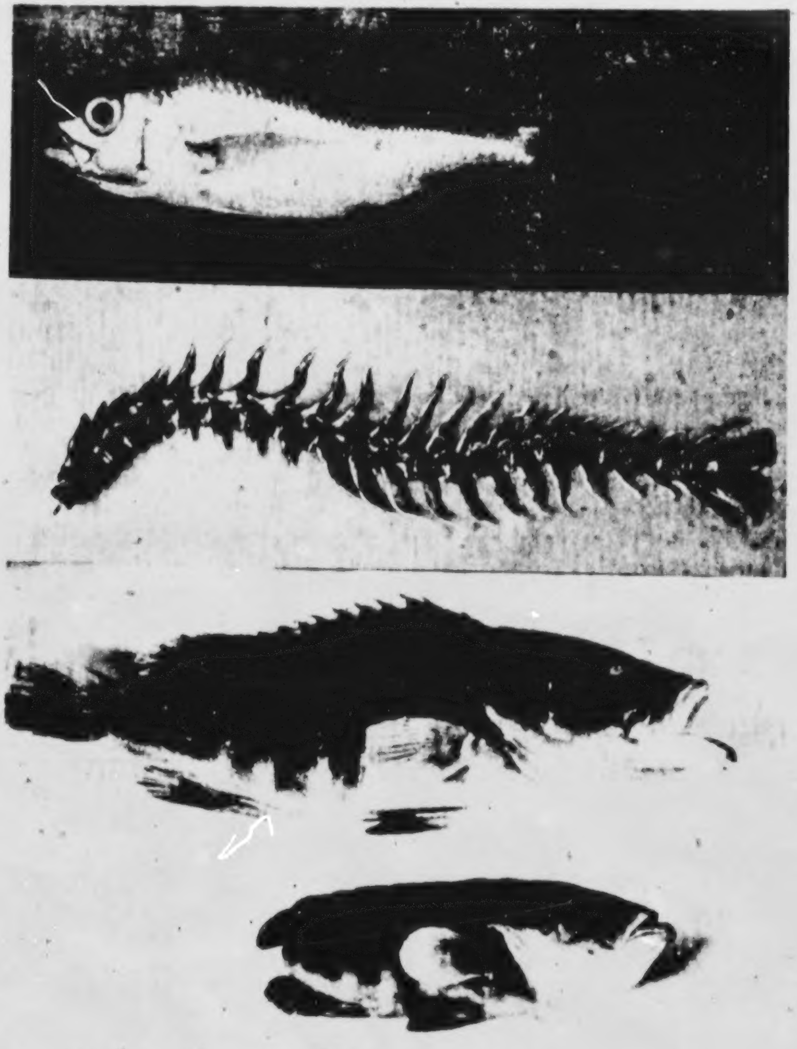
# THE MYSTERY OF MINAMATA

Japan is one of the world's greatest powers. Yet Japanese often cannot speak directly with people in other countries. For no one in the world speaks Japanese but the Japanese themselves. And most Japanese speak no other language. Japan may nevertheless demonstrate by example several hard lessons to a world chasing Progress at any price.

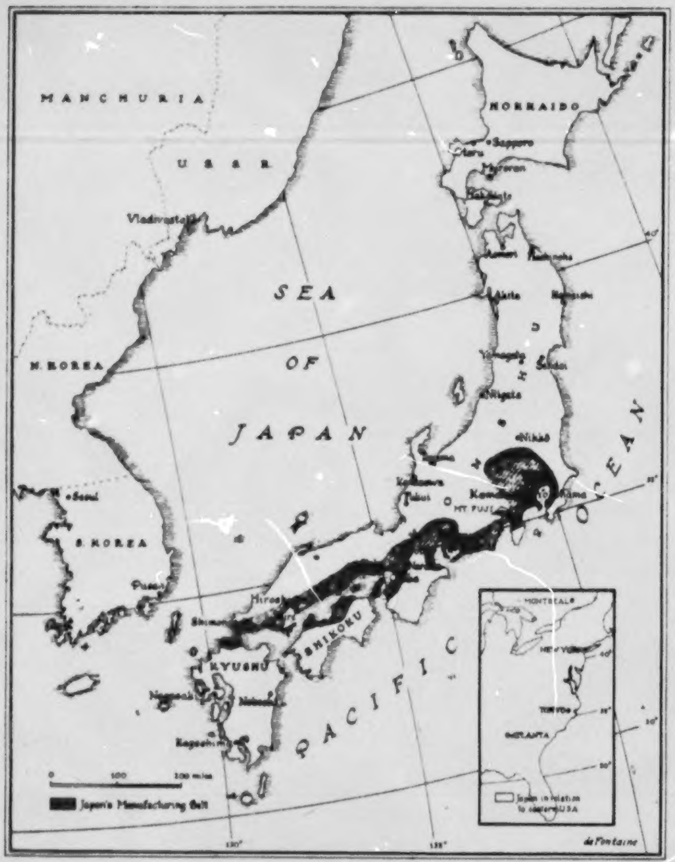
Japan snatched success on an international scale from the jaws of humiliating defeat. The nation roared through the 1950s with a brash and heedless spirit. Its postwar growth has often been called an "economic miracle." In the 1970s some Japanese have been shocked by their frenzied economic growth. They have soberly surveyed the damage they have collectively done to their cities, their countryside, and their heritage. To that growing number of Japanese who express concern with their environment—and quality of life—their nation's peril is symbolized by unravelling the mystery of "Minamata disease."

Minamata disease is mercury poisoning. It occurred when the Chissō Corporation emptied its untreated waste products into Minamata Bay in Kyushu province. The effluent produced in the manufacture of acetaldehyde included a methyl mercury compound.

The mercury pollution appears to have spread gradually in the bay for many years. In 1949 fishermen noted the disappearance of fish from the bay.



Tokyo Bay's water pollution has begun to affect and distort the growth of fish in the sea. This photograph compares normal fish with stunted specimens of the same variety recently discovered in Tokyo's coastal waters.


MANCHURIA
U.S.S.R.
HOKKAIDO
Sapporo
Otaru
Muroran
Hakodate
Vladivostok
SEA OF JAPAN
Aomori
Akita
Yamagata
Sendai
Niigata
Nikko
N. KOREA
Seoul
S. KOREA
Pusan
Kanazawa
Fukui
MT FUJI
Hiroshima
Shimonoseki
KYUSHU
SHIKOKU
Nagasaki
Kagoshima
PACIFIC OCEAN
MONTREAL
NEW YORK
TOKYO
ATLANTA
Japan in relation to eastern U.S.A.
0 100 200 miles
Japan's Manufacturing Belt
130°
135°
40°
35°
30°
de Fontaine

Photochemical "white" smog, which caused over 5,000 cases of respiratory irritations in Tokyo alone, hovers over the city, July 1970. In this photograph, taken near the city's center, Tokyo Tower is barely visible.

Large quantities of dead shell fish collected on the shore. At the same time a mysterious "disease" began afflicting some bay area residents. It caused narrowed vision, loss of hearing, and speech impediments. The people also suffered ataxia, the inability to coordinate voluntary muscle movements. Many died. Local doctors declared an epidemic caused by an unknown virus.

Medical researchers at Kumamoto University announced in 1959 that the disease might be related to the release of mercury waste into the bay. It took nine more years before the government's Health and Welfare Ministry determined so officially.

In the intervening years, medical researchers at Kumamoto University continued their tests. Between 1960 and 1962, for example, they obtained hair samples from people living around Minamata Bay. One woman, who later died of "the disease," was found to have over 300 times the normal concentration of mercury in her hair. A total of 153 of 1,160 residents who underwent checks had over 20 times the normal mercury level.

Since 1967, the government has established the category of "officially designated victims of Minamata disease." It has provided compensation to 292 persons. Many more are seeking the official designation which will entitle them to medical aid and financial support.

* * * * *

The new environmental awareness in Japan is remarkable in that it is truly widespread. It seems to be growing along with a new feeling of citizenship in Japan. In the past, all Japanese school children memorized the translation of the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Today concerned Japanese are suddenly speaking out, asserting their rights *as citizens* to environmental protection.

## A YUGOSLAVIAN ATTITUDE

Mrs. Babuts stood in the doorway watching. Soon Mr. Babuts would arrive. He would be tired, but not exhausted. In fact, the short drive from his factory job seemed to refresh him at the end of a working day.

Our life is good, she was thinking. Nickolas is paid well as a machinist. The cow gives plenty of milk. We have more than enough eggs each day. And chicken, pork, or beef are available all the time.

"I love it here," she thought to herself. Then, looking at her watch, she noted that Nick was a bit late. Traffic, she thought. And she wondered, "Will he arrive too late? I hate to rush dinner but we have theater tickets for an 8 o'clock performance."

She turned, walked back into the cottage, and began setting the table. Beside each plate she placed large mugs of fresh milk and water from the well Nick and she had dug. "That was twenty years ago," she mused. "Yugoslavia, even Slovenia, was so different then. I wonder what it will be like when Nick and I are gone?"

Sounds from the driveway distracted her. Nick was home. As they greeted, he said, "I'm glad we don't live in a city. But I'm also glad we have things like theaters and the hospital, and shopping nearby. You know, we have a pretty good life."

"What is that I smell? Cabbage rolls? I thought you had canned all the cabbage and tomatoes. The garden has never produced so much before. We'll have plenty to eat this winter. Why, the cellar is filled with jars of cabbages, apples, tomatoes, and all sorts of other foods. Maybe we haven't the large cities and high incomes of Austria and Italy. But what could be better than to have plenty and to live in Yugoslavia?"

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What evidence can you gather to indicate that this is a realistic—or unrealistic Yugoslavian perspective?
2. Assuming this perspective to be true, how does it relate to your own values?
3. How would you describe the relationships between rural and urban life styles and values among Yugoslavians?
4. What do you think are the ideal relationships between rural and urban?
5. What is the "good life?"

## CRADLE TO GRAVE

"Our society needs workers. So we assist families. For each child, the parents receive a monthly allowance. It helps pay for the child's food and clothing.

"Then we provide a full range of health services. It costs much more to let sickness go on, than to treat it promptly. As a poor people, we must provide such services efficiently. So we assure complete health care services for everyone. All doctors are government employees, all hospitals are publicly owned.

"A few years ago it was not like this. We had terrible problems. Parts of the city were terribly congested. And new migrants were arriving daily. Many people could not buy or even find enough food. Deliveries of food supplies into those sections were often unreliable.

"Now almost everyone must live in the countryside for at least a part of their lives. When schools are not in session, the young usually go to farming areas. There they share what they have learned and help with the farm work.

"While both parents work, as most do, the children are cared for in public nurseries. These neighborhood centers provide day care. All families are together in the evenings. The family remains a strong institution and through family education the birthrate is being lowered and marriages are delayed until the couples are between 25 and 30.

"There are no such things here as color television, radio advertisements, rock music, tipping, merchandise sales, discounts, private medical practices, life insurance, health insurance, or many other of the things you are used to. But we do have benefits, as I have pointed out, and penalties. The fines for spitting in the street or interfering with bicycle traffic are heavy. Loud disturbances are looked down on because we live so closely. Not working and not cooperating are penalized.

"I think you'd call ours a 'cradle-to-grave' system. It brings up a good point. For not only are we determined not to give over our best farmland to cities and uncontrolled urban expansion, we've abandoned the wasteful practice of having large cemeteries and private grave plots. Cremation is the sensible practice for us. Have you thought of how much area would be required for the burial of our existing population? And that would be only the beginning...."

## QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. How do you react to the speaker's point of view? Where do you agree, and disagree?

2. How is the speaker's view an outcome of past urbanization experiences in that society?

3. What are the parallels between the speaker's society and your own?

4. What society do you think the speaker is representing? How urban do you think that society is?

5. What are the relationships between agricultural production and industrial production and urban and rural living patterns?

6. What do you think are the most likely changes in urban-rural living patterns forthcoming in your culture, nationally, regionally, and locally?

7. What do you think are the ideal relationships between people and:

a. capital?
b. production?
c. food?
d. work?
e. health?
f. governments?
g. education?
h. urbanization?
i. people?

## FRESH FISH

"That one looks good," the Chinese woman was pointing to a wriggling fish in the merchant's barrel. "It looks the best," she said.

Immediately the fish was seized by the merchant. Placing it on the concrete floor, he reached for a wooden club and began pounding the fish head. The freshly-killed fish was then wrapped in yesterday's newspaper and handed to Mrs. Wong.

"Thank you," she said. The price was determined quickly and paid. Mrs. Wong—and the fish—headed for home.

Up the stairway she moved. It kept her trim, she mused. Let the younger people use the elevators. For Mrs. Wong, eighteen flights of stairs between market and home was convenient. In the old days she walked much farther. And the central city fresh food market was not nearly so clean and modern as these new ones. "The government planners knew what they were doing when these high-rise modern communities were designed." That was the view she expressed when visitors were amazed by Singapore's "New Towns." "They've even made it possible for us to continue buying fresh fish," she remarked. "I'd never buy a frozen dead fish," she said. "Sun-dried or alive——those are the only ways fish should be sold."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What kind of fish do you prefer? Live, fresh, dried, frozen, or canned?
2. What other world cities might preserve the tradition of merchandising live fish for nearby homes and restaurants?
3. How do you react to Mrs. Wong's behaviors and attitudes?
4. How do you expect she prepares the fish for eating?
5. How do you react to the closeness of markets and homes combined in high-rise "New Towns"?
6. What other foods might the markets provide for the Chinese, Malay, Indian, Eurasian, and European people whose home is Singapore?
7. How does the story illustrate relationships between: (a) people and people? (b) people and other life forms? (c) people and land? (d) people and water? (e) people and government? (f) people and structures?
8. What examples of peoples' food preferences can you give from other urban cultures?
9. What examples of food preferences can you give from your own culture?
10. Why does Mrs. Wong prefer to buy live fish and then cook them quickly?

## WALKING

"Walking. That's what cities are for. You can't see anything from a car but the bumper in front of you. In subways you feel like a mole. But walking.... Ah, that's the way to really enjoy the city. And what else are they for?

"The problem is, the automobile has taken over. Why, we can't breathe some days for all the fumes. And before I walk a block, something is bound to get in my eye. All because of automobiles. They should be banned from old cities like this. Maybe new cities with wide streets and plenty of parking make good use of cars. Not here though. They just cause trouble.

"Rural relatives are often surprised by how much we walk. They complain that their feet hurt and that we walk too far between rests. The subways scare them to death, of course. And the honking horns and dirty air bother them awfully. They come and then go, once a year. We stay here all the time. And do you know, I wouldn't live anywhere other than in a city. Every day is exciting—just walking."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. Which statements in the three paragraphs sound like you've heard them before?
2. Which of the statements do you most strongly agree and disagree with?
3. How much do you walk during a typical day?
4. What is your attitude toward walking as a prime means of transportation? Automobiles? Subways? Taxis? Bicycles?
5. Who do you suppose walk more, urban or rural people and in what cultures?
6. What are the best walking conditions for you?
7. Where are the best walks in your community?
8. What improvements are needed?
9. How would you plan a city for both walking and driving?
10. Which world cities would you most want to drive through and through which would you prefer to walk?

## TRAFFIC

"Stop! Go! Stop! Go!" The dapper driver was clearly furious. He was talking to himself.

"It never fails," he exclaimed. "Every day the same thing. Every car wants to crowd into the same lanes at once. Thousands are fighting each other to get into the city— it's like a stampede on wheels. Then zap! Nothing. You could hear a pin drop out here until about four in the afternoon."

"Why doesn't somebody do something about it?" he asked no one in particular. "I can't stand this traffic!"

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What is traffic?
2. What kinds of traffic are there?
3. What causes traffic congestion?
4. What causes traffic flow?
5. What institutions are involved in creating, maintaining, controlling, and eliminating traffic?
6. Who is the "somebody" the driver refers to?
7. What are the greatest local traffic problems?
8. What are the best local traffic situations?
9. What is the ideal traffic situation?
10. What are the relationships between urban and rural areas and traffic?
11. What part does traffic play in your life?
12. What is good about traffic?
13. What is bad about traffic?
14. How would you plan for traffic?

## WHERE DO YOU PREFER TO LIVE?

"I say the city center."

"No, I prefer a suburb!"

"You're both crazy! Give me rural living anytime."

"But you're a softie at heart. Your ideal is probably a house in the country not more than ten minutes from the Museum of Modern Art."

"No, I think you would really like country life, some place remote even from telephones and certainly from traffic."

"Hmm. What do I mean?"

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. Where do you prefer to live?
2. How have your preferences changed in the past?
3. How might your preferences change in the future?
4. At what stages in life would you most like to live in each of these settings?
    a. urban?
    b. suburban?
    c. rural—with easy urban access?
    d. rural—with limited urban access?
5. What living style is best—for you?

## URBAN PLANNING PERSPECTIVES

"Oh Maria. Another child? There are already so many. So many mouths to feed. We are getting poorer every day. My strength is failing, so I can only work part of the time. This place is so crowded, sometimes I can't stand it. Now, another child? Maria, what can we do?"

* * * * *

"Wake up, John. I think the baby is crying. Why don't you look in on it? The little thing's lonely in the nursery. With the nurse off on vacation, it is crying to see if we're here. There, there, dear. Daddy's coming to check you."

* * * * *

"Marry? I was married once. It didn't work out. Besides, if we'd stayed married I wouldn't be eligible for family aid. We certainly couldn't live on what he could earn—not with his drinking and other bad habits. Don't tell me to marry. This child and I can make it without any more marrying around here."

* * * * *

"We must reach a decision!" The director slammed his fist on the table. Seated around the room were the leaders of the neighborhoods in this city. "The alternatives are clear enough," said the director. Then he proceeded to a chalkboard and began to list them.

COMMUNICATION CHANNELS:

Radio
Television
Newspaper
Doctors
Religious Leaders
Teachers
Others —

PROGRAM AUDIENCE:

Pre-Marrieds
Young Marrieds
Small Families
Large Families
Low Incomes
High Incomes
Others —

PROGRAM CONCERNS:

Spacing of children
Birth Prevention Techniques
Abortion
Adoption
Disease Control
Others —

"Now why can't we just get on with it?" asked the director, still exasperated. "What do we want to achieve? What audiences do we want to reach? How do we get them to respond? What are our population goals?

### QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. What urban situations need planning?
2. Where are most urban planning efforts focused?
   a. Population?
   b. Immigration?
   c. Housing?
   d. Consumers?
   e. Industrialization?
   f. Others?
3. How do you think family planning and urban planning are related? How should they be interrelated?
4. Which of the four dilemmas most:
   a. Interested you?
   b. Irritated you?
   c. Depressed you?
   d. Enthused you?
5. How would you describe the relationships between the different levels and perceptions presented in the four stories?
6. How would you answer each of the four questioners who speak in the stories?

## URBANIZATION? WHAT ARE THE ALTERNATIVES?

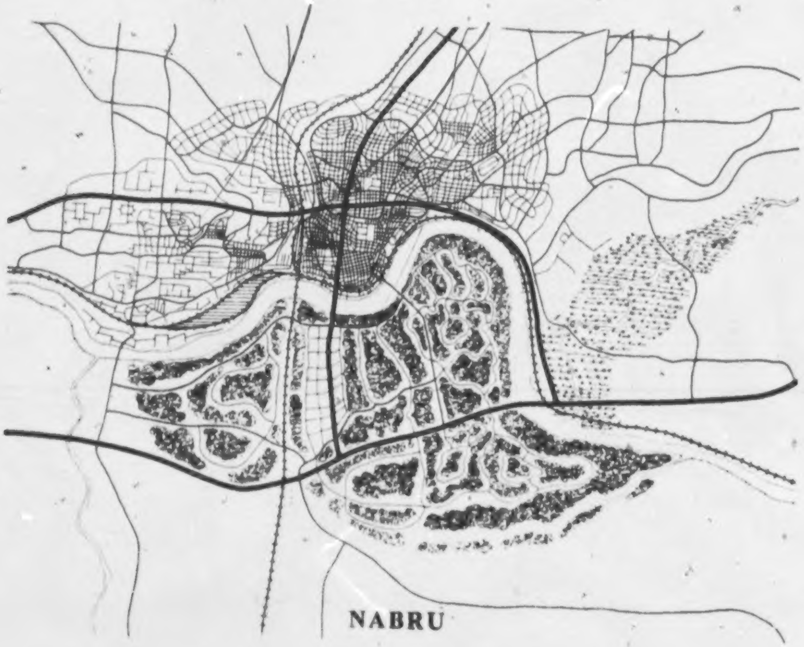
"Urbanization is sweeping the world. The urbanizing processes are changing life everywhere. Sometimes like expanding forests and other times like spreading deserts, cities are growing almost everywhere."

"What are the alternatives?"

"What value do you place on each of these alternatives?"

1. Cities can continue to grow.
2. City growth can be limited by authoritarian means.
3. City growth can be accepted and assisted by reducing city taxes and spending more national governmental funds in cities than in rural areas.
4. City designers can create new cities.
5. City designers can create additional suburbs.
6. City people can create a separate economy which prevents, or at least discourages, in-migration.
7. City governments can permit disruptions and chaos—floods, fires, and famines, for example—to discourage in-migration and encourage out-migration.
8. City and rural lifestyles can give way to a new pattern of urban/rural existence with few living in large cities but many having the urban advantages of employment, theater, shopping, and health care wherever they live scattered in the countryside.
9. Or—"What are other alternatives? Urban? Rural? Neither? Both?"

* * *



## BRASILIA'S SATELLITE CITIES

### Planning for the Future

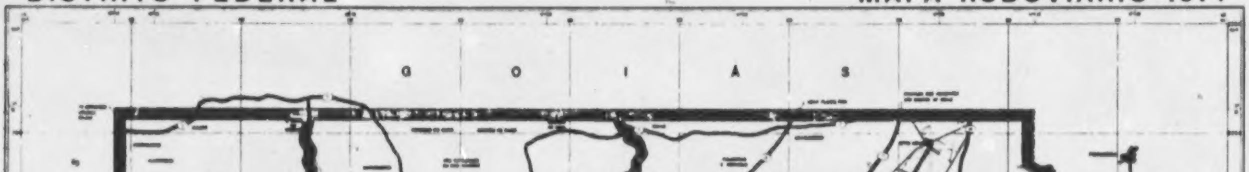
Brazil's new capital, Brasilia, is one of the major recipients of the nation's urban growth. The region in the *planalta* which is now the Federal District had only 1,824 inhabitants in 1956. They were located in the countryside and a few villages. By 1960 the transfer of government personnel and the flow of workers to construct Brasilia caused a sharp jump to 141,742. In the census of 1970, the population reached 645,015. This is expected to increase to 800,000 by 1975 and to pass a million in 1980.

Brasilia has come of age. The federal government is firmly settled and functioning there. Foreign embassies are established or in process of construction. Brasilia is the administrative center of the nation principally because the federal government plays the dominant role in guiding national development. But Brasilia is also the hub of highways, communications, and colonization in the country's interior.

Brasilia has a justly deserved reputation as a futuristic city. It is designed for modern and convenient living. Despite the somewhat incomplete impression Brasilia still gives, visitors are usually impressed by its orderliness. Government buildings, modern apartment buildings, and a developing diplomatic row preserve the spacious feeling of the city. Few realize that most of the population does not live in the "Pilot Plan," the official term for the governmental and diplomatic center. Instead, about 71 per cent live in "satellite cities" that normally lie outside the visitor's itinerary.

The construction and settlement of the Pilot Plan were a direct result of the government's decision to transfer the federal administration and personnel from Rio de Janeiro to the interior. Migration to the satellite cities was largely a spontaneous reaction to Brasilia's function as a pole of attraction associated with national development. Brasilia is

DISTRITO FEDERAL MAPA RODOVIÁRIO-1971



typical of Brazil's cities in confronting a rapid and seemingly unceasing influx of people from poor regions like the Northeast and Minas Gerais. Their needs for employment, housing, health, and education provide both a challenge and strain to the government.

Both the Pilot Plan and the satellite cities were parts of the original planning for Brasília. The Pilot Plan was to be a residential and commercial area for civil servants and the political establishment. The satellite cities were designed for the rest of the population, from professionals to workers.

President Juscelino Kubitschek wanted to finish the new capital before the conclusion of his term of office. During Brasilia's first years, the emphasis was on creation of an infrastructure, public buildings, and residences in the Pilot Plan. As a result, the Pilot Plan that emerged contrasted with the improvised and totally unsatisfactory living conditions of the thousands of workers who were attracted by the opportunities in construction and other means of livelihood. Left to themselves, some lived in *acampamentos* of wooden shacks provided by the construction companies. Others invaded land and built their own precarious housing. From this process surged the first satellite cities.

The major source of employment is construction. It is a traditional means by which lower class migrants enter the urban economy. But Brasília has tended to draw individuals and families who are too poor when they arrive to contribute to an effective housing solution of their own. Moreover, their low levels of education, health, and skills have confronted the government with an onerous financial burden.

### The Satellite "Plan"

The satellite cities now include Sobradinho, Gama, Ceilândia, Guará, Planaltina, and Brazlândia in addition to Taguatinga and Núcleo Bandeirante. They should be viewed as planned cities in a partial but still uncompleted process of consolidation. The planning has a number of objectives:

(1) settlement of a specified number of people in an adequate location, with complete urban facilities (electricity, sewerage, potable water, paved streets) and permanent residences of brick and stucco;

(2) access to comprehensive public educational and health facilities;

(3) zoning of central, city-wide facilities like hotels, large-scale commerce, and public administration, as well as neighborhood shopping centers;

(4) establishment of small and medium-size industries that are restricted to appropriate areas;

(5) provision for parks, green areas, recreational facilities, clubs, churches, police, and other services.

The problem is to find the money to carry out the plan. Neither the bulk of the people nor the government have the resources to pay for it. Unlike the Pilot Project, which had top priority, the development of the satellite cities must wait on the capacity of both the government and individual families to make improvements.

A visitor might even be inclined to consider the whole plan a farce if he found himself in one of the newest satellite cities like Ceilândia. It currently offers a panorama of over 16,000 self-constructed and quite inadequate wooden *barracos*.

It is useful, therefore, to focus on the plan as a process rather than an achievement. It is a response and even a race to accommodate the inflow of approximately 7,000 families a year. The scope and

Self-construction of a permanent house in Ceilândia.

direction of this process may be grasped by observing and contrasting the conditions in long established, "developed" satellite cities (Taguatinga) with intermediate ones (Gama) and new ones (Ceilândia).

### The "Invaders"

Life in Brasília for newcomers often begins as it has for others in the past 15 years, by building a shack on an unoccupied piece of land. They may have been intercepted by processing centers for migrants, located outside the Federal District in cities like Luziânia and Formosa. There social workers send them to the city or channel them to rural areas in the neighboring state of Goiás. Though many individuals and families move in with relatives, the "invasions" continue as part of the scene, tolerated by public authorities because they have no alternative housing. The precise number of *invasores* is unknown, because it changes every day with new arrivals. In 1970, the total was 83,629 or 16.19 per cent of the population of the Federal District.

The largest invasion of 1970 was the "Invasão do IAPI," with a population of 53,639. Located close to the Pilot Plan, its refuse polluted Lake Paranoá. It was clearly a contradiction to the "ideal" planning of Brasília. The government formed a Commission for the Eradication of Favelas. The Commission organized the transfer of 80,000 inhabitants of IAPI and other invasions to a new residential area called Ceilândia, between March 1971 and March 1972. The houses that they had constructed in the invasions were simply placed in a truck and moved to Ceilândia.

### Ceilândia

Ceilândia may be considered a beginning satellite city. It has a desolate and dusty appearance along the crest of a sloping ridge with a view across Taguatinga to the gleaming buildings of the Pilot Plan. Its population is overwhelmingly of the lowest class, and they live in the *barracos* brought with them from the original invasions.

Ceilândia represents, however, an important step upward. Instead of the haphazard spacing of the invasion, streets are laid out and zoned for specific purposes. At this point only a few of the most important arteries are paved. Each dwelling is located on the rear of a lot, usually 10 by 25 meters, providing space for constructing a better house in front. Government officials claim that the price of the lots is "symbolic." That is, it is less than the cost of the infrastructure. About 90 per cent of Ceilândia's houses have electricity, and every 50 meters there is a faucet with water. Sewers are lacking, but latrines and septic tanks are in use. In keeping with the government's first priority of providing education and health facilities, there are ten schools and a clinic. Three more schools and a hospital are under construction. The government has spent over $4 million in schools and infrastructure for Ceilândia in the past three years.

Ceilândia might be written off as just one more slightly improved lower-class residential area, if we did not have the experience of other satellite cities to suggest the direction of its future development.

### Gama

South of Ceilândia is Gama, which is now in a more advanced stage but once was worse than Ceilândia.

No one will argue that Gama is now prosperous. But a number of changes are occurring. In 1966, Gama had about 40,000 people. In October 1972, it had 93,000. Its residences are a mixture of temporary and permanent. This is the pattern of development in the satellite cities, with about one-third transformed into structures of brick. Whereas all of Ceilândia's commercial establishments are now in wooden *barracos*, Gama has several areas with one- and two-story permanent business structures. About one-fourth of the streets are paved. The entire population has electricity, 90 per cent have water, and 22 per cent sanitary facilities. The city has a hospital, two movie theaters, 18 soccer fields, 30 schools of various levels with 25,000 students, three Catholic parishes, 15 Protestant churches, three centers of Spiritism, and 40 centers of Umbanda.*

Gama continues to reflect the poverty of its original inhabitants who, like those of Ceilândia, were transferred from invasions. The mayor estimates the average monthly family income at about $50, the minimum wage. The government supplements this by providing schools to meet the demand. Social security enables almost everyone to receive medical care. Gama is still one of the poorer satellite cities, but it is already qualitatively different from Ceilândia.

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*Spiritism is a religion based on the teachings of Alan Kardec. Umbanda is probably Brazil's fastest growing religion. It is a syncretism of African religion, Roman Catholicism, and Spiritism.

* * * * *

However primitive a satellite city may seem at the moment, it is subject to a plan allocating and specifying minimum conditions for residences, commerce, and all institutions. "Provisional" structures are allowed and in most satellite cities, continue to be the dominant type of construction. The direction of community development, however, is toward replacement of temporary by permanent dwellings. The establishment of commercial and other institutions follows within the areas allotted for these purposes.

## Taguatinga

The later stages of development in a satellite city are illustrated by Taguatinga. In 1970 its population was 106,320, to which were later added the 83,692 inhabitants of Ceilândia. The 1973 population of Taguatinga, with Ceilândia, is estimated at about 250,000, making it larger than the Pilot Plan.

Taguatinga has many marks of a stabilized city, without the artificial aspects of the Pilot Plan. In fact, many residents of Brasília prefer to live in Taguatinga. Land and other consumer goods are cheaper there. And its layout and natural development are more typical of medium-size Brazilian cities, with a greater sense of community. Taguatinga, for example, has a central plaza, which the Pilot Plan does not. There, on Sunday evenings, the youth of both sexes promenade and look each other over.

Taguatinga's commercial establishments attract people from other satellite cities and from the more expensive Pilot Plan. It has two hospitals and a complete primary and secondary educational system, including a normal school for training teachers and seven technical or vocational schools. It has a number of small factories, concentrated in building materials like lumber, bricks, and cement, but also responding to local consumer demands like furniture, bottled drinks, food processing, and textiles. And its construction and services are a source of employment, especially for citizens of Ceilândia.

Taguatinga still has a long way to go. It continues to have thousands of improvised houses. Many of its commercial establishments and hotels are "irregular," to be moved or improved in the future. A wide range of amenities like grass, trees, parks, recreational facilities, street lighting, and phones need to be expanded when resources are available. But Taguatinga is defined by both its citizens and outsiders as a "good" and "attractive" city.

## The Future

From Ceilândia through Gama to Taguatinga we can get a general idea of the evolution of the satellite cities and their populations. What of future newcomers? Already several sites have been selected and are in the process of development for the future. As Ceilândia proceeds slowly toward maturation, these new sites will shortly look the way Ceilândia does now.

And Taguatinga? It will gradually continue its improvements, filling out the contours of the city plan. Already lots near the center have greatly increased in demand and value. Houses costing more than $50,000 have been constructed by more prosperous families. Many poorer families have sold lots at a far higher price than they bought them and moved with the proceeds to less expensive and newer satellite cities.

Brasília is one of a number of points of population attraction in Brazil's interior. As such, Brasília is forging a new culture which draws from the contributions of the nation's many and traditionally distinctive regions. The Northeasterners and *mineiros*, people from Minas Gerais, concentrated in the satellite cities are melting slowly into the heavily *carioca* (Rio de Janeiro) component of the Pilot Plan to create the special Brasília type.

Greater Brasília attracts migrants because of the opportunities it presents for employment, partly as a consequence of its pivotal role in the national development scheme. The reverse is also true. Certain problems elsewhere—notably in the Northeast—lead to an expulsion of population. Finally, the nationwide process of development, both government-directed and incidental, stimulates people to move. That movement is now and has long been overwhelmingly in the direction of greater urban concentration. And to it, however deficient its capacity to satisfy all the needs of migrants, the government has responded.

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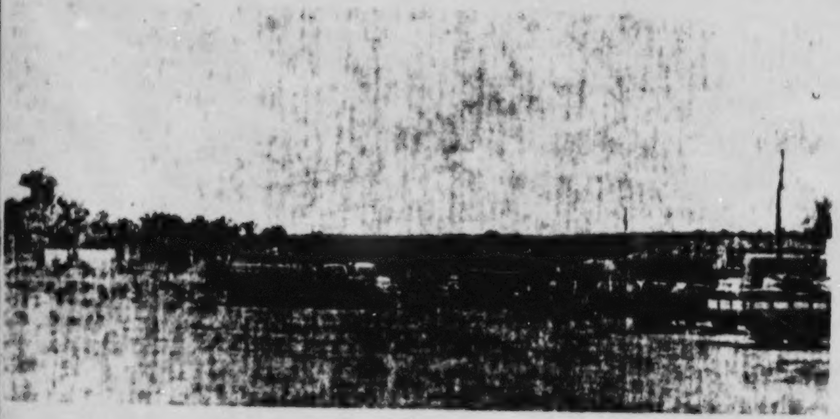
# THREE FRONTIER CITIES

## Development Along the Belém-Brasilia Highway

"The Belém-Brasilia will be more important than Brasilia."
"To recall the past is to suffer twice."



The Belém-Brasilia highway is 13 years old. Its existence has affected profoundly the region it traverses. This includes the stimulation of population movements from the crowded coast to a new midwestern frontier. The Brazilian Ministry of Transportation estimates that the number of inhabited places along it has jumped from ten to one hundred twenty. The population outside the large cities of Brasilia, Anápolis, and Belém now totals over two million. Consider the experience of one of these thriving cities—Uruaçu.

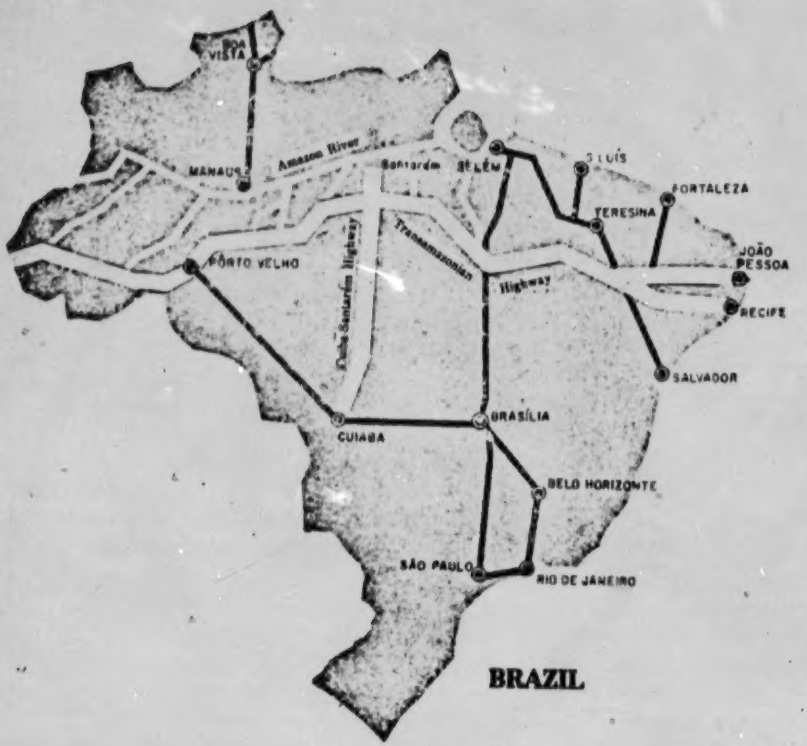
Brazilians are fond of drawing parallels between processes now taking place in Brazil and those of the nineteenth century United States. Two of these parallels help us understand the human drama occurring on the Belém-Brasilia. One is the opening and extension of the frontier through arteries of rapid transportation. The other is the movement of people who claim land and establish towns and cities. Railroad construction after our Civil War helped colonize the area beyond the Mississippi. It also helped guarantee its economic success by providing a means of transportation to urban markets. Brazilians believe that they are now undergoing a similar process. Vast, thinly inhabited areas of their interior are being penetrated by the twentieth century counterpart of the railroad, the highway. By bus, car, and truck, people are coming from crowded or economically depressed regions. And they are succeeding in their occupation of the land because the road gives them an outlet for their products.

Since World War II, Brazil, like the rest of Latin America, has undergone a greatly intensified movement to the cities. As a by-product of the industrialization and government concentration of public services, the cities have become magnets. They draw those in quest of jobs and opportunities for health, education, and social mobility. Industrialization has not, however, kept pace with urbanization. Many migrants come to the cities but fail to fulfill their aims.

We lack truly accurate information on population movements to coastal cities like Recife, Salvador, Rio de Janeiro, and São Paulo. We have even less on the important migratory currents to the interior. But there is considerable evidence to suggest that these are becoming relatively more intense in comparison with those along the coast. Much of this movement is concentrated along the Belém-Brasilia Highway.

### The Route

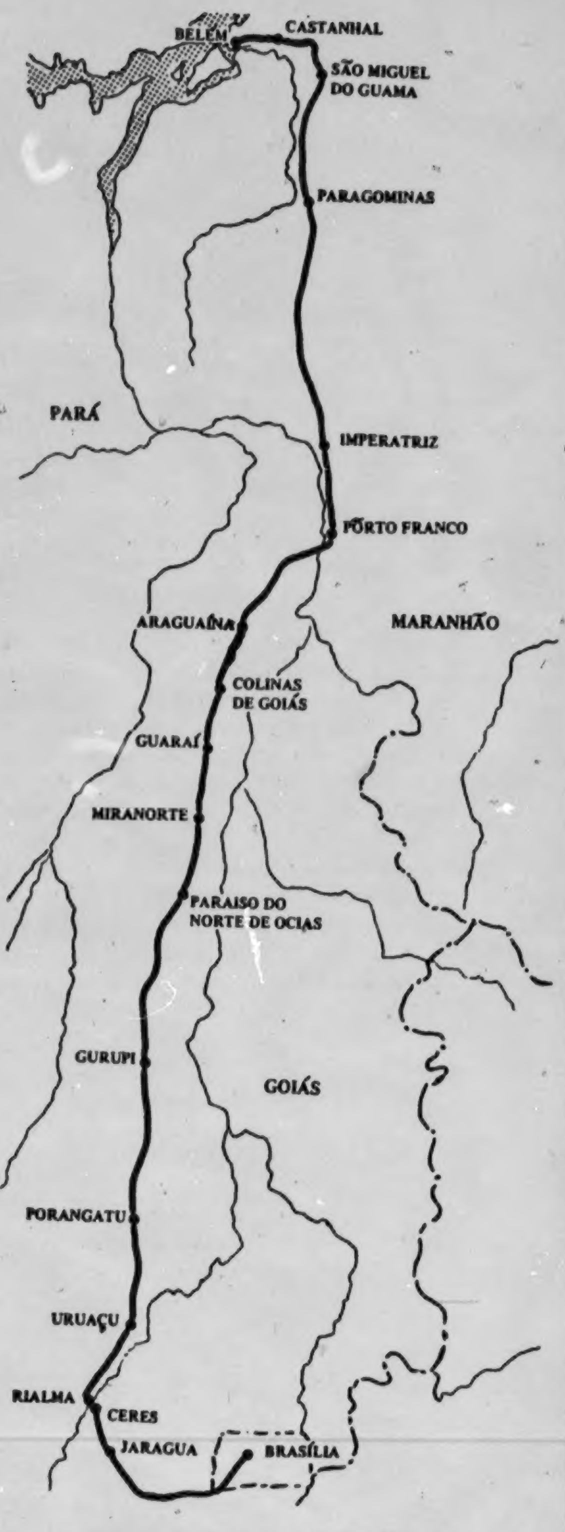
Contrary to popular opinion, the region traversed by the Belém-Brasilia is not jungle. It is part of the *planalto*, an upland plain covered by trees and shrubs called *mata*. Only in the extreme northern quarter of the highway, in the state of Pará, does one encounter the dense vegetation typical of the Amazon basin. The soil is what


BOA VISTA
MANAUS
Amazon River
Santarém
BELÉM
S LUÍS
FORTALEZA
TERESINA
JOÃO PESSOA
RECIFE
PORTO VELHO
Cuiabá-Santarém Highway
Transamazonian Highway
SALVADOR
BRASÍLIA
CUIABÁ
BELO HORIZONTE
SÃO PAULO
RIO DE JANEIRO
BRAZIL

New highways link the Amazon region with Northeastern, Central, and Southern Brazil.

Brazilians call *terra roxa*. The rust-colored earth is similar to that of the coffee areas in northern and western Paraná. The southern segment has the greatest agricultural potential. Its soils are rich enough to support production for at least ten years without the help of technical aids. The central segment is considered to have the least possibilities for agriculture. It has, however, already become an important cattle-raising region. The northern part, beyond Imperatriz, has extensive natural resources of lumber and the babaçu palm. Cooking oil is produced from the nuts of babaçu palms. Here, agricultural and livestock production are important activities aimed at the Belém market.

The highway is currently paved only in its extreme northern and southern parts. The rest is a good, two lane, all-weather road maintained by a federal agency called Rodobrás. The government hopes to complete the paving by 1975. It has financial guarantees for part of the cost from the Interamerican Development Bank. Buses can make the trip from one end to the other in two days and


BELÉM
CASTANHAL
SÃO MIGUEL DO GUAMA
PARAGOMINAS
PARÁ
IMPERATRIZ
PORTO FRANCO
ARAGUAÍNA
MARANHÃO
COLINAS DE GOIÁS
GUARAÍ
MIRANORTE
PARAISO DO NORTE DE GOIÁS
GURUPI
GOIÁS
PORANGATU
URUAÇU
RIALMA
CERES
JARAGUA
BRASÍLIA

Frontier cities of the Belém-Brasília Highway.

two nights. Approximately 800 vehicles a day, mostly trucks, pass through Uruaçu in the south, while some 200 a day, usually direct traffic between São Paulo and Belém, go through Imperatriz in the north.

* * * * *

Uruaçu, Goiás, is located 247 kilometers from Anápolis, a symbolic southern terminus of the highway, which in turn is 158 kilometers from Brasília. Its history begins in 1910, when a man from a nearby area of Goiás purchased a large tract of land in the region. There he established his extended family, involving 15 nuclear families. For some years this patriarchal situation, common in rural Brazil, continued in relative isolation. The Community was self-sufficient and had only occasional contacts with the south over trails that were traveled by horse and ox-cart.

In the 1920s strangers began drifting into the area, coming chiefly from the *sertão*, the interior of Bahia. They traveled by burro or foot across the *mata*, following trails that united the isolated settlers and inhabited places. A few came from even further, from Pernambuco and Ceará. Uruaçu became a *municipio* or township. In 1937 a small road was built between it and Anápolis. Although it was not a good road, people began coming from Minas Gerais, lured by the attraction of plentiful and cheap land. In the 1940s, the federal government established an agricultural colony at Ceres, 100 kilometers to the south, and joined it to Anápolis by an improved road. From this point on settlers began pouring into the Uruaçu region, in what its mayor calls an "invasion." From a population of about 8,000 in 1940, the *municipio* grew to 18,000 in 1960 and 36,931 in 1970. The city proper currently has 9,104 inhabitants.

To ask about the origins of Uruaçu's new population is to receive an answer, "They come from everywhere." More specifically, however, most of the recent migrants seem to have come from Minas Gerais, which has the largest out-migration of any Brazilian state. Many others come from Bahia or Ceará.

One of the important characteristics of the migration to the Belém-Brasilia is its spontaneity. Many people were already coming in and, except for the Ceres colonization project, the government did absolutely nothing except build the road. The government provided no seeds, technical advice, or transportation. The people came on their own. They were lured by the rumors of the "good land of Goiás." Often they sold all they had back home, or the father went ahead, scouting for a place to settle.

The generally young age of the population suggests that many of them came as enterprising single persons. The adversities of this process are reflected in the bus stations of Anápolis, Ceres, and other cities. These are filled with beggars trying to survive and acquire enough money to travel further. The surprising thing is that hundreds of thousands of people have come unassisted and established a new life. They overwhelmingly agree that their new life is better than the one they had before. In Minas Gerais and the Northeast, small plots no longer give an adequate yield. There is no land for the children. And nowadays many people object to working on the farms, *fazendas*, of others for less than the legal minimum wage.

If they have money, the newcomers may immediately buy land. It is more likely that they will simply occupy it. Land titles along the Belém-Brasília are extremely complex and often in dispute.

A migrant tries to find a patch of unoccupied land over which there is no claim or which is public. He becomes a *poseeiro*, a legal squatter. In any future petition to purchase the land from the government or a counterclaim from someone else, his occupation and utilization will be considered in his favor. One of the more serious legal problems in Uruaçu stems from the occupation of legally purchased but unutilized land by illegal squatters or *invasores*, invaders.

In Uruaçu, though not in the other towns farther north where land is now more available, many newcomers become *meeiros*. These are sharecroppers who give the owner half the crop in return for use of his land. Finally, many people become *agregados* or *empregados*, salaried workers on the farms of others.

In all of these categories of farm labor, it is common to leave families in the city to take advantage of educational and other services, while the father works in the rural areas during the week.

The major products of Uruaçu are the traditional staples of the Brazilian diet: rice, beans, and corn. Largely as a result of expanded production along the Belém-Brasília, Goiás is now the second largest

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rice-producing state in Brazil. Some sugar is also grown, and there is a marked tendency to convert agricultural land into pasture for livestock, which requires less labor and gives more profit. On the Belém-Brasilia nearly all cattle are zebus.

The city of Uruaçu itself is one of the more attractive ones on the highway. It has a paved main street and is participating in the Plan of Concentrated Action. This is a federal program for subsidizing services like electricity, water, and sewers. Uruaçu has two hospitals and eight doctors, and within its *urban* area it is adequately served with primary schools. Although it has a public electrical system, it thus far suffers from a common problem along the Belém-Brasilia, lack of industry. Its products go directly to São Paulo, which in turn provides nearly all manufactured goods consumed.

"The principal factor in our progress," according to the mayor, "is the Belém-Brasilia. It was our salvation. Without it we would have no means of exportation, no schools, or health posts." The highway thus served largely to awaken public responsibility for what was traditionally considered an abandoned and thinly inhabited region.

### The Frontier Spirit

A severely critical person might travel the Belém-Brasilia and return with a negative analysis. The vast majority of the population is extremely poor. They consume a monotonous diet of rice, beans, and some meat. Their housing is largely structures of mud walls with palm-thatch roofing. Educational levels seem lower than in more developed parts of the states of Goiás, Maranhão, and Pará. Not more than 10 per cent of those even in the cities pass from primary to secondary school, and primary schools in the rural zones are totally inadequate. While the cities have a surprisingly large number of doctors, people who live in the country or the *povoados* reach medical assistance only with difficulty.

Many "cities" are unpaved seas of mud in the rainy season that lack sewerage or potable water. Small towns are often unsightly wide places on the highway built around the filling station, *restaurante popular, dormitório*, vulcanizer, and prostitutes that serve the truck drivers. Yet there is a surprising optimism among the inhabitants. Many of the negative features are merely typical of small town and rural Brazil, and the situations they left in Minas Gerais or the Northeast were much worse.

The Belém-Brasilia has helped serve as a partial escape valve for two of Brazil's great problem areas, Minas Gerais and the Northeast. Frontier settlement was largely the result of individual initiative and not the government. The highway facilitated and intensified a migration whose roots lie in the difference between poverty and crowding in some regions and the opportunities of the frontier. It saved the migrants from abandonment by giving them an outlet for their products. As the bishop of Uruaçu also points out, "It obliges the public authorities to provide facilities for the region."

## WHAT IS A CITY?:

## RECIPE FOR URBANIZATION

> *"Brasília [the new capital of Brazil] is still very artificial, but it's developing a personality of its own," said the United States Ambassador, John Hugh Crimmins. "It's an absolutely first-class place to work and study—excellent climate, plenty of space and calm, and children love the freedom. Maybe it's provincial, like Washington of the thirties, but it's growing up."*

* * * * *

Does urbanization require a certain physical setting? A certain mentality or soul? What ingredients of urban life can be identified in the quotation you have just read? Does the author make implicit value judgments about cities? What is a city?

Can "urbanization" exist apart from a city such as Cairo, Singapore, or Brasília? How about Slovenia?

Is there a minimum population necessary before urbanization can occur?

Several "ingredients" for urbanization are suggested below. How would you rank them, within each category, in order of importance? (Some items may be given the same rank.)

**Physical Needs**

1. Favorable geographic location?
2. Water source?
3. Defined boundaries?
4. Housing?
5. Food source?
6. Health facilities?
7. Sewage and waste disposal system?
8. Trees, shrubs, flowers, and grass?

**Economic Needs**

1. Market places and shops?
2. Industries for goods and services?
3. Raw materials source?
4. Different worker skill levels?
5. Automobiles, taxis, bicycles?
6. Public transportation systems?
7. Employment, employees?

**Social Needs**

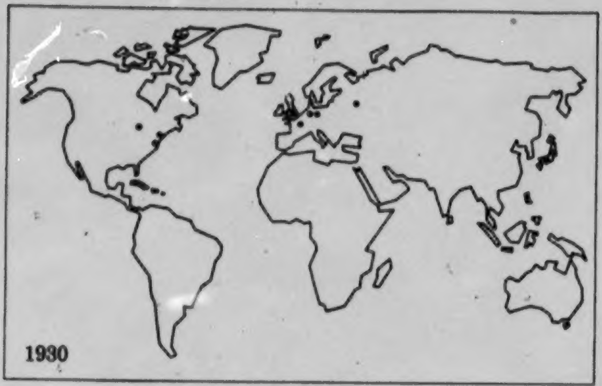
1. Government?
2. School system?
3. Recreation facilities?
4. Communications network?
5. Public places for congregating (churches, meeting halls)?
6. Theaters, museums, music halls?
7. Cafés, restaurants, bars?
8. Different social class levels?

**Intangible Needs**

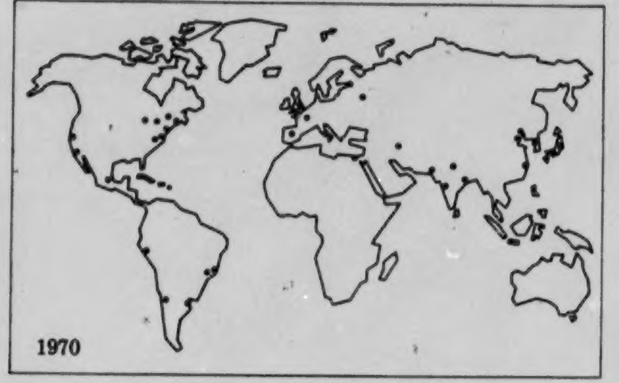
1. Opportunities for common experiences?
2. Interaction?
3. Excitement?
4. Mobility (social, economic, physical)?
5. Migration (in- and out-)?
6. Change?
7. Growth and development?

Can you name any other ingredients? What are the differences between your rankings and those of others? What is your recipe for urbanization?

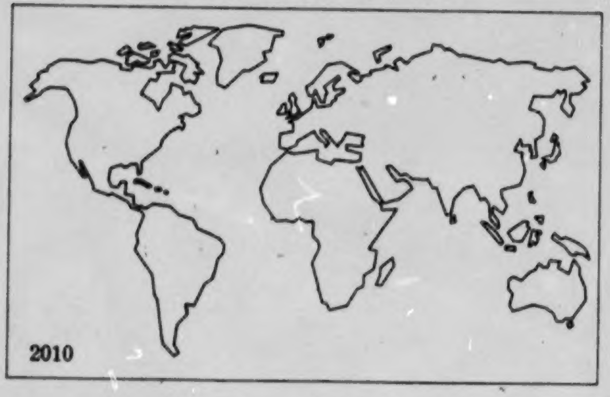
## FUTURE OF URBANIZATION



How many urban centers?



How many urban centers?



How many urban centers?

**Each dot represents an urban center with a human population of more than 2-5 million. What will the urban world map look like in 2050?**

**Source:**

**Maps reprinted with permission of The Population Council from "World Population: Status Report 1974," prepared by Bernard Berelson, *Reports on Population/Family Planning*, No. 15, January 1974, p. 15.**

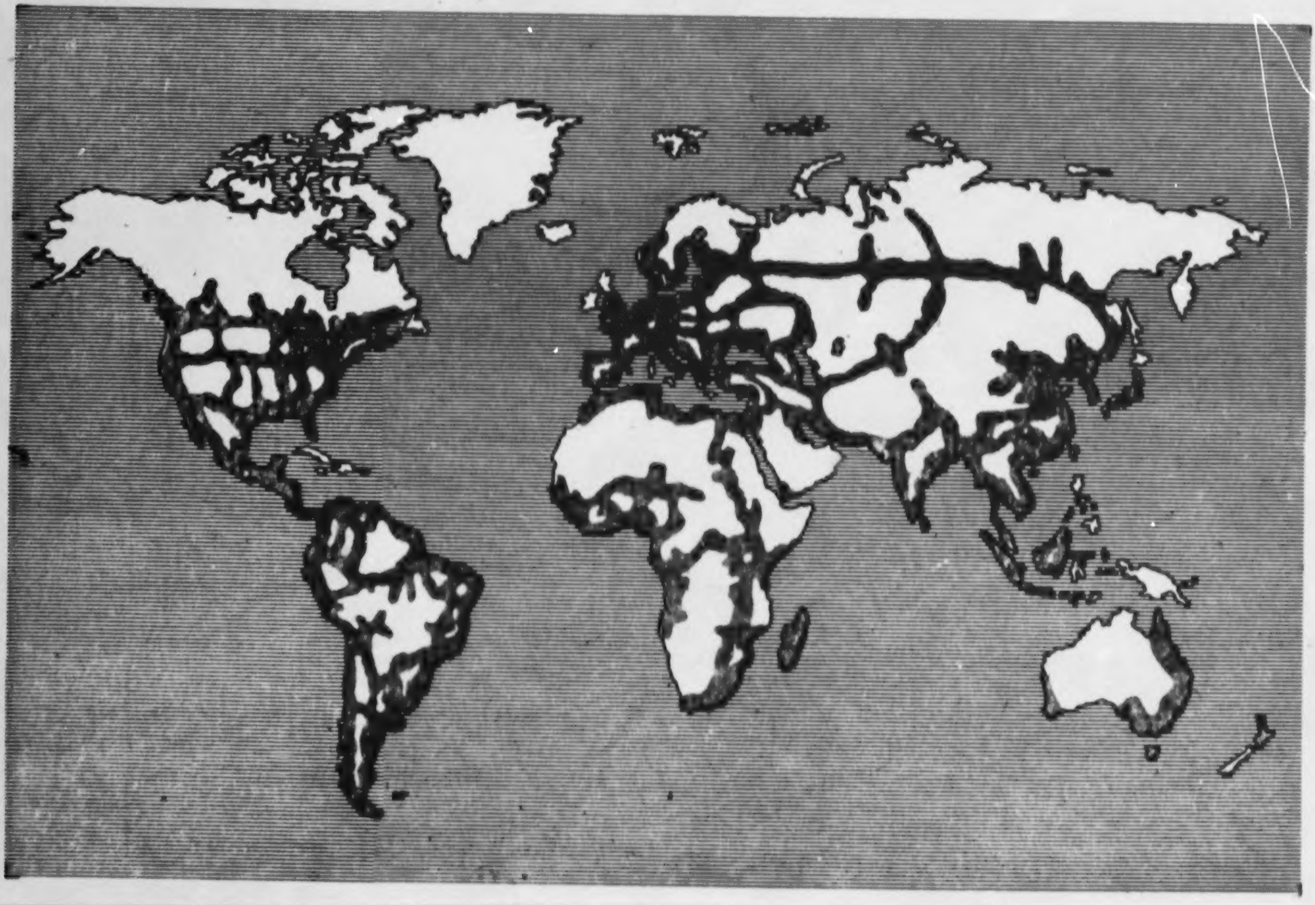
# ECUMENOPOLIS

Might the world cities grow together?

Urbanization expands over the land. What would be the results of world population doubling? And then doubling again? Since cities absorb population, how might they be expanded until they grow together?

Or are world cities even separate now? Look at global maps showing transportation and communication routes. Ask yourself where most urban people travel and vacation when they leave "home." Consider the possibility of the global city having already arrived. Are world cities separate and distinct, and not at all likely to come together? Might the reverse occur? What if urban centers become strips, all interlinked?

Constantinos Doxiadis, city planner and life-long student of human settlement, thinks this is happening and ought to be encouraged. To him, the city is the home of humankind, ECUMENOPOLIS is what is going to develop.

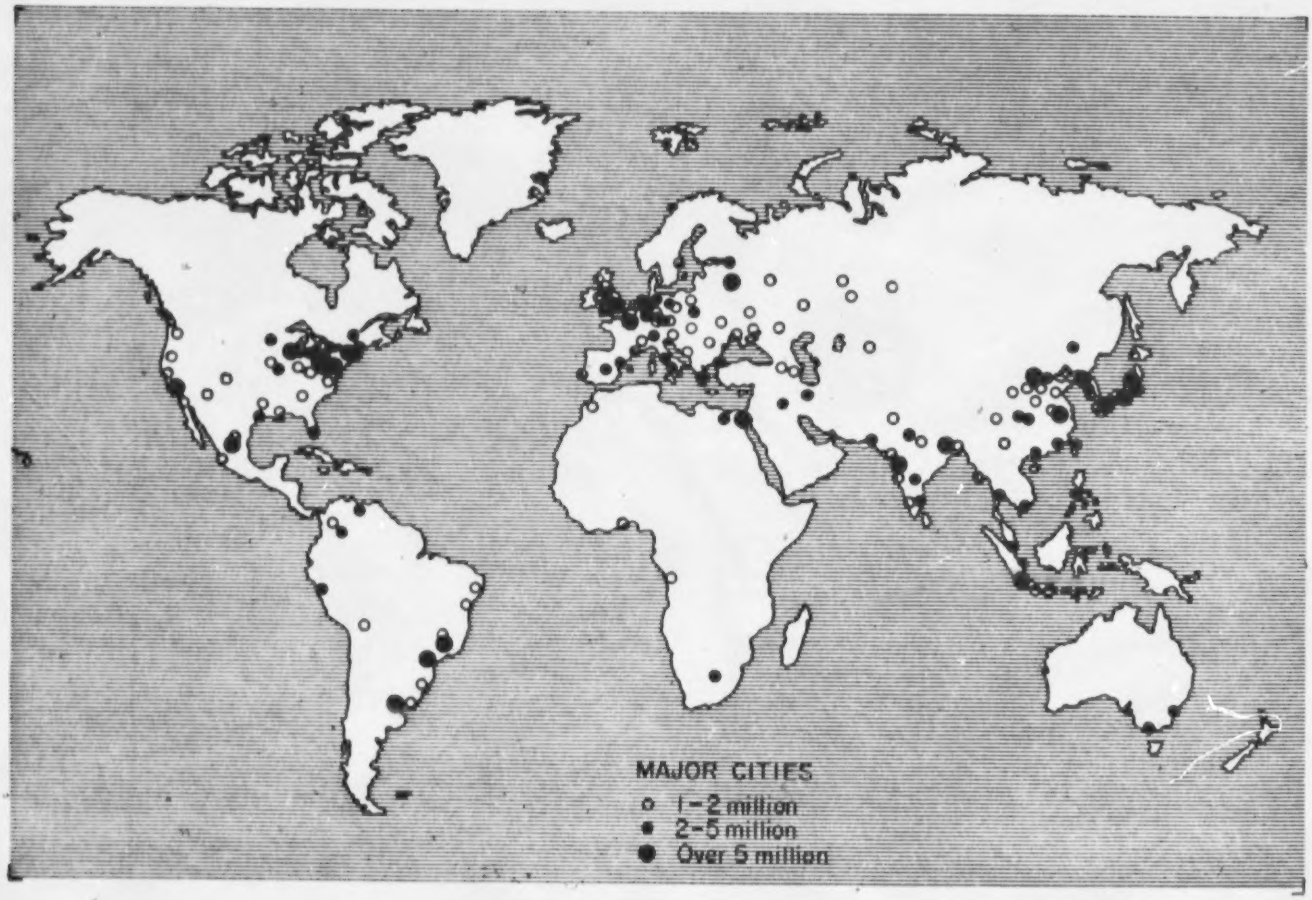


If and when this develops, where would you want to live?

How is your nearest city now interconnected with others in the world?

What changes would be necessary in order for a global city like ECUMENOPOLIS to develop? How desirable do you think the prospect is?

# CITIES AROUND THE WORLD



Cities are centers of culture. They may also be considered local representatives of a global urban culture. After all, cities serve the same human needs regardless of where they are located. Cities are concentrations of people working, eating, sleeping, playing. People are born there and people die there.

Aside from the different clothing the people wear, the different languages they speak, and the different architectural styles, cities are fundamentally human communities. They are inevitably seeking solutions to problems and competing for the same human and material resources.

So far, only a few cities have grown together. For the most part they remain separate—islands and centers of human activity located where people have come together.

# INSTRUCTIONS: NABRU--A WORLD CITY SIMULATION

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|---|---|
| **Phase I -** | A. Assessment of URBAN VALUES<br>B. Introduction to NABRU - World City |
| **Phase II -** | Analysis of NABRU:<br>Social<br>Economic<br>Political |
| **Phase III -** | Modernization of NABRU:<br>Structures<br>People<br>Programs |
| **Phase IV -** | Comparing NABRU with Another World City |
| **Phase V -** | Comparing NABRU with a North American City |
| **Phase VI -** | Debriefing Teams and Evaluating the NABRU Simulation |

What is a city?
How does it work?
How do its parts interrelate?
How are decisions made?
How do city people interrelate with their environment?

There are six phases in the NABRU simulation. Together, they attempt to

1. foster some understanding of urban life,
2. provide some answers to the kind of questions posed above, and
3. encourage consideration of alternative answers.

This is done through a series of recommended activities. The time available determines how far teams may go. Familiarize yourself with the phases of the simulation and decide how much time you wish to allot to each.

The presumption is that four teams, given identical exercises, will arrive at different results. In comparing the versions of NABRU created by the four teams and in considering the justifications they give for particular decisions, the whole group can experience—in a micro-urban setting—some of the activities which take place wherever people live in urban areas.

A willingness to make decisions and to cooperate with peers in achieving group consensus is basic to successful playing of NABRU. As in any world city, people may make decisions which lead to the decay, rather than improvement, of NABRU. During the evaluation afterwards, such situations can be analyzed as to their causes—inability to reach consensus, lack of information, etc.—and these can be compared with actual conditions in other world cities. And you might also discuss the concept of "successful modernization." Will all the residents be equally satisfied? What is the ideal? Is it the "greatest good" for the "greatest number?" Providing experience in the complexity of urban life is the purpose of the NABRU simulation.

## THE ACTIVITIES

I.A. First assess the URBAN VALUES of participants. A 20 item scale is provided which can assist in determining individual and group values and attitude patterns. Then, turn to NABRU itself. It is a hypothetical world city.

B. NABRU has the basic elements of a modern city. But neither location, orientation, nor scale are given. Having organized the group into four teams, each with a map, let them determine the scale (how many miles per inch?), orientation (which way is north?), and geographic location (how far from the equator and what type of climate—cold/wet, hot/wet, cold/dry, hot/dry?). Each team should decide these things separately. Later, during the evaluation, you will probably want to discuss whether these factors made any difference.

II. Each player should then receive a copy of the CHECKLIST FOR ANALYZING URBAN LIFE. Using the map of NABRU as their only evidence, the team should reach agreement as quickly as possible on a response to each of the social, economic, and political questions. This can be done by conventional debate until consensus is reached or by majority rule. The four teams may approach the decision-making process in different ways.

III. In the third phase, teams are to modernize NABRU.

Before introducing Phase III, read the separate instruction sheet, MODERNIZING NABRU.

Teams should each receive the three sets of MODERNIZATION SUGGESTIONS: PEOPLE (blue), STRUCTURES (red), and PROGRAMS (yellow). After shuffling all the cards together, they should be placed face down so that players can draw decisions-to-be-made. The modernization effort should be guided by the answers to the questions in the checklist analysis. For example, if the MODERNIZATION CARD instructs, "Locate a factory for 100 workers," students should review the answer to the questions concerning the likely location of industry, its proximity to low-income residential areas, etc.

Work through all the cards. Keep a record of what is decided. It will be a helpful reference afterwards when the playing of NABRU is analyzed and evaluated. [NOTE for leaders: You may wish arbitrarily to assign the same or different decision-making policies to each team. Four possible decision-making policies are: authoritarian (one person rule), authoritarian (minority rule, predetermined), democratic (majority rule), democratic (differentiated responsibilities dispersed among all the team members). When NABRU can be played several times it may be best not to structure teams rigidly the first time.]

Once decision-making is established, systematic play may begin. Choose a MODERNIZATION CARD, agree upon its disposition, then place card directly on the map of NABRU. Thus when the playing is finished its results will be visible. Leave the cards in place when play is concluded. Allow people to observe how team's decisions differed. A spokesman for each team could explain to the others not only its placement of the cards, but also how the decision was reached.

IV. Several world cities are described in the readings provided with NABRU. Two metropolises—Singapore and Cairo—are presented in detail. In this fourth phase, participants are encouraged to compare NABRU—as their team has modernized it—with either Cairo or Singapore. In moving from the known to the unfamiliar and back again, one should evolve a system for looking at a real world city and an ability to describe and evaluate that city's stage of development.

Use the same questionnaire, CHECKLIST FOR ANALYZING URBAN LIFE, plus any additions your class has made. Students should have the option of selecting a new decision-making policy but otherwise the simulation procedure remains unchanged.

V. The next level of inquiry can focus on your own city or a nearby urban area. Using the analytical strategies practiced on the NABRU model and on Cairo and/or Singapore, now look at the local urban situation.

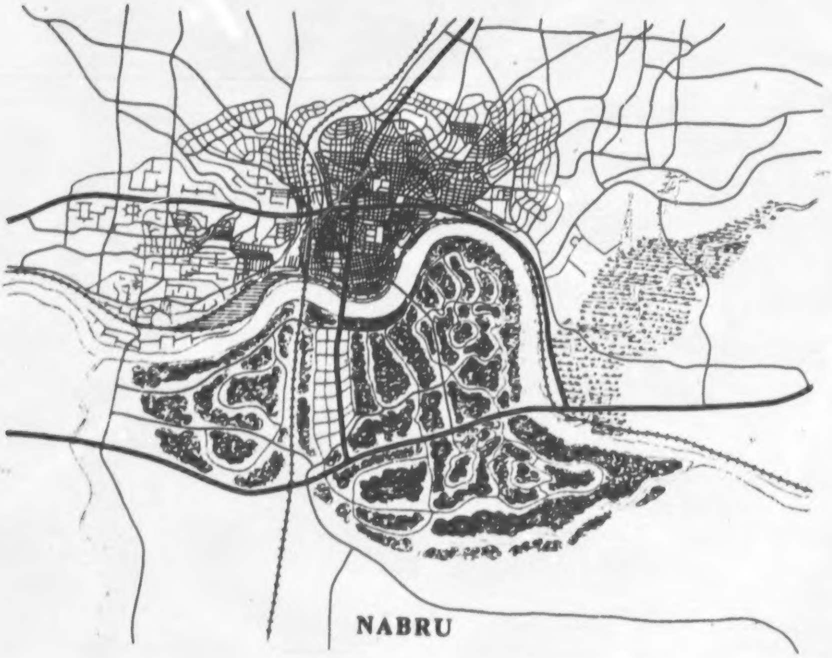
Comparisons can be made on a two-way or three-way basis as suits the abilities of the participants. A local urban area may be compared with NABRU, or a local city may be compared with Cairo. Players may even want to compare a local city with both Singapore and/or Cairo and NABRU. The same teams can continue to work together. Repeat the simulation procedures described previously.

At the conclusion of the simulation, teams again report to one another. Does the particular real world city they studied influence their perceptions of the nearby urban situation? How have these comparisons resulted in changes in participants' perceptions and attitudes?

VI. Debriefing has occurred at the end of each phase. Now a review of the entire global urbanization inquiry through simulation can be undertaken. Then it can be evaluated.

Consider some of the questions below as a means to begin and guide discussion:

1. How is NABRU like an actual world city?
2. How has NABRU influenced your perceptions of urban decision-making and urban living?
3. How has NABRU affected your ability to use alternate perspectives in viewing urban situations?
4. How has the study of Singapore or Cairo influenced your perceptions and perspectives? Your study of a North American city?
5. How would you describe the urban modernization processes?
6. How would you describe the relationships between decision-making procedures and effects on urban life?
7. What is your response to the statement, "Cities are people. They are made by people and for people. Structures and programs exist only to serve people."
8. What is your response to the question, "Will rural to urban migration eventually destroy world cities?"
9. In your view, what would the ideal world city look like? Where would it be located? How large would it be. What would it provide?
10. What is your relationship with the cities and urban areas of the world?



## URBAN VALUES

Read and consider each of the following statements about cities. Do you agree or disagree? On a separate sheet of paper, write your opinion about each statement. Let +10 represent complete and -10 represent total disagreement. Zero indicates neutral opinion.

1. Cities are wonderful places to live.
2. Cities are the great artwork of mankind.
3. Cities offer the best jobs.
4. Cities bring people close together in harmony.
5. Cities are fun.
6. Cities make life worth living.
7. Cities enable large populations to survive.
8. Cities provide the best medical services.
9. Cities provide the best entertainment.
10. Cities provide the best education.
11. Cities are showcases of the best in people.
12. Cities are convenient.
13. Cities are orderly human habitations.
14. Cities have no more crime but report it more accurately.
15. Cities are essential to industrialized society.
16. Cities serve people's needs.
17. Cities offer most of the world's opportunities.
18. Cities support the surrounding countryside.
19. Cities are a major development of human civilization.
20. Cities bring out the best in people.

Overall, do you have a positive or negative view of cities? Is the pattern pro-urban, neutral, or anti-urban? Compare your opinions with those of classmates. On what statements do you differ most? What is the greatest area of agreement? Does the class as a whole have favorable or unfavorable attitudes toward urban life?

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On completion of the 20 items, consider the dilemma described on the next page.

## WHY MOVE?

Maria was unhappy. "Why move?" she asked her parents. "My friends are here in the village. This is where I was born. Must we?"

"Your father can't get enough work here," her mother answered. "We have no money to pay the rent on the land he farms. And last year the harvest was so small. The landlord says we must either pay or go. You know we have too little to eat now. If we are to live and keep our pride we must move. Soon your father will return from the fields. We should not let him see our fear. Let us be happy. Maybe our fortune will turn when we get to the city."

## QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. How typical are rural to urban migrants in the world?
2. What conditions cause people to migrate from rural areas?
3. Why are cities attractive to rural people?
4. How are despair and hope related to moving and migrancy?
5. How are family interrelationships involved in decisions to migrate from one place to another?
6. In Maria's place, how would you feel? What would you do? What would you say?
7. In the father's place, what alternatives would you have? Under what conditions would you move? What would you say? What would you plan and hope?
8. In the mother's place, what alternatives would you have? What would you do? What would you say? What would you plan and hope?
9. In the landlord's place, what would you do? What would you say?
10. As Maria's best friend in the village, what would you do and say and feel?
11. As Maria's new neighbor in the city, what would you do and say and feel?
12. Where do you live? How has rural to urban migration affected you?

## CHECKLISTS FOR ANALYZING URBAN LIFE

A city can be looked at from at least three broad perspectives: **social, economic,** and **political.**

First, look at the map of NABRU - World City and analyze it, using these three perspectives (questions to guide analysis are suggested below). Keep a written record of your group's responses. Later, your group can compare its analysis to those of the three other groups.

Second, analyze NABRU from other perspectives which interest you: spiritual and/or artistic, for example. Construct checklists of relevant questions for each of the other perspectives you use.

* * * * *

Working as a team, apply the following questions to NABRU - World City. Keep the color map of NABRU in full view. Try to achieve group consensus. Let someone on the team keep a record of decisions. Remember that team responses to these questions will serve later to guide the modernization of NABRU.

### SOCIAL ASPECTS

1. Where are the best living areas?
2. Where are the poorest living areas?
3. Where are the greatest recreational resources?
4. Where are the fewest recreational resources?
5. Where are the communication centers?
6. Where are the transportation centers?
7. Where is life span likely to be longest?
8. Where is life span likely to be shortest?
9. Where are cemeteries likely to be located?
10. Where are health-care facilities likely to be located?
11. Where are entertainment facilities likely to be located?
12. Where are primary schools likely to be located?
13. Where are high schools likely to be located?
14. Where are colleges likely to be located?
15. Where are religious centers likely to be located?
16. Where are sewage disposal activities likely to be located?
17. How many people could live in this city?
18. Where would you most prefer to live?
19. Where is the most space provided per person?
20. Where is the least space provided per person?

### ECONOMIC ASPECTS

1. Where would you most prefer to work?
2. Where do the most people work?
3. Where do the least people work?
4. Where are daily earnings highest?
5. Where are daily earnings lowest?
6. Where is the work most physical?

7. Where is the work most mental?
8. Where is land most costly?
9. Where is land least costly?
10. Where is land most likely to increase in value?
11. Where is land least likely to increase in value?
12. Where are the highest property taxes?
13. Where are the lowest property taxes?
14. Where will industrial expansion take place?
15. Where will commercial expansion take place?
16. Where will residential expansion take place?
17. Where is public transportation investment greatest?
18. Where is public transportation investment smallest?
19. Where would you be most likely to invest?
20. What area contributes most to the economic well-being of the whole city?

## POLITICAL ASPECTS

1. Can you determine what type city government exists? What kinds are there?
2. Which area is likely to have the most political power?
3. Which area is likely to have the least political power?
4. Which area is likely to vote conservative for mayor?
5. Which area is likely to vote liberal for board of education members?
6. Which area is most likely to support mass transit?
7. Which area is least likely to support publicly financed day-care centers?
8. Where would you expect strongest support for racial integration of education and public programs?
9. Where would you expect resistance to strict zoning laws?
10. Where would you find strong demand for zoning restrictions?
11. Where would you find strongest support for low-income housing projects?
12. What area would be most likely to vote for additional taxes to finance a mass transit system?
13. Where would you find least support for a general sales tax?
14. Where would the most potential voters live?
15. Where would you find the greatest number of actual voters, relative to the total number of potential voters?
16. Which voters are most likely to favor strong environmental controls?
17. Which area might have the highest incidence of violent crime?
18. Which area might have the least "social problems," i.e., vagrancy, drug addiction?
19. Where would you expect to find the most organized political action groups?
20. Where would you expect to find the least sense of community?

Following these 60 questions, a team may elect or appoint a person or persons to present the group's analysis of NABRU to the other three groups. Other members of the team can keep brief notes on the other reports. Discuss and record the major points of agreement and disagreement. Save most of the general discussion for post-simulation evaluation.

Each team can present their full report on all the aspects of NABRU. Or, all four reports on SOCIAL ASPECTS can be done before turning to ECONOMIC ASPECTS and then POLITICAL ASPECTS. When all four team reports have been given and discussed briefly, each team can return to its area. Still using the map of NABRU, begin Phase III of the simulation: MODERNIZATION OF NABRU.

## MODERNIZING NABRU

### Phase III of NABRU - A World City Simulation

During this phase, the four teams continue working separately. Each is to attempt to meet the 60 urban needs which are printed on cards.

There are two ways to proceed. Let each team decide for itself whether to:

1. read and respond to each set of needs in order, or

2. cut the sheets into 60 smaller cards and shuffle them to randomize the sequence of events—and decision-making.

Regardless of which strategy is used, the team should be prepared to justify—rationalize why it chose alternative 1 or 2.

These 60 issues or needs are by no means the only urban realities. Nor are the three categories of PEOPLE, STRUCTURES, and PROGRAMS the only ones into which urban decisions can be classified. Maybe they will be helpful, though. For what is being sought is an awareness of needed urban decisions and some orderly schemes or "handles" for dealing with them.

Phase III consists of team discussions. They can organize however they prefer. The desired outcome is some form of team consensus on how to handle each of the 60 points. Yet it is not the consensus which matters, but the experience gained through the process. By dealing with and debating 60 typical urban situations in the context of NABRU—an imaginery city, participants are expected to learn and perhaps develop an identification with urban problems, processes, and resolutions. What is hoped for is carryover from the NABRU experience with modernization to the participants' own urban setting.

Following team discussions and decision-making, let each organize and prepare to report. Then all four teams will share their reports and the four different approaches to modernization of NABRU can be analyzed and evaluated.

During the evaluation session, encourage participants to reflect on whether:

1. *NABRU* is a realistic simulation,

2. *modernization* is actually approached by the 60 decisions;

3. *group decision-making processes* used by the four teams are comparable to those actually used in urban settings;

4. *values* and *attitudes* are changed as results of the simulation itself, or the group processes, or neither, or both;

5. *four small teams* have been as effective as one large team would have been.

5. *transfer* of what has been learned can be carried over into participants' actual relationships with real cities and urban phenomena.

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